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SIR HENRY EDWARD BUNBURY, BART.

MEMOIR AND LITERARY REMAINS

OF

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL

SIR HENRY EDWARD BUNBURY,

BART.

EDITED BY HIS SON

SIR CHARLES J. F. BUNBURY.

[Privately Printed.]

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MEMOIR AND LITERARY REMAINS

OF

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL

SIR HENRY EDWARD BUNBURY, BART.

CHAPTER I.

(1778-1799)

HENRY EDWARD BUNBURY was born in London on May 4, 1778: the younger of the two sons of Henry William Bunbury, and Catharine Horneck, his wife. A sketch of the history of the families of Bunbury and Horneck, written by my father, will be found in the present volume ('Family of Bunbury').

CHAP.
I.
1778-99

My grandfather, Henry William Bunbury, born in 1750, was remarkable for his talent as an artist: his humorous sketches of men and manners ('Bunbury's Caricatures') were celebrated in his time, and are well known to lovers of art: but he was not less distinguished for the grace and refined beauty of his designs of a different class of subjects. These are less generally known, although some numbers of his designs from Shakespeare, very

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I.
1778-99

characteristic examples of his manner, were published in 1792-6. I possess a large collection of his original drawings, and several small paintings in oil; amongst these, a curious caricature of himself, and several of his associates at Rome. It is worth noticing, that amongst all his humorous and satirical designs, I have never seen any that bore the least reference to a political subject; although he lived in times of great political excitement. In his twenty-second year he married the younger sister of his intimate friend Charles Horneck;* and after his marriage, he lived for several years at Barton, in a small house near the Hall, which was occupied by his brother, Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury. Here Oliver Goldsmith was a frequent and welcome guest; he had been on terms of friendly intimacy with the Horneck family before my grandmother's marriage, and continued to be a cherished friend of both the husband and the wife.

Goldsmith's charming letter to Mrs. Bunbury, on receiving an invitation to Barton, was first published in Prior's edition of his works,† from a copy sent to the editor by my father, and has been republished in subsequent biographies of the poet, as well as in the appendix to the 'Correspondence of Sir Thomas Hanmer.'

Garrick also was an intimate friend of my grand-

* Mrs. Bunbury, and her sister Mrs. Gwyn, were celebrated for their beauty. Sir Joshua Reynolds painted them together, and separately; at a later time their portraits were painted by Hoppner.

† Goldsmith's Works, ed. Prior, vol. iv. 143. Irving's Life of Goldsmith, 304. Correspondence of Sir Thomas Hanmer, 379.

father, and some playful verses addressed to him by the great actor, will be found in the collection already referred to ('Correspondence of Sir Thomas Hanmer,' &c., pp. 375, 377). Nor was Samuel Johnson a stranger; the 'family Bible' at Barton bears this inscription (in my grandfather's handwriting): 'Purchased by Dr. Samuel Johnson for Catharine Bunbury, 1778.'

CHAP.
I.
1778-99

My grandfather was very ready with his pencil, and fond of using it. For an instance: when he was in command of the Suffolk militia, a young private in the regiment came to him one day (as I have heard), to ask for a pass, that he might visit his sweetheart; Mr. Bunbury signed the pass, and on the same paper drew a comical sketch of the young man walking with his beloved; to the great amusement of the authorities and others to whom the paper was shown.

My father's elder brother, Charles John Bunbury, born November 2, 1772, gave early promise of brilliant talents, which excited the most ardent hopes of his parents. At Westminster School he was the intimate companion and friend of Robert Southey, who seems, as we may infer from a remarkable passage in his 'Letters,' to have been deeply impressed by the brilliant and attractive qualities, and the wasted life, of Charles Bunbury.

In a letter of March 30, 1804, after speaking of Coleridge,* he adds:

* Life and Correspondence of R. Southey, ed. C. C. Southey, vol. ii. 277.

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I.
1778-99

‘I knew one man resembling him, save that with equal genius he was actually a vicious man. If that man had had common prudence, he must have been the first man in this country, from his natural and social advantages, and as such, we who knew him and loved him at school, used to anticipate him. I learnt more from his conversation than any other man ever taught me, ... and I learnt more morality by his example, than anything else could have taught me, for I saw him wither away. He is dead and buried at the Cape of Good Hope, and has left behind him nothing to keep his memory alive.’

From Westminster, where he seems to have left the reputation of one who *could* do anything he pleased, but who would seldom take the trouble to excel in the ordinary studies of the school, Charles John Bunbury went to Cambridge (to Catherine Hall, I believe). Here, as at Westminster, he at first gained a brilliant reputation among his contemporaries. But he unhappily fell into habits of intemperance, which were too prevalent in those times; he wrecked his health, his fame, and his prospects, and caused deep disappointment and grief to his parents. He was obliged to quit the University, and his uncle, Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, who had hitherto treated him as his heir, and had paid for his education at Westminster and Cambridge, refused to do anything more for him. Colonel Gwyn, who had married his aunt, advised that he should be put into the army. A commission

was obtained for him in the 52nd Infantry, and in a few months he was promoted to a troop in the 25th Light Dragoons, with which regiment he went out to India in 1796. Very soon after landing there, and on a very short acquaintance, he married Miss Frances Davison ; a marriage which seems, I know not why, to have still further increased the displeasure of his family. He had not been long in India before he fell into bad health ; and was on his way homeward on sick leave, when he died at the Cape of Good Hope in May 1798, in the twenty-sixth year of his age.*

CHAP.
I.
1778-99

The portrait of Charles John Bunbury, painted in 1780,† is one of Reynolds's most charming pictures of children. It is now at Barton, and has been more than once exhibited in the British Institution.

I have been told by my father, that Sir Joshua while painting it, to prevent the boy from becoming weary and restless, entertained him by relating fairy tales ; and the look of pleased and wondering attention in the child's face is in accordance with this statement.

In 1778, when the critical state of the war with America made it necessary to call out the whole military force of the kingdom, and to form camps in various parts of the country, my grandfather, hold-

* His widow married Mr. Sydenham, a man of great ability and varied accomplishments, who afterwards held an important diplomatic post at the Court of Lisbon.

† Exhibited in 1781 ; see *Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds*, by Leslie and T. Taylor, vol. ii. 326.

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I.
1778-99

ing a commission in the Suffolk militia, joined the camp at Coxheath, in Kent. Several sketches of camp life, now in the collection at Barton, remain * as records of the time he passed there. During this time his wife remained in London, in lodgings in Pall Mall; and there her younger son, Henry Edward, was born on May 4. Sir Joshua Reynolds, an intimate friend of the family, was one of his godfathers.

I will here insert a fragment of my father's reminiscences of his early days, which he began to write very late in life, but of which, unfortunately, he left nothing but this mere beginning.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

BY SIR HENRY E. BUNBURY.

I WAS born in London, on May 4, 1778. The first things which I can recollect were the being sent to school at Bury before I was five years old; disgusted with Gray's 'Elegy' by being obliged to get it by heart, without understanding its meaning; and flogged for a lie which I did not tell. These matters fixed themselves strongly on my memory, but they were not particularly well calculated to improve my temper or open my heart. My only brother was my senior by five or six years, and was going to Westminster School, after having been under Mrs.

* He also, as it appears, exhibited some of his camp sketches in 1780, in the exhibition at Somerset House; see Leslie and Taylor's Life of Sir J. Reynolds, vol. ii. 292.

Barbault's care, when I was doomed to cry over the Country Churchyard in Mr. Priest's little academy, so that I had no playmate or confidant. My sorrows there, however, were short, for my father left Suffolk, and, at the earnest desire of my mother's sister, the wife of Colonel Gwyn, I was left to her care, and went to live with her at Mildenhall. The next event which remains upon my memory was the breaking of our windows by the village mob, because the Colonel would not illuminate his house on account of the peace of 1783—a peace which threw him upon half-pay, and checked all his hopes of promotion in the army. I well remember how his Welsh blood was roused by the smashing of the glass, and how he mustered his footman and gardener, and the gardener's labourer, and made a sortie sabre in hand, and took a prisoner, and kept him in the dim great hall of the old mansion all night; and with what curiosity and timidity I peeped at the audacious lad who had dared to throw stones at uncle's windows.

My father had embarrassed his circumstances by the generosity of his nature, and a carelessness about money which did not befit a younger brother. He was poor, and the Gwyns were now poorer. My uncle, Sir Charles Bunbury, was satisfied with paying the expenses of Westminster for my brother, whom he looked upon as his heir; so that my education was in a fair way of being left to the chapter of accidents. However, the curate of Mildenhall, a very poor but zealous young man, took the direction

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I.
1778-99

of a humble school, and thither I repaired every day to learn writing and arithmetic. My master taught these things well ; and I had a turn for figures, and made a good progress. For schoolfellows and companions, there were the sons of the blacksmith and the tailor, and other patricians of the village. How well do I recollect running about in the summers of the first years of my living at Mildenhall, in a tight jacket and trowsers made out of my aunt's old chintz or printed cotton gowns ; coming round the bowling green or about the paddocks, mouthing scraps of Shakespeare, or inventing wonderful stories or scenes of futurity in which I was the hero. This indulgence of my childish imagination in every sort of wild vagary was a great amusement through the many long months and even years of comparative solitude, but it had mischievous effects : it became so deeply rooted a habit, that I could not throw it off till long after I had grown up ; it prevented my mind from becoming properly regulated, and hindered my application to useful things. Colonel Gwyn had exhausted his fortune in very early life, and had afterwards served gallantly in America. He was now unemployed and poor, but he was fond of hunting and shooting, and still loved Newmarket, though he abstained from play. But he had no turn for books, and my aunt had no means to procure them for herself. The collection, therefore, at Mildenhall, to which alone I could have access, was not calculated to make my private studies very profitable. However, I devoured all I could, and some of them

over and over again. Well do I remember where they stood, and a great part of the contents of those old shelves. An incomplete set of Pope's 'Shakespeare' was the treasure to which I was never tired of returning; 'Don Quixote' stood next in my affections; then there were a few odd volumes of Swift, a translation comically called 'Scarron's Comical Romance,' 'The Devil on Two Sticks,' part of 'The Turkish Spy,' and a few other English books, besides my uncle's depôt of works on farriery and racing, and some Italian poetry and Spanish plays that profited my aunt alone.'

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I.
1778-99

Colonel Gwyn, who had married Mary Horneck, Mrs. Bunbury's elder sister, was (as his name indicates) a Welshman; a very little man, but smart and active, and with so good an air and bearing, that he looked much taller than he was. Madame D'Arblay, who saw him frequently when he was equerry to the king, says that he was considered a very handsome man. He had distinguished himself in the American war by his courage; and after he was thrown out of active employment by the peace, was noted for his skill as a horseman, and for his knowledge of horses. He was appointed one of the equerries to George III. (succeeding Colonel Manners) in July 1787; and as, in this capacity, he often attended the king in his rural expeditions, his name figures in some of the droll satires of 'Peter Pindar.' Mrs. Gwyn always acted the part of a mother to her younger nephew, Henry Edward; for

CHAP.
I.
1778-99

his own mother, entirely wrapped up in her hopes for her promising elder son, cared little for the younger, and willingly resigned him to her sister's charge. After the time to which my father's fragment refers, but in what year I am not aware, he was sent to a preparatory school near Eton, from which he ran away.

At nine years of age, through the interest of Lord Harcourt, who was a friend of his uncle and aunt, he was appointed a page to Queen Charlotte; and he would sometimes talk, in his latter days, of the fashions of ladies' dresses, as he had seen them at the drawing-rooms which he attended in this capacity. Not long afterwards he was sent to Westminster School; and here he saw more of his father and mother than he had hitherto done, as they were then living in Whitehall, opposite to the Admiralty. Mr. Bunbury was at this time equerry to the Duke of York: some amusing notices of him will be found in the diary of Madame D'Arblay, who met him now and then when he was acting in this capacity, and who seems to have been considerably alarmed by his reputation as a caricaturist, and by the satirical turn of his conversation.

The head-master of Westminster School was Dr. William Vincent, afterwards Dean of Westminster, a man of great learning,* and author of a very valuable contribution to ancient geography in 'The Commerce and Navigation of the Ancients in the Indian Ocean.' But I imagine that the younger Bunbury

* See his Life in 'English Cyclopædia.'

received little of his personal attention. Of my father's life at Westminster, I can find no record; but I do not remember to have heard him say anything which could lead me to infer that he had profited much by it, or remembered it with much pleasure. The fact that all his own sons were educated at home, seems to show that he was not deeply impressed with a sense of the advantages he had himself derived from Westminster. He was probably not a zealous student, and acquired no more than the usual superficial knowledge of Latin and Greek.

CHAP.
I.
1778-99

Of his schoolfellows, the one, I think, for whom he had the greatest regard, and with whom in after life he kept up the most intimate and cordial intercourse, was the late Lord Colborne (Ridley Colborne). The Marquis of Lansdowne, the venerable statesman who was so lately removed from among us, was another of his acquaintances at Westminster. Another was John Archibald Murray, the most intimate friend of Francis Horner, and ultimately a Scottish judge by the title of Lord Murray. After leaving school, my father never met Mr. Murray again till late in life, and I remember his speaking of the pleasure he had had in renewing the acquaintance.

Southey was still at Westminster when my father went thither; and though there never was the same intimate friendship between them as between the poet and the elder Bunbury, yet they were thrown much together. I find this MS. note by my father in his copy of Southey's 'Life': 'Wynn (Mr. Charles

CHAP.
I.
1778-99

W. W. Wynn), Southey and I were lodged in the same room at Clough's. I was four years their junior.' Southey left Westminster early in 1792, and did not meet Henry Bunbury again till 1811; a passage in a letter to Mr. Wynn,* in the latter year, expresses vividly the emotion with which he met his old schoolfellow after such a lapse of time.

Charles John Bunbury was at Westminster when his younger brother came thither, but showed him no kindness, and contributed nothing to his comfort. Indeed, the two brothers were almost strangers; owing to the difference of age, and to the younger one having been brought up almost entirely by his aunt, they scarcely knew each other; and all that my father remembered to have ever received from his brother was a *thrashing*, administered very soon after his first arrival at Westminster. A few months afterwards, Charles was dismissed from the school on account of a boyish riot.

In January 1795, before he had completed his seventeenth year, Henry Edward Bunbury received an ensign's commission in the Coldstream Guards.† I have heard him speak of the sudden and dangerous transition from the restraints of a public school to the laxity of military life, in times when study of any kind was not only not required, but was rather discouraged, in that profession, and when superior officers thought it unnecessary to bestow the slightest care on the morals of their subalterns. During the

* Letters of Southey, ed. Rev. J. W. Warton, vol. ii. 223.

† January 14, 1795.

summer of that year his regiment formed part of the force encamped on Warley Common in Essex.

CHAP.
I.
1778-99

Of this and the three following years of his military life, my father left no record, beyond some slight and rough notes of his professional employments year by year, from which he had probably intended to compose a narrative of his military career; an intention which, unfortunately, he never carried out. In these notes, under this year 1795, I find an allusion to a curious fact, of which one might wish to have more information: ‘Mr. Dundas’s wish to send the Guards to the West Indies. Veto of George III.’ This he may probably have learned in the course of his subsequent acquaintance with Dundas; and if he was correctly informed, it is a striking illustration of the extent to which the Ministry of that time were willing to sacrifice our military resources to their passion for the acquisition of ‘sugar islands.’

Later on in this same year, 1795, my father was appointed aide-de-camp to his uncle General Gwyn, and served with him in the camp which was formed at Weymouth. In the winter he was detached, on the recruiting service, to Exeter, and lived there with the officers of the 25th Light Dragoons, then under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Stapleton Cotton, that gallant and famous Lord Combermere who died the other day in extreme old age, and at the head of his profession. In the following year, he rejoined General Gwyn, who was then employed on the general staff in the neighbourhood of London, and who had the special charge of inspector of the cavalry

CHAP.
I.
1778-99

in England ; an appointment for which he was peculiarly fitted by his thorough knowledge of horses. My father attended General Gwyn on several journeys to different parts of England, for the purpose of buying horses for the cavalry. In August 1797, he purchased a troop in the 16th Light Dragoons ; and during that and the following year he continued on home service, partly with his new regiment, and partly with his uncle, whose aide-de-camp he remained. His father and mother had now removed to the neighbourhood of Weybridge, and were living in a small house in a very pretty spot, close to the Duke of York's park at Oatlands. The Duchess took a great fancy to Mrs. Bunbury, and seemed fonder of her company than any one else's ; and this intimacy had an important influence on my father's career.

In the spring of the year 1798, he lost his brother, who died (as I have already mentioned), on his way home from India ; and towards the close of that year his mother was attacked by the painful illness which proved fatal to her. She died on July 8, 1799, at the age of forty-five, and was buried in the church of Weybridge ;* in which same church were afterwards interred her friend, the Duchess of York, and her sister, Mrs. Gwyn.

* There is a description of her tomb, and a copy of the inscription on it, in Brayley and Britton's History of Surrey, vol. ii. p. 396.

CHAPTER II.

(1799-1805)

IT was in the year 1799, that Henry Edward Bunbury had his first experience of active service ; and that of an important nature. Having been appointed aide-de-camp to the Duke of York, he attended that general through the short, but severe and unfortunate, campaign against the French in North Holland. Of this campaign he wrote, in later years, a full and very interesting narrative, which was embodied in his published work, ‘Narrative of some Passages in the Great War with France.’ He there points out very clearly the errors, both in the original plan, and in the conduct of the campaign, which led to its failure ; he shows that this failure was owing to a deficiency of military judgment in the designers of the scheme, to faults of the generals commanding, and above all, to the division of authority, and to the want of harmonious co-operation between the allied commanders ; not in any degree to a deficiency of courage, or of high soldier-like qualities in the British troops.

CHAP.
II.
—
1799
—1805

As the Duke of York did not land in Holland until September 13, my father did not himself witness the brilliant commencement of the opera-

CHAP.

II.

1799

-1805

tions: the landing at the Helder, in the face of the Dutch troops; and the repulse of the French in their attack on the position of the Zuype, on September 10.

But, on the evening of the 18th, he was despatched to accompany the column which, under the command of Sir Ralph Abercromby, was directed upon Hoorn and Alkmaar, with the intention of turning the French position, at the same time that it was to be attacked in front by the main army of the Allies. In the work already mentioned,* he has related a curious example of those strange panics that sometimes seize the bravest troops;—when two of the best regiments in our service, startled by an incautious shout, ‘broke like a flock of sheep, plunging into the deep mud at the sides of the causeway, and dreaming for some minutes that they had been surprised and charged by a sortie of cavalry.’

He was despatched from Hoorn by Sir Ralph Abercromby, at an early hour on the 19th, to apprise the Duke of York of the state of affairs on that side; but though he was well mounted, and took short cuts across the marshes, he was not able to join his Royal Highness till the Allies were repulsed—‘the Russians in full retreat, and Dundas beginning to fall back.’ On this occasion he witnessed, and has recorded in his book,† a very striking instance of the unyielding courage and energy of British soldiers. He was present also at the battle

* Narrative of some Passages in the Great War with France, p. 21.

† Op. cit. p. 18.

of October 2. Having at the close of that day, lain down to rest on the wet ground, the continual rain converting his resting-place into a pool of water, in which he passed the night, he was attacked by severe rheumatism, which crippled him for some time.

CHAP.
II.
1799
-1805

When the fighting was renewed on the 6th of the same month, he, being thus disabled for active movement, 'was carried up and perched on the top of the tall steeple of Alkmaar, with a spying-glass, to try to ascertain for the duke what was the direction, and where were the main points of the fight. But all was confusion, and, in fact, the troops were intermingled.' *

After the forces employed on this disastrous expedition had returned to England, Henry Edward Bunbury continued for some months on the personal staff of the Duke of York, and in constant attendance on him at Oatlands and in London. His opinion of the duke he has recorded in the work * already quoted. Stating frankly his conviction that 'he' (the duke) 'was not qualified to be even the ostensible head of a great army on an arduous service,' he has at the same time warmly expressed his personal feelings of affection and gratitude to him, and his appreciation of many good and amiable qualities in his character.

The duchess made a great impression on him: I have often heard him speak with warmth of her charming character and the irresistible fascination

* Passages in the Great War with France, p. 32.

CHAP.
II.1799
-1805

of her manners, which acted like a spell on all who approached her.

Nevertheless, my father always felt in after life that this period, spent in attendance on the duke at Oatlands, and elsewhere, had been a time of idleness, unimproving, and unsatisfactory. The duke, though a sedulous and zealous administrator, was neither himself disposed to intellectual activity, nor likely to encourage habits of study or application in those under his influence. Nor, as it seems, was the general tone of his society favourable to such habits. He was addicted to indulgence in wine and play, and to irregular hours. My father used to ascribe the dyspepsia from which he suffered in middle life to the very late, very long, and very heavy suppers which were customary at Oatlands: suppers beginning near midnight, and protracted to an indefinite length. The duke also encouraged him in high play, and even (as I have heard), used to lend him money for the purpose. At the same time, he felt that these evils were compensated by no opportunities of real improvement in either the theory or the practice of his profession.

At length, some time in the course of this same year, he formed the determination to waste no more of his life, but to devote himself to the earnest study of his profession, and make himself really fit for its higher grades. This was the crisis, the turning point, of my father's career; it determined the whole subsequent course of his life. I have heard that what gave him the immediate impulse into this new

course, was his accidentally looking into the ‘*Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*,’ which made a great impression on him. The impression was lasting. He applied for, and obtained, leave to resign his post on the Duke of York’s staff, and to enter as a student into the Military College at High Wycombe, then newly established.

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From this time he never relapsed into habits of idleness, nor ceased to attend to the cultivation of his mind. Hitherto his advantages in the way of education had been scanty. He had indeed gone through the usual routine of a public school, but it does not seem to have imbued him with much love of learning ; and neither at his home, nor (as far as I have heard) in the army, had he yet met with any who were willing and qualified to excite and direct the activity of his intellect. But having once entered on the career of mental improvement, he did not relax his efforts ; but continued to profit by every opportunity of adding to his knowledge and of improving his faculties, till he became as remarkable for the extent and accuracy of his information, as for the strength and soundness of his judgment.

He entered the senior department of the Royal Military College at High Wycombe in August 1800, being still a captain in the 16th Light Dragoons, and continued there through the greater part of the following year, ‘*working hard*,’ according to his rough notes. The ‘*senior department*’ was under the direction of General Jarry, an old French officer,

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who had served under the great Frederick, and was well acquainted with the Prussian system of war. The course of study 'embraced mathematics, fortification, castrametation, military topography, reconnoissance of ground, estimation of the military resources of a country, disposition and movement of troops under the different circumstances of offensive and defensive warfare, French and German.* My father certainly studied diligently while at Wycombe, but though he is said to have 'finished his studies' on the 30th of November 1801, I hardly suppose that he mastered all those subjects in the time. With respect to German, certainly, I know that his ignorance of that language was a subject of regret to him in his latter years.

Late in 1801 his studies were interrupted by a severe attack of ague, which obliged him to go to his uncle's house at Barton in Suffolk, to recruit his strength.

March 11,
1802.

In the following spring he became, by purchase, a major in the 9th West India Regiment, and immediately went on half pay.

It was during the leisure time afforded by the Peace of Amiens, if I am not mistaken, that my father attended a course of lectures on chemistry and mineralogy, given by the noted Frederick Accum; and thus acquired a taste for studies which were afterwards a great source of pleasure to him.

1803

The speedy renewal of the war, however, recalled

* From information obtained for me by Major-General William Napier.

him to strictly professional occupations ; and as his studies had now qualified him for the more important staff employments, he was appointed* one of the assistants in the Quartermaster-General's Department ; and was stationed for the first few months at Hastings, afterwards at East Bourne. In the early part of the next year he succeeded Colonel Wilmoughby Gordon in the Kent district, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel ; † and during the greater part of that year he remained at the famous camp at Shorncliff, near Hythe, where Sir John Moore was then training a select force to a degree of discipline and efficiency unrivalled in our service, and probably never surpassed in any other.

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1804

Shorncliff must have been an interesting station in those days, when Napoleon was known to be mustering his formidable army, for the invasion of England, on the opposite side of the narrow strait ; when his camps were actually within view, and our officers were daily watching on the cliffs with their telescopes directed towards Boulogne, in constant expectation of seeing the French flotilla putting to sea. My father would often, in later life, talk of those times, and I remember with what interest he read the details published in Thiers' '*Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*,' of the vast preparations made for the invasion, which showed how thoroughly Napoleon had been in earnest. He observed that, owing to the different rates of drifting of the vessels, as influenced by the tides and currents, the divisions of the

* April 30, 1803.

† January 21, 1804.

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II.1799
-1805

French armament would probably not all have reached the same part of our coast.* But there was one choice division, of 4,000 picked grenadiers, under Lannes, which was to have been embarked in row-boats, and might probably have come directly across to Folkstone or Sandgate; here they would have been met by Sir John Moore, who had about an equal number of the best troops in the British service; 'and there would have been such a fight as has rarely been seen.' Moore's plan, he said, was 'to fight them in the water;' to charge them with his infantry while in the very act of leaving their boats, and before they had time to form. He (Sir John Moore) had seen with what difficulty *our* best troops had withstood a very partial attack made in this manner by the French, at the time of the landing in Egypt, and he did not think that the French would be so well able to sustain it.

My father was at this time the senior officer of the Quartermaster-General's Department in that district, and, enjoying much of the confidence both of Sir David Dundas and of Sir John Moore, had the advantage of hearing all the plans of attack and defence, the probabilities of the invasion, and all the prospects of the expected campaign, continually discussed by them. He has given us in his 'Narrative'† the results of these discussions, and the measures upon which the Generals had determined. Before the end of the year, however, he was withdrawn

* Note of conversation, Feb. 6, 1858.

† Narrative of Passages in the Great War, &c. pp. 176-8.

from the Kent district, being recalled to the Quarter-master-General's Department in London.

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It was during this winter (1804-5) that he made the acquaintance of the famous Henry Dundas; and the following note, found among his papers, records his impressions of that celebrated statesman:—

‘In the winter of 1804-5 I saw a good deal of Henry Dundas, Lord Melville, first at the house of his brother-in-law, General Alexander Hope, and afterwards at his own. Both at the one and the other table I saw him quite *au naturel*, for there were seldom more than two or three other persons present, and those his most intimate friends. Lord Melville was a particularly agreeable man in such a society, notwithstanding his advanced age, his strong Scotch accent and Scotch peculiarities. There was a sort of jovial, fearless *abandon* about him that entirely removed from one's mind at the time all thought of the deep, astute, and wily character which was assigned to him in political life. I recollect asking him one day whom, amongst the eminent men he had known in his time, he considered to be the ablest statesman. To my surprise (for I had felt little doubt that he would name Mr. Pitt), Lord Melville answered, “I think Lord Bath was the best statesman I have known. He always saw the main point, and threw away the rubbish of a complicated question quicker than any other man.” On another evening Lord Melville spoke much of his earlier career. One thing in particular made a strong impression on my memory. “When I came up to

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London as Lord Advocate," said he, "I came determined to fight the battle for Scotsmen, and to win for them their proper place in public estimation, and their proper share of power and influence. Before that time Scotsmen had been looked down upon in England. They were regarded with dislike and distrust." * Certainly Harry Dundas did succeed, during his thirty years of political influence, in winning for his countrymen an ample share in the power and emoluments of the State. It is not without reason that the citizens of Edinburgh have set up his statue in St. Andrew's Square.'

* My father said that Dundas added, in his slow deliberate manner, and with his Scottish accent : ' And I think I have succeeded.'

CHAPTER III.

(1805-1809)

IN MARCH 1805, Henry Bunbury received orders to prepare to join an expedition which was to proceed to the Mediterranean, under the command of Lieutenant-General Sir James Craig. He left England accordingly, in April, being at the head of the Quartermaster-General's Department of the expedition, while his friend Colonel James Campbell had the appointment of Adjutant-General. 'We were both,' he says, in the work which I have so often quoted, 'entire strangers to Craig, and his manner to us at first was not engaging or conciliatory; but when he came to find we were disposed to do our duties actively and carefully, he warmed to us by degrees; and in the latter and more difficult times of his command I found Sir James Craig one of the kindest men I have ever had to transact business with, and one on whose just and honourable feelings I could always place an entire reliance.'

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The expedition sailed on April 19, but information of the French fleet having passed the Straits of Gibraltar obliged it to take shelter for some days in the mouth of the Tagus; and at Gibraltar it was again detained for a considerable time by orders

1805

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from home, so that it was not till July 18th that it arrived at Malta. There Sir James Craig, whose health had been very precarious, recovered all his strength and spirits, and 'set to work indefatigably, inspecting regiments and departments every morning at four o'clock, writing despatches and transacting business all day, giving great dinners every evening.' The staff officers of his force were no doubt in constant activity; and that Colonel* Bunbury had already established a claim to his confidence, is evident from the following passage :—

Extract of a 'Secret and Confidential' Letter from H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief to General Sir James Craig, dated Horse Guards, October 12, 1805.

'I have much pleasure in expressing my gratification in the very favourable report you have transmitted of the troops under your command, as well as of the reliance you are enabled to place in the officers composing your staff, particularly in the Deputy Quartermaster-General, Lieutenant-Colonel Bunbury, of whose intelligence I have always entertained a very favourable opinion.'

General Craig and the corps under his command remained at Malta till the beginning of October, while negotiations were going on for joint action with the Russian forces, and while the Queen† of Naples was weaving a complicated web of treacherous

* He had become a regimental Lieut.-Colonel (Newfoundland Fencibles) on March 28 in this year, having received the same rank by Brevet on Dec. 31, 1803.

† See 'Passages in the Great War with France,' pp. 190-201.

intrigues, to betray alike the French Government and the Allies.

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The British forces at length put to sea on November 3, effected their junction with the Russians coming from Corfu, and, after being much delayed by unfavourable weather, landed in the neighbourhood of Naples on the 20th of the same month. They were placed at first in cantonments in the neighbouring villages, and in December were moved forward to the line of the Lower Garigliano. Here they were intended to form the left wing of the line of defence against the expected French attack; while the Russians occupied the centre of the line, with their head-quarters at Sulmona; and the Neapolitan troops, under the Comte de Damas, formed the right.

The winter proved uncommonly severe; and I have heard my father tell that the snow fell fast in the streets of Naples, and that the *lazzaroni*, who had never seen it before, were running about, catching the flakes as they fell, and laughing and screaming like children.

It must have been during this same period that, while one day riding in the meadows on the banks of the Garigliano, he was attacked and chased at full speed for a considerable distance by a herd of buffaloes, irritated by the sight of a little dog which accompanied him.

He was present, as he has recorded, at a council of war held at Naples on January 4, 1806, when it was resolved, in conformity with a plan proposed by

1806

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the Russian General Oppermann, that the allied armies should retire on the advance of the French to the mountains of the Principato, and defend the two Calabrias. 'The only dissentients,' he says, 'were Sir James Craig and Brigadier Campbell. Major-General Stuart and I concurred with the Russians, and I have not a doubt now that I was wrong in my opinion. But I was a young man, eager for active service, and ignorant of the important objects which were involved in securing Sicily from the French before it was too late.* The plan, however, was not carried into effect, for the Russian troops were recalled by their own Government, and the British were thereupon withdrawn to Messina, that they might be in readiness to defend the island. Their reception by the Neapolitan authorities there was not, at first, very friendly; and it was not until after the irresistible advance of the French had obliged the Court of Naples to fly for refuge to Palermo, that 'the tardy invitation came to Sir James Craig to disembark, and a reluctant authority to occupy the citadel of Messina. The British troops were landed on February 17, and every exertion was immediately made to put the fortress into a condition to resist the enemy.†

The following extract of a letter from Sir James Craig, about this time to the authorities at the Horse Guards, shows how highly he estimated the services of Colonel Bunbury :—

* Passages in the *Great War &c.*, p. 211.

† *Op. cit.* p. 217.

*Extract of a Letter from Sir James Craig to Colonel
(Willoughby) Gordon.*

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‘February 14, 1806.

‘From the unfortunate situation of my health, a more than usual share of business has fallen on Brigadier-General Campbell and Lieutenant-Colonel Bunbury; both have answered my fullest expectations. The diligence, intelligence, and activity of the latter, who has had a wider field for displaying these qualities, call upon me in a particular manner to mention them to His Royal Highness.’

Soon after this, Sir James Craig’s health broke down entirely; he resigned the command to Major General Sir John Stuart, and sailed for England.

When Sir John Stuart planned and carried out the brilliant little expedition to the coast of Calabria, my father was the principal officer on the staff, being not only Quartermaster-General to the force, but having the temporary superintendence of the Adjutant-General’s department, in the absence of Brigadier Campbell. He and the Military Secretary, Captain de Sade, were the only officers to whom the design was communicated by the General,* and with whom the arrangements were concerted. At the battle of Maida, of which he has given such a clear and animated account in his ‘Narrative,’† he played an active part. At the beginning of the action he was with the right wing of our army, and rode by the side of Colonel (Sir James) Kempt as he led forward his light infantry to

* Narrative of Passages in the Great War, p. 236.

† Loc. cit. pp. 241-248.

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that celebrated bayonet charge which instantly overthrew the French brigade opposed to them. Having seen that the enemy were routed in that quarter, and receiving no orders* from Sir John Stuart, he rode to our left wing, which was engaged in a more doubtful fight ; and as he relates, he was anxiously watching the French sharp-shooters, who were stealing farther and farther round the left of Cole's brigade, when one of his assistants brought him the welcome news that the 20th regiment had landed and was approaching. He rode instantly to meet them, and explained to their commanding officer, Colonel Ross, how matters stood ; and the spirited advance of that regiment decided the fate of the day.

Sir John Stuart, in his official despatch describing the battle, says : ' To the several departments of the army, every acknowledgment is due ; but to no officer am I bound to express them so fully, on my part, as to Lieutenant-Colonel Bunbury, the Deputy Quartermaster-General, to whose zeal, activity, and able arrangements in the important branch of service which he directs, the army as well as myself are under very marked obligations.'

Sir James Craig, in a private letter to my father, dated November 3, 1806, says : ' You do me justice in supposing that I should take a warm interest in the transactions of your Calabrian adventure, but in nothing, I assure you, has it been more gratified than in the ample justice that has been done to the share you had in it ; nor have I failed to take some credit

* Narrative of Passages, &c., p. 249.

† *Ib.* p. 246.

to myself, for having on all occasions foretold the merits I was assured you would display, whenever the moment arrived for more active exertions than were required while I was with you.'

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For this service he received a medal.

Before the Maida expedition was known in England, the Government had appointed General the Hon. Henry Edward Fox (younger brother of the second Lord Holland, and of Charles James Fox), to the chief command in the Mediterranean; and when the forces returned to Messina, they found General Fox already arrived there.

This circumstance had a permanent influence on the course of my father's life. General Fox, the youngest son of the first Lord Holland and of his wife Caroline, eldest daughter of the second Duke of Richmond, was born March 4, 1755,* and was therefore at this time fifty-one years of age; he had served with honour in the American War, and in the unfortunate campaigns of 1793-4-5 in Flanders; but was now much broken in health. He was not gifted with brilliant talents, but had an ample share of that kindly, generous, and affectionate nature which Lord Macaulay† has celebrated in others of the same family. At the same time, he was free from those follies and vices which had dimmed the splendid qualities of his brother Charles. He was married to Marianne, daughter of William

* See Collins's Peerage, edition of 1812, v. 7. 316.

† See the Essay on Lord Holland, in Macaulay's Critical and Historical Essays, vol. iii. ed. of 1843.

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Clayton, of Harleyford, and was accompanied to Sicily by his wife and his two daughters, the elder of whom, Louisa Emilia, had not yet completed her eighteenth year. My father, as may be supposed, made a very favourable impression on the General, and was soon received on a friendly footing in the family; an attachment grew up between him and the General's elder daughter; and on the 4th of the following April they were married. There could not be a happier union than this proved.

Charles James Fox, to whose influence, no doubt, his brother's appointment to the Mediterranean command is to be ascribed, had been dead some months when his niece's marriage took place; he died on September 13, 1806. My father had seen him but thrice, although his uncle Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, had formerly been a zealous political follower of the great orator, and had indeed been one of those who were called 'Fox's Martyrs.' He remembered having once, when a little boy, travelled as *bodkin* in a post-chaise to Newmarket, between Charles Fox and Lord Carlisle. Not long after, when he was a Westminster schoolboy, he had one day got out of bounds, and hurrying back, was nearly run over by a hackney-coach while crossing a street. Mr. Fox happened to be passing, stepped forward and pulled him out of the way of danger. He did not know the boy whom he rescued, but the boy knew him. Once afterwards, they were formally introduced to each other in the streets of London; but this was the extent of their acquaintance.

To return to Sicily :—

Sir John Moore had arrived at Messina shortly after General Fox, to whom he was to act, ostensibly, as second in command ; and as the Commander-in-Chief was in infirm health, and was moreover charged with diplomatic as well as military business, the effective military command devolved in fact on Moore. My father, who had previously been under Moore's command at Shorncliff, enjoyed his esteem and confidence, and, on his part, fully appreciated the noble and heroic qualities of that great man. He was not, however, one of those who, in after years, were inclined to exalt Moore to a level with Wellington. The following fragment, written long afterwards, expresses vividly his recollections of the person, the manners, and the character of Sir John Moore :—

‘I knew him well, and loved him, and he was always kind to me. His figure, the expression of his countenance, are now before me ; and the tones of his voice seem to play upon my ear.

‘Sir John Moore was a man on whom Nature had set her favouring signet. In person above the middle height, broad-shouldered and muscular, yet formed light and agile. His features fine, and his keen penetrating eye seemed to look through one's brain. The play of his countenance was very remarkable ; expressing alike, and without effort, the open, familiar, and bantering humour with which he greeted those whom he esteemed, and the chilling contempt, or the frown of darkness, with which he visited the

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the mineralogy of Sicily. They obtained a great variety of the lavas of Etna, the beautiful crystallizations of sulphate of strontian, and sulphur, from the mines near Girgenti, specular iron from Stromboli, interesting specimens of obsidian and pumice in great variety from Lipari, and a rich series of the beautiful sulphur and salts formed by sublimation within the crater of Volcano. In this last locality they collected specimens of a peculiar mineral, which, on being afterwards examined by scientific men in London, was found to be native boracic acid; a mineral described by Smithson Tennant, in the first volume of the 'Transactions of the Geological Society,' in 1811, from specimens obtained in the same place.

General Fox was recalled from the Mediterranean command in July of the same year; and his newly-married daughter had not only the sorrow of parting at once with her father, mother, and sister, but the deeper grief of knowing that both her parents were in a very precarious state of health, and that it was doubtful whether she might ever see them again.* The command in Sicily devolved on Sir John Moore, 'a man to whom every officer and soldier looked up with an entire confidence.' He applied himself at once with his usual energy and ability to the devising an effectual plan of defence against the overwhelming forces by which he might expect to be attacked.

In my father's 'Narrative'† will be found the system on which he determined, and the considera-

* Mrs. Fox, in fact, died, after much suffering, on October 15, 1808.

† Passages in the Great War, pp. 322-325.

tions on which it was based. But in September, Moore also was removed from Sicily, being ordered by his Government to proceed to Lisbon; and although his successor, General Sherbrooke, was a man of great resolution and vigour of character, the defenders of the island were reduced in numbers, and disheartened by the apparent indifference shown to them by the Government at home. The treachery of the Government which they were immediately defending was still more embarrassing. My father has recorded * how, under the very eyes of General Sherbrooke, some Neapolitan gunboats were delivered into the hands of the French by the treason of the Neapolitan commandant. The enemy were thereby enabled to obtain possession of the fortresses of Scilla and Reggio, and to proceed with security to collect artillery and materials for the invasion of Sicily. Thus threatening, as they did, so closely the position of our small army, they kept it constantly on the alert, and rendered continual vigilance necessary on the part of all who held commands in it.

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On February 10, the first child of my father and mother was born—a son, who received the name of Henry Edward; but this infant lived only until the 8th of June following. Almost exactly a year† after, another son was born to them, and was christened Charles James Fox—the eldest of those who have survived to mourn the loss of those admirable parents.

1808

A remarkable eruption of Etna, which began

1809

* Passages in the Great War, pp. 333-335.

† February 4, 1809.

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towards the end of March 1809, excited in a high degree the attention and interest of Colonel Bunbury. Being first warned of what was happening by a shower of volcanic dust which fell at Messina (sixty miles from the volcano) in the morning of March 27, he immediately obtained leave of absence, and set out for the mountain, in company with Colonel Coffin, Captain A'Court, and Sir John Dalrymple, all on horseback, with his wife and her intimate friend Lady Dalrymple, who travelled in a litter.

His interesting description of this journey, and of the great eruption which he witnessed, will be found in the present volume. It made a deep impression, as may be supposed, on his memory, and he delighted to talk in after years of the incidents of that expedition : the narrow escape of the two ladies from falling over a precipice ; the procession of penitents at Randazzo, and the grand scene beheld from the convent there ; the preaching at Piedimonte ; and the visit to the stream of lava.

He has omitted in his description two particulars which I find mentioned in my mother's journal : the one, that in skirting the northern base of the mountain by Francavilla, they were for some time enveloped in a thick cloud of extremely fine volcanic dust, which obscured the view, covered them entirely, penetrated all veils, irritated the skin, and was intensely painful to the eyes. The other, that while they were watching the river of fire, they felt large heavy drops of water, strongly *salt*, and mixed with fine ashes, incessantly falling on them, while

the sky was without a cloud. No doubt these proceeded from the condensation of the watery vapours thrown up by the new crater, and mingled with the saline vapours which were likewise continually ejected by it.

I am tempted to extract from the same journal the lively description of the *fondaco*, or village inn, at Lingua Grossa, showing the style of accommodation for travellers in Sicily in those times :—

‘It was the most curious place I ever saw—a low hovel, with the walls of loose lava stones, not in the least smoothed or plastered ; a fire on the ground in one corner, without any vent for the smoke, so that the whole place was completely black. Barrels of wine were ranged all along one side of the wall, and close to the fire was the bed, with a small screen of reeds before it. We sat on low stools round the fire, above which hung the kitchen utensils. It was much more like the hut of a savage than anything else.’

It appears, however, that it was but seldom, and only in exceptional cases, that they were reduced to avail themselves of the shelter of a *fondaco*. In general, in their various journeys about the island, they were sure of a hospitable reception at the numerous convents. The monks seem to have been very well disposed towards the English, and their circumstances enabled them, as their institutions and habits inclined them, to be liberal in their hospitality.

Colonel Bunbury had scarcely returned from this

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visit to Etna, before he began to prepare for joining an expedition which Sir John Stuart, now commanding in Sicily,* had organised against the French army at Naples. He had, indeed, already applied to the Horse Guards for leave to return to England on urgent private affairs, and he received the desired leave before the expedition sailed; but of course this did not withhold him from going on a service which promised to be of some importance.

In the meantime, however, a spirit of discontent against the General, and almost of contempt for him, had grown to such a height among the officers under his command, as to threaten very serious consequences. 'The most unbecoming language was known to be current, and at length Sir J. Stuart, who had long avoided conversation with his Adjutant-General, James Campbell, or myself, suddenly sent for me. I found him extremely agitated, and he poured forth his complaints apparently with full confidence. He told me that a general officer had come to him, seemingly as the spokesman of several others, and had held to him a language of remonstrance and censure so strong and unbecoming, as to lead him to apprehend an open resistance to his authority, and a disobedience to his commands, if he should order the troops to embark. At Sir John's desire, Campbell and I bestirred ourselves to ascertain the extent of the mischief; and we soon found

* Sir John Stuart, Count of Maida, had been appointed Commander of the Forces in the Mediterranean, and had arrived at Messina in that capacity in April 1808.

out that, though the spirit was bad, and the language in common use was indefensible, there was no danger of an open mutiny. Under the circumstances, however, the best thing to be done was to disperse the caballers, to get the troops on board their ships, and to sail away from Sicily.*

My mother accompanied her husband to Milazzo, where the force destined for the expedition assembled, and from whence it sailed on June 11. The history of this expedition is fully related by my father in the 'Narrative' already quoted. It made a brilliant show, and started with the fairest promise; but the results were insignificant, almost ignoble. The force under Sir John Stuart, amounting to nearly 13,000 men, obtained possession, almost without resistance, of the islands of Ischia and Procida, and there they remained, from June 25 to the middle of July, without attempting anything further, although officers and men were alike eager for action. The position they had taken, indeed, occasioned great agitation at Naples, and caused considerable uneasiness to the French. Nor was this uneasiness without a cause. Soon after the British forces had settled themselves in Ischia, two gentlemen arrived and solicited an interview with the General, announcing themselves as accredited delegates from the '*Patriotti*' of Italy. Sir John Stuart declined to see them, but commissioned Colonel Bunbury to hear and report to him what they had to say. They told him that they were delegated more particularly by

* Narrative of Passages in the Great War, p. 363.

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the patriotic societies in the kingdom of Naples, but were in connection also with similar associations all over Italy ; that their special business was to inquire the intentions of the British General ; that if his object was simply to drive out the French, they would help him to the utmost of their power, which was great ; but if he aimed at restoring Ferdinand and his Queen to the throne of Naples, they would join the French against him.

Sir John Stuart declined to give any answer to this overture : perhaps his instructions withheld him from entertaining such offers ; but, in spite of the representations of his staff, he appeared determined not to attempt anything further against the enemy on the mainland.

Finding, at length, that there seemed to be no chance of active operations, my father availed himself of the leave of absence which he had previously obtained, and returned in a boat to Messina, in order to catch the packet for England. But he had scarcely been at Messina more than two days, before, to his great astonishment, General Stuart and his whole army arrived there likewise.

Colonel Bunbury, with his wife and infant child, embarked on August 1, and sailed for England, not without regret, especially on my mother's part, at quitting a place where she had spent three happy years, and where she left many friends to whom she was warmly attached. Neither of them ever saw Sicily again, but they always delighted to call up the recollections of it, and my father felt an especially

warm interest and sympathy in the noble struggle of the Sicilians for their liberties in 1848.

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The homeward voyage was rough ; they were delayed many days at Gibraltar by contrary winds ; and it was not till towards the end of September that they landed at Falmouth.

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COLONEL BUNBURY'S services in Sicily had not been unobserved by some who were well qualified to appreciate them ; and he had not been a month in England before he was surprised by an offer of the post of Under Secretary of State for the War Department. The following correspondence will show the views with which he accepted this overture ; and that, while undertaking the duties of a position in which he hoped to be useful to his country, he avoided pledging himself to any concurrence in the home policy of the King's ministers.

I. *From Major-General the Hon. Alex. Hope.*

[Private]

Horse Guards, October 11, 1809.

My dear Bunbury,—Mr. Dundas, who undertakes the duty of Secretary of State for the War Department, is desirous of obtaining the assistance, as Under Secretary of State, of an officer whose knowledge of military details, and habits of war upon an extended scale, might be resorted to, with advantage to himself and the public service.

Mr. Dundas is further desirous that professional

merit alone should influence the selection of an officer to fill this situation, and, when placed in it, that he should in no manner intermix in politics, or be a member of the House of Commons.

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My own opinion of your fitness to meet the view of Mr. Dundas, being sanctioned by the concurrent opinion of those whose military judgment I most respect, and being authorised to make the foregoing statement, and to enquire your sentiments, I beg to know whether you are willing to undertake this duty and converse with Mr. Dundas (on his arrival from Ireland) upon the subject?

Ever truly yours,

ALEX. HOPE.

To Lieutenant-Colonel Bunbury,
Quartermaster-General
to the Forces in the Mediterranean.

Mr. Dundas is expected in town to-morrow evening.

II. *To the Hon. A. Hope.*

Barton, near Bury St. Edmunds, October 13, 1809.

My dear General,—I have conversed with my uncle, Sir Charles Bunbury, upon the subject of the appointment which has been offered to me in so very flattering a manner, and am happy to inform you that he sees no objection to my undertaking it, upon the footing which you mention in your letter of the 11th, that is to say, as a purely military man unconnected in any way with politics. I accordingly lose no time in acquainting you with the concurrence of my family in my acceptance of a post, which, how-

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ever, I fear I shall not be found to fill in so satisfactory a manner as the partiality of my friends has led them to imagine.

I shall take the liberty of writing to you more at length by Sunday's post, in order that my future views and present feelings may be candidly submitted to Mr. Dundas.

In the meantime, I must beg you, my dear General, to accept the assurance of the very grateful sense I entertain of your too partial kindness to me upon this occasion, and remain, &c., &c.,

H. E. B.

The Hon. A. Hope, &c.

III. *To Brigadier-General the Hon. Alexander Hope.*

Barton, October 15, 1809.

My dear General,—When the situation of Under Secretary of State for the War Department was first mentioned to me, several objections to my undertaking it presented themselves to my mind. Of these, the following were the principal:—In the first place, being heir to a large landed property, and entertaining some expectation that, in case my uncle, Sir Charles Bunbury, should at any time retire from the representation of Suffolk, I might possibly succeed him as member for the county, it appeared to me likely to prove eventually injurious to my views if I were to entangle myself prematurely in politics, or to afford grounds for its being supposed that I had enrolled myself as a party man. Besides this consideration, I could not but reflect that the political

opinions of many of my relations and friends were not in unison with those of the present Ministry, and I shrunk from accepting any situation that might tend to alienate me from them. Similar objections had occurred to those near relations whose advice I asked upon this interesting subject ; but the tenour of your kind letter of the 11th instant, and still more what you stated to me in our last conversation, that it was so completely the desire of Mr. Dundas to render the Under Secretaryship *purely military*, that the officer holding it might, in the event of a change, be considered probably in the same light as Mr. Harrison is in the Treasury, and be allowed to retain the situation, have most satisfactorily removed the difficulties which had presented themselves ; and, with the concurring approbation of my family, I shall most gratefully accept a situation, which was as far beyond my expectations as it is above my merits. As a soldier and a man of business, willing to exert the utmost of his feeble powers in carrying on the military details of the War Department, I cheerfully undertake the duties of Under Secretary, and I trust to the acknowledged candour of Mr. Dundas's character for a just appreciation of the motives which would have led me respectfully to decline entering into any situation which would have involved me in domestic politics. I feel confident that, in executing the duties which may be entrusted to me, I shall never be found wanting in the assiduity and fidelity that ought to mark a servant of the public ; and if I fail, my defects must be

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attributed to want of those abilities which my friends have too fondly supposed me to possess.

I shall feel much obliged to you, my dear General, to take the trouble of communicating to Mr. Dundas the substance of this letter. I mean to be in London on Tuesday evening, in order to attend the levée on Wednesday, and I will beg of you to send a line to me in Pall Mall, to let me know when and where I can be introduced to Mr. Dundas. In the meantime, if you have the opportunity, you would particularly oblige me by mentioning to him that, as I have been absent from my family for near five years, I am very anxious to have the power of passing a few days with some of my nearest relations, previously to entering upon the occupations of office; but if my immediate attendance is required, I shall cheerfully repair to my post.

IV. *From Mr. Dundas.*

[Private]

Hertford Street, October 24, 1809.

Dear Sir,—It is at length determined that I am not to hold the situation which was destined for me when General Hope wrote to you. I regret very much that the intention which existed at one time has occasioned you any trouble, though I should have been most happy to have availed myself of your assistance.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your most obedient and faithful servant,

ROBERT DUNDAS.

Lieutenant-Colonel Bunbury.

V. *From Lieutenant-General Brownrigg.*CHAP.
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[Private]

Horse Guards, October 28, 1809.

My dear Bunbury,—When I received your letter of the 26th, I did not think I should so soon have occasion to renew the subject of your becoming Under Secretary of State, but Lord Liverpool, who is to be removed to the War Department, has just now called on me, and has empowered me to offer you the situation intended for you by Mr. Dundas, accompanied by many flattering and kind speeches. It is with the truest satisfaction that I make the communication, trusting that it will be agreeable to you all. Lord Liverpool enjoined secrecy, as his removal has not yet been submitted to His Majesty, but I conclude that the whole business will be concluded on Wednesday. Mr. Richard Ryder, the present Judge Advocate General, succeeds Lord Liverpool in the Home Department. I suppose this will bring you to town. I beg my respects to General Fox, Sir Charles Bunbury, and your whole party; and ever am truly and faithfully,

Yours,

ROBERT BROWNRIGG.

VI. *To General Brownrigg.*

Barton, October 29.

My dear General,—I have just received your letter acquainting me with the very flattering renewal of the offer to appoint me Under Secretary of

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State ; at the same time I have received a few lines from General G.,* to tell me that ‘ he has much to say to me upon the subject of my proposed appointment, which has been much talked over at Windsor,’ and from subsequent expressions I am led to conclude that the King has spoken to him upon the subject. This being the case, I could wish to defer giving a positive answer to Lord Liverpool’s gratifying proposal until I shall have seen General G., whom we expect here on Tuesday. By Wednesday’s post, therefore, you may depend upon hearing from me. I do not conceive that any objection to my accepting the post is likely to arise out of what General G. may have to tell me ; as for myself, I can only repeat the substance of what I wrote to Hope on the former occasion, that while I most respectfully should beg to decline any situation that might involve me in domestic politics, I am most ready as a *military man* to undertake any duties to which my poor abilities may be equal.

(Signed) H. E. B.

Lieutenant-General Brownrigg, &c.

VII. *From General Brownrigg.*

[Secret]

Horse Guards, October 30, 1809.

My dear Bunbury,—I have your letter of yesterday. Lord Liverpool has called on me in the course of to-day to know your decision. I did not think it prudent to show him your letter, as it marks a hesi-

* Gwyn, probably.

tation which was not shown in the case of Mr. Dundas. I merely said that I had received a letter from you, full of acknowledgment to his lordship for having thought of you, and that you would probably be in town on Wednesday; this I think you should be at all events. I cannot conceive that anything that can have passed in loose conversation at Windsor, where there is more gossip than in any other spot in England, can influence your judgment. Lord Liverpool desires me to apologise to you for not having himself written to you.

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Ever yours,

R. B.

VIII. *To General Brownrigg.*

Barton, October 31, 1809.

My dear General,—I have just now received your note of yesterday, in which there is an expression that gives me much uneasiness. You seem to think that my former letter, in answer to your communication of Lord Liverpool's very gratifying proposal, 'marks a hesitation which was not shown in the case of Mr. Dundas.' I must entreat your patience if I enter into rather a long explanation upon this point; but I am very anxious it should be clearly seen that I have not hesitated more in the one than in the other of these flattering occasions; and it is still more essential both to myself and to Lord Liverpool that the sentiments I entertain, and the footing upon which I am to be considered, should be distinctly understood previously to my actual appointment to

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so important an office. I am convinced that a nobleman of Lord Liverpool's character will never wish that a person whom he can think worthy of becoming his Under Secretary, should be wanting in openness and candour; and I shall therefore beg of you, my dear General, whose friendship and kind estimation I have ever found so steady, to have the goodness to communicate to his lordship the contents both of this and of my letter of Sunday.

When I first conversed with General Hope upon the subject of my appointment as Under Secretary to Mr. Dundas, I stated to him candidly that although the situation was in itself of all others the most consonant with my wishes, and that which I should prefer to any other office whatever, yet that there were some considerations which operated both with myself and my family in making me hesitate to embrace this very desirable and very flattering offer. My future views in life, and particularly the hope to which I may look forward of eventually succeeding to the representation of Suffolk, make it very inexpedient for me to commit myself prematurely as a *party* man in *domestic politics*. The bias of several of my relations and friends being adverse to the present Administration, I could not but hesitate to enter into any engagements that might alienate me from them. These and some less weighty causes of doubt, I mentioned to General Hope; who informed me in answer, he was authorised to say that Mr. Dundas wished to make the Under Secretaryship of War an appointment *entirely military*; that the person

holding it was *not to be in Parliament*, and would be completely abstracted from party politics. He added that for the full satisfaction of myself and of my family, he would put the substance of what he had said in writing. General Hope accordingly sent me a letter, offering the Under Secretaryship in Mr. Dundas's name, *upon the above footing*. This letter removed every difficulty, and enabled me to accept an office, than which none could have more fully crowned my most sanguine hopes. My grateful acceptance of the appointment was made known to General Hope in two letters, in both of which I took the liberty of recapitulating the grounds on which I considered that I was to stand. I subsequently had the honour of seeing Mr. Dundas ; and all was finally settled as to my appointment, when the new arrangement with respect to himself terminated the business. I very much regret that I have left in Hertfordshire both General Hope's letter to me, and those which I addressed to him ; I would otherwise have sent you copies ; but you can I dare say procure them (if you wish it) from General Hope.

I have thus, my dear Sir, explained (and I hope satisfactorily), that upon this renewal of the offer to appoint me Under Secretary, I have not shown any other doubt or hesitation than I had upon the former occasion, and which difficulties were most satisfactorily removed by the communication that General Hope was authorised to make to me.

I trust I shall not be suspected of declining upon light grounds to exert myself in any way that can be

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thought useful to the public. As a soldier and as a servant of the King I should most zealously apply myself to the furtherance of whatever business might be entrusted to me in the military branch of the War Department; and if my Lord Liverpool should still esteem me fit for the situation, I trust he will ever find me discharge its duties with integrity and assiduity: and I also trust he will rightly appreciate the motives which incline me at this early period of my life, and with the prospects I have both in my family and in my profession, to avoid involving myself at present in politics. Whatever may be his Lordship's decision, I shall always entertain a very grateful sense of this strong and flattering mark of his good opinion.

Having considered it right upon every account to enter into this explanation, it has seemed to me better to postpone my departure from hence till I hear from you again; and if Lord Liverpool is pleased to decide finally upon honouring me with the appointment in question, I shall lose not a moment's time in repairing to London.

I remain, my dear General,

Your much obliged and most faithful,

H. E. B.

IX. *From General Brownrigg.*

[Secret]

Horse Guards, November 1, 1809.

My dear Bunbury,—I could very much have wished that instead of receiving your long explanatory letter of yesterday, I had had the pleasure of

seeing you here. I feel very much embarrassed and concerned, that you should have thought it necessary to have entered into any explanation, arising from any expression I may have used in the very hurried note I wrote you on Monday, the more so, as perhaps it may have been caused by my having omitted to state to you, that Lord Liverpool desired you would understand that the office was at your option, precisely on the terms, on which it was proposed to you when Mr. Dundas was in contemplation for the situation of Secretary of State; which he had less difficulty in doing, because it was he who communicated with General Hope respecting you for Mr. Dundas, who was then in Ireland, a circumstance which however I did not know when I first wrote to you. I have obeyed your directions in sending your letters to Lord Liverpool, and enclose a copy of a few lines from me which accompanied them. I confess I hesitated much whether I should send your letter, knowing his Lordship to be in full possession of your views, and that he only proposed to you the situation as purely military, entirely abstracted from all politics; but as he reckoned on your being in town to-day, and that it was necessary an ostensible reason should be given for delay, I have forwarded them. I hope his Lordship will write to you himself, as I feel I am but a bad negociator in such matters. My anxiety has been to see you placed in a most enviable and highly respectable situation, where you will have an opportunity of displaying your talents, not as a politician, but as a military man, endowed with all the

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qualifications necessary to conduct the military department of the War Secretary, a situation I hope I shall see you fill, with honour to yourself, and to the satisfaction of your many friends. As it is possible Lord Liverpool may not write to you by this post, or empower me to say anything from him, you will, I am sure, excuse me for again urging you to come to town, when this matter can be satisfactorily arranged in a few minutes.

Believe me always, most truly yours,

ROBERT BROWNRIGG.

X. *To Sir T. C. Bunbury, Bart.*

[Secret]

Pall Mall, Wednesday Afternoon.

My dear Uncle,—I write a few more lines by this post upon the same subject on which I wrote to you so fully yesterday.* I have consulted and received the opinions of Generals Fox and Gwyn, and of Herbert Taylor; they all concur in advising my acceptance of the situation offered to me. This morning I have seen General Hope by appointment. He was authorized by Lord Liverpool and by Mr. Dundas to enter fully upon the subject with me; and the footing upon which it is now put certainly removes the principal objections I had at first seen. It appears that Ministry applied to Sir David Dundas for a military man of trust and intelligence to carry on the military branch of the War Department, and that I was recommended to them jointly by Sir

* This previous letter has not been preserved.

David, Generals Brownrigg and Hope. I am distinctly assured that I am in no shape whatever to be considered as involving myself politically with their party ; and that it is the wish both of the King and Ministers to render the military branch of the secretaryship so totally abstracted from politics, that the person holding it will probably continue in his situation under any change of Administration. This assurance they have no objection to give me in *writing* previous to my acceptance of the office ; and to allow that I should explain to my connections the terms on which I take it. Under these circumstances, there hardly seems room for further objection ; and I might appear to act unwarrantably if I were to refuse my feeble efforts when they are called for in these momentous times. I wait, however, for your answer before I make any decided reply. I much fear I shall now be prevented for a long time from visiting Barton, as my entering on my new duties would be immediately required. However, you will, I hope, be coming to settle in town before December ; and *here*, at least, I shall have the power of seeing much of my friends.

Ever, my dear Uncle, affectionately yours,

H. E. BUNBURY.

When this correspondence commenced, that reconstruction of the Ministry was in progress, which was occasioned by the quarrel between Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh. It appears to have been originally intended that the Hon. Robert Dundas

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(the second Lord Melville) should hold the office of Secretary for War and the Colonies, in the Ministry then forming under Mr. Perceval; but in the final arrangement, that important post was assigned to the Earl of Liverpool, Mr. Dundas being appointed President of the Board of Control.

My father continued to hold the office of Under Secretary of State for War throughout the remainder of the great contest with France, and until after the conclusion of peace. It was an office of much labour and responsibility, but of singular interest, as it kept him constantly supplied with the most direct, complete, and authentic information possible, respecting the mighty struggle that was going on. With such means of information, and so well prepared by his previous studies and experience to make use of it, it is easy to imagine with what eager sympathy he watched the splendid career of Wellington and his noble army. Several of those who had been his own friends and comrades in Holland and in the Mediterranean, were now gaining fame in the Peninsula. He devoted himself with most conscientious diligence to the duties of his office; and his clear intelligence, decision of character, and talent for business, together with his military knowledge, rendered his official services very valuable. Sir William Napier has, indeed, assigned to him the merit of a special reform in his department. ‘Many practical improvements (he says, speaking of the year 1812) had also been growing up in the official departments, especially in that of War and the Colo-

nies, where Colonel Bunbury, the Under Secretary, a man experienced in the wants of an army on service, had reformed the incredible disorders which pervaded that department during the first years of the contest.* The historian has, indeed, been charged with partiality in this instance, but his assertions in the work quoted were rarely made without good ground; and at any rate, my father's official merits were fully acknowledged by his successive chiefs. In the early part of the year 1812, finding his health suffer severely from constant residence in London, and from his assiduous attention to his duties, he wrote to Lord Bathurst, then at the head of the department, offering to resign his office; but at the request of Lord Bathurst, who always showed a very friendly feeling towards him, he consented to remain.

But it is time to return to his private history.

During the time of his residence in London (where he had a house, first in Stratton Street, then at Brompton, and afterwards, I think, in Park Lane), three more children were born to him, Mary (who lived only six months), on March 10, 1810; Edward Herbert, July 8, 1811; and Henry William St. Pierre, September 2, 1812. On May 10, 1811 (just as he was about to set out for Brighton with my mother, who was in delicate health), he was shocked by the unexpected news of the death of his father, who had for several years been living a very retired life at Keswick. He set off immediately for that

* History of the Peninsular War, v. 5, book xvii. chap. 1.

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place, to direct the funeral, and make the necessary arrangements respecting his affairs. On this occasion he renewed his acquaintance with his old school-fellow Robert Southey, who speaks thus of him in a letter to Mr. Charles W. W. Wynn :

‘He is the first person I ever met after nineteen years’ absence ; and the total difference between the boy which I left him, and the man which he is now, produces a strange and confused feeling when I think of it. . . . I have been exceedingly pleased with him. His situation gives him, of course, great opportunities of information ; but in addition to this, I have seldom met with so sensible a man.’*

General Fox, who had been a long time ill, and in a state of great suffering, was released by death on the 18th of July in the same year. Thus, neither he nor Mr. Bunbury saw any of their grandchildren except the eldest.

Of this interesting portion of my father’s life, I am sorry that I can find scarcely any memorials. He kept no journal ; indeed he never was in the habit of doing so except when travelling ; the letters he may have written, during this period, to members of his own family, have not been preserved ; and I cannot find that he wrote down in after years any reminiscences of his official life. It must, however, have been to his active mind a time of much enjoyment. His circumstances were easy ; he was eminently happy in his family ; he felt that he was rendering valuable services to his country ; he had

* Letters of Southey, edited by Dr. Warton, vol. ii. p. 223.

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an extensive circle of friends and acquaintances; his character and position, his extensive information, and the charm of his manners, made him always welcome in the best society of London. He was on terms of the most friendly intimacy with his official chief, Lord Bathurst,* and his family. He had determined, on accepting office, not to enter actively into any political questions, and the nature of the post he held did not call upon him to do so. But as most of his particular friends and associates at this time were either connected with the Government or were decidedly of that party in politics, so I conceive that he also acquired a leaning in that direction. At any rate, he felt strongly the importance of prosecuting the war with the greatest possible vigour, and had no sympathy with those among the Whigs who wished for a peace at any price.

Notwithstanding what had been said in the preliminary discussions, he now thought it probable that, in case of a change of Ministry, he would be required to resign his office; and he began to look out for a country residence, in which his family might be comfortably settled if he should return to active service. He seems to have thought for a time of settling in the neighbourhood of Keswick, with which he had been delighted when he went down thither on the occasion of his father's funeral. He doubted between this and Mildenhall in Suffolk,

* Earl Bathurst succeeded the Earl of Liverpool as Secretary of State for War and the Colonies, when that nobleman became Prime Minister, after the murder of Mr. Perceval in May 1812.

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where the house belonging to his uncle, Sir Charles Bunbury, was offered to him; and it was not till some time in the year 1813 that he decided upon fixing his home at Mildenhall. My mother, with the children, established herself there in the summer or autumn of that year; and he came down from time to time, and spent with her whatever leisure could be spared from the duties of his office.

1813

Of the mansion-house at Mildenhall, a historical notice by my father will be found in this volume. My earliest impressions of it, as I dimly remember, are those of awful gloom. The antiquated character of the house, the long dark passages, the vast mysterious closets, the great old hall, the long gallery, the dark shadows of the trees which closely surrounded it, were terrific and oppressive to the imagination of a child. I do not think that my mother liked it much at first. The appearance of the place, as it was then, was certainly not cheerful. The surrounding country was utterly destitute of beauty and interest; and, accustomed as she had been in London to much society, she no doubt felt painfully, at first, the want of it in that thinly-peopled district. But she reconciled herself to her new home, and eleven years afterwards, when the time came for leaving it, she did so with regret.

Not many months after the removal to Mildenhall, and immediately after the birth of his youngest son, (Richard Hanmer, born December 18, 1813), my father was despatched by the Government on a very important mission to the Duke of Wellington.

The Duke had then recently established his army within the French frontier ; and our Ministry were anxious to communicate with him by a confidential agent respecting his wants, his views, and his opinion of the Allies' operations. It was an appointment honourable to my father, and he was naturally much gratified by such an opportunity of seeing and conversing with the greatest of British commanders. His reminiscences, written in his latter days, of this interesting mission, will be found in this volume ; but they are unfortunately incomplete, and preserve no record of the first impression made on him by the Duke. He has noted that Wellington pronounced the Nivelle to have been that one of his victories with which he was himself best satisfied. I have heard my father say that he spoke also of the passage of the Douro as, in his own opinion, one of the most skilful of his achievements.

Another remark also I remember to have heard my father repeat. The Duke said to him, 'I have the finest army here that ever man commanded ; I don't believe there ever was such an army—not a man or officer that ever behaves ill, except—' (then he named two unfortunately conspicuous exceptions*). 'And,' he added, 'the Portuguese troops are very nearly as good as the British.'

When the unfortunate expedition against New Orleans was projected, my father addressed to Lord Bathurst, his official chief, a private letter, con-

1814

* See Sir W. Napier's Hist. of Peninsular War, v. 6, book 23, chap. ii. Battle of St. Pierre.

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taining his reasons for thinking the proposed attempt dangerous and impolitic. This letter I here insert, from a copy preserved among his papers, and endorsed in his own hand. It will be seen how clearly he had perceived the disadvantages of the scheme, and how fully his apprehensions were confirmed by the event.

Memorandum addressed by Sir Henry Bunbury to Earl Bathurst, August 7, 1814, on the proposed Expedition against New Orleans.

[Private]

Sunday, August 7, 1814.

My dear Lord,—We are getting on very well with the transports for Lord Hill's army, though the tonnage which will be required is very great. I am afraid that at least an hundred sail of ships will be wanted. Some of our transports are taking on board Irish regiments of militia for Cork, where the vessels will be revictualled and watered.

I now venture to submit to you, my dear Lord, my very humble opinion upon the proposed expedition, and to explain, as briefly as may be in my power, the principal reasons which incline me to think that it would be better and safer for the king's service that the enterprise should be deferred.

When the war with France was drawing to a close it was determined to send an army of about 14,000 men to America; such a corps was easily to be formed out of Lord Wellington's regular infantry, and there remained a sufficient number of his troops

disposable for every probable service in Europe. The expedition was to be directed against the vital parts of the United States; but before it sailed from Bordeaux, the intentions of Government were changed, and, as the troops were collected and ready, the whole of them (or nearly the whole) were sent to Canada, thus giving an irresistible superiority to the British force in that quarter; while, at the same time, Halifax was strengthened by three battalions, and four more battalions were kept afloat to harass the American coast. The total amount of the additional force turned against America this summer cannot be rated at less than 18,000 men. The effect of these great efforts, and of the increased exertions of our navy, we have not yet had time to know.

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‘After having made this great detachment from the Duke of Wellington’s army, and breaking up certain foreign corps, and removing the German Legion to the Low Countries, there remain but very few regiments of regular infantry in an efficient state. Nearly all these effective corps will be required for the expedition which it is now proposed to send out under Lord Hill. At the same time we are obliged to disband our militia, and still to maintain a respectable force in the Low Countries. If the expedition goes forward we shall possess a very insufficient force of infantry for the duties in Ireland; and in England there will be only 4,000 foot guards and the skeletons of second battalions belonging to regiments in America. I cannot help thinking that the inconvenience and risk of these circumstances

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overbalance very considerably the chance of any advantage which the success of this expedition might present. Now I humbly conceive that we ought to hold at this time a respectable corps of troops in England, always ready to reinforce the Irish army, if the ill-humour and irritation which prevail in Ireland should become more serious; or to push over into the Low Countries to the support of our interests in that quarter, in case there should arise any misunderstanding upon the Continent. Until the Congress has closed its proceedings and the Great Powers of Europe have agreed upon the final settlements, surely we cannot safely consider everything adjusted and the interests of our nearest allies sufficiently secured. If the war faction in France should become more powerful, would not any inclination to seize again upon the Low Countries be strengthened by their knowing that England was not prepared to afford any prompt assistance to the Prince of Orange? and that we could then give him no aid but in cavalry and artillery is but too certain.

‘The expedition will be sent out before we shall have seen what conduct the American Government adopt and what opinions the people take up in consequence of the restoration of the Bourbons. If they should consider* (and surely it is fair to conjecture that they will), the great expense of the expedition will be thrown away. If Mr. Maddison†

* N.B.—A line seems to be omitted here in the MS. in my possession.

† So spelt in the original.

persists in war, and our enterprise should be unsuccessful, the States will be encouraged to persevere ; and if we succeed, the beneficial effects would not be immediate. The result we expect is, that the backsettlers would become indisposed to the war when the use of the Mississippi was taken from them. This is probably a just expectation ; yet the influence of circumstances upon them and of their clamours upon the Executive Government could not bring the war to an instantaneous termination. The effect must be gradual ; and in the meantime our expense, both in money and men, must be very severe.

‘Allow me here to remark on the superior advantages of directing a military operation against the central and vital parts of a country, of striking at the heart, rather than attacking an extremity. If we had acted with our forces in the Chesapeake one considerable success might have terminated the war ; even a failure would not have rendered our expedition useless. The troops retreat to their ships and still remain in the neighbourhood, a cause of terror and disquiet to all the great towns of the hostile States ; or they might repair to Halifax and be forwarded from thence to the Canadian frontier. In the proposed plan there can be no possible connection between the troops acting from the side of Canada and Lord Hill’s army. The operations of each must be carried on in ignorance of the other’s fortune ; while the Americans, acting from the centre, can direct their forces to either side, as they feel the pressure most severe.

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‘But my chief apprehensions arise from my considering the issue of the expedition to be very unpromising. The length of the voyage, the difficulty of keeping together so large a fleet, sailing on the eve of the equinox, make me dread the dispersing of the transports. But supposing that nearly all reach the place of rendezvous, they have then to proceed up the Gulf of Mexico, a navigation very little known to Englishmen, and where any scattered or disabled ships could nowhere find a secure and friendly port. As they approach their destination the coasts are everywhere very shoal, and the land low and difficult to be discovered. From the mouth of the river (where there is a bar with only nine feet of water) to New Orleans the distance is very great. The Mississippi flows between the high dykes (formed naturally by the deposits of bushes, reeds, and mud), behind which on both sides lie low marshy grounds almost always flooded. The river flows with rapidity, bringing down great trunks of trees; and it is impossible to anchor in it on account of its great depth and the sliminess of its bottom. The passages along the coast of Florida leading to Lake Pontchartrain (where troops might land within a few miles of New Orleans) are so shallow, that troops must be shifted into small crafts at the distance of three days sail from the lake. A vast number of small vessels and gun-boats would therefore be necessary to carry up a sufficient body of troops, with some artillery, &c., and no measures have been taken as yet, to my knowledge, for the collection and preparation of

such a flotilla. Neither is anything yet done towards collecting mules or negro labourers; and, indeed, there could scarcely be time, if the expedition itself is to sail from Cork before the middle of September. It appears that the neighbourhood of the Mississippi is flooded in March, and the unhealthy season follows. There seems much doubt whether fresh meat could be obtained for the troops, and it is unnecessary to observe on the unwholesomeness of feeding the men for such a length of time on salt provisions.

‘The expedition may be expected to reach the coast about the middle of December. The time requisite for them to arrive at New Orleans must depend upon the means of transporting the troops in small craft, of which no calculation can be made. If the Americans have fortified the place, heavy guns and stores of all kinds must be transhipped and carried up to the lake, there landed; and trenches must be opened in soil where you come immediately to water; or at least you must construct and arm batteries; and during these days of preparation the troops must lie among the woody swamps and the bogs which surround New Orleans for miles, or in the equally unhealthy fields of rice and maize. But there is reason to believe that the town is not even defended by a wall, and that the only defences are a stockade with a paltry ditch, just sufficient to keep out the Indians. What, then, are we to do after New Orleans is in our power? Are we to fortify it, and consume several months and

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large sums in making it defensible, while we expose our troops to all the evils of the climate? Or are we to keep our army there permanently? For without an army such a town is not to be defended—a garrison of two black and two white regiments would be obliged to surrender in a few weeks to the swarms of backsettlers and militiamen, who would come down as soon as our main forces quitted the coast. In either case we should be obliged to encounter the horrors of the climate, and to incur an enormous expense. *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*

‘Suppose that we should find the place more easy to be strengthened than I have conceived, and that Lord Hill leaves there a garrison of 1,500 British and as many blacks, and that we retain our conquest. The question arises, What is to be done with the main body of the army, which must still consist of 7,000 or 8,000 men? They must go to some port to refit and revictual their ships; and can we risk them in the harbours of Jamaica? I fear their efficiency would soon be at an end.

‘Putting together these several considerations (besides some minor difficulties), I confess that there appear to me very great objections to sending forth the expedition at the present time; and I conceive, with great deference, that it is advisable to postpone any additional exertion of this kind till the winter shall be passed. During the next six months the general arrangements of the army will be completed; our disposable force will be increased by the return

of troops from the Cape, the Mediterranean, and the ceded Colonies. We shall carry more weight on the Continent of Europe by showing ourselves strong at home, and able to support our allies in the Low Countries upon the first call. By the spring, the two great problems will be resolved, upon which our future operations must depend. First, whether the peace of Europe will be preserved; and secondly, whether our war with America will be continued. If both these results arrive, we shall be prepared to send out early in the year a formidable body of troops. We could then spare 12,000 men with more convenience and more safety than we can now spare 7,000. From Canada, Nova Scotia, and General Ross's Brigade, 8,000 infantry might be gathered; and an army of 20,000 men would thus be collected to act in the Chesapeake, or to occupy Long Island or other important parts of the coast. I cannot help thinking that this pressure upon the centre of the American power would produce a quicker result than any distant operations. But even if it did not force the enemy to make peace, and the summer passed away, then a sufficient body of seasoned troops, completely provided with all that was requisite, might be detached from this same army, and proceed at the proper season against New Orleans. In the meantime, we might have acquired more information respecting the place, and have calculated our means with much more certainty than we can do at present.

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‘I beg you, my dear Lord, to forgive the length of this letter, and to believe me ever,

‘Your most faithful servant,

‘(Signed) H. E. BUNBURY.

‘Earl Bathurst, &c. &c.’

Some of the private letters which my father received from his correspondents abroad, during the years 1813 and 1814, are of great interest; especially those from Colonel (Sir Hudson) Lowe, describing the battles of Bautzen and Leipzig, the action of Montmartre, and the entry of the Allies into Paris, of all of which he had been an eye-witness. Of these letters, which are preserved at Barton, Chevalier Pertz has made use in his ‘Life of General Gneisenau.’ Extracts from them will be found in the Appendix to this volume.

Sir Charles Stewart* wrote to my father from Chatillon (where he was attending the conferences for peace), urging him to go out thither. ‘The chance may never present itself again of seeing such armies united, and to one who knows and has seen so much, nothing should prevent your making the attempt. You would be curious to see these implements working, after Wellington’s. I believe I am the only person who has witnessed much of the detail of both, and I do not hesitate to pronounce that an English army of 20,000 is equal to any other of 30,000. This is bold, perhaps, when you see Russian substance and material, and Prussian *pluck*.

* The late Marquess of Londonderry.

Nevertheless, I would willingly stake my little character and abide by the issue.'

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My father became a Major-General on June 4, 1814; and on the 3rd of January following he was created a Knight Commander of the Bath.

The short and astonishing campaign of the year 1815, again rendered his official work most active and interesting. I find among his papers copies of letters relating to the battle of Waterloo, from Sir John Byng (Lord Strafford), Sir Peregrine Maitland, Sir James Kempt, Sir A. Dickson, Sir H. Clinton, and some other officers; but I hardly think they contain anything which would now be new, after we are in possession of so many and such copious accounts, from so many different sources, of the great battle. Only a private letter from Sir James Kempt* is remarkable for the very strong expression of his feeling that the Duke, in his despatches, had done justice neither to himself nor to his army.

I find among these no letter from Sir John Colborne (Lord Seaton); but I have often heard my father repeat the description he had received from Colborne himself, of his brilliant and decisive attack, with the 52nd regiment, on the flank of the column of the Imperial Guard. It was, as I remember, very much the same in substance with the statement lately published in Sir J. Shaw Kennedy's volume on Waterloo.

Very soon after this, occurred one of the most remarkable incidents in my father's life. He was selected

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* Sir J. Kempt, to Sir Henry Bunbury, "Arnouville, July 3, 1815."

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by the Government to convey to Napoleon Buonaparte, then a fugitive on board the *Bellerophon*, at Plymouth, the resolution to which they had come of sending him to the island of St. Helena. Admiral Lord Keith was joined with him in this commission, and they went on board the *Bellerophon* on July 31. My father fortunately preserved a careful memorandum, written down immediately after, of what passed at this memorable interview; and it is printed in the present volume. It was certainly an occasion of extraordinary interest, and it may be supposed that he felt deeply impressed when he found himself thus brought face to face with the great Conqueror, who had for so many years been trampling the nations of Europe under his feet, and to whom he now had to announce the sentence of exile.

Many years afterwards, when Sir Walter Scott's intention of publishing a 'Life of Napoleon' was announced, my father wrote to him, offering the use of his original notes of this interview. Sir Walter's answer was as follows: *—

'Sir,—My absence in Paris has prevented my more early acknowledgment of your flattering and obliging letter, dated so far back as 29th ult. I have seen, of course, the general account of what passed betwixt you and Napoleon upon the memorable meeting of July 1815, and I have also seen Lord Keith's private account of that interview. But still I am extremely desirous to avail myself of your most

* Endorsed 'From Sir Walter Scott, November 14, 1826.'

obliging offer to communicate to me your own notes and recollections on that remarkable occasion, as I am aware of the great advantage to be derived from them.

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‘I leave this for Scotland on Monday first, but a packet, under cover to Mr. Croker of the Admiralty, will reach me safely, and I will use the contents with every possible degree of delicacy, and with such restrictions (if any) as you may dictate. Being, sir, with a great sense of obligation,

‘Your much obliged humble servant,

‘WALTER SCOTT.

‘25 Pall Mall, November 14.’

Among the letters which my father preserved, is one addressed to him by the Marquis Louis de la Rochejacquelin, who was then engaged in the daring enterprise of organizing a hostile movement against Napoleon in the west of France. It is dated ‘Croix de . . . * June 2nd, 1815,’ and is thus endorsed by my father:—

‘This brave and excellent man was killed in the action which had begun at the time he wrote this letter.’

The following memorandum of his interview with the Duchesse d’Angoulême, during the second exile of the Bourbons, and shortly before Waterloo, with the information added by the Baron de Montalembert respecting the views of the French Royalists, are curious. The Baron (the father of the celebrated Comte de Montalembert of our time) had been a

* Illegible from a blot.

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fellow-student with my father at the Military College at Wycombe.

‘After the return of Napoleon from Elba had driven the Bourbons from France, the Duchesse d’Angoulême came to London. At the suggestion of Montalembert Her Royal Highness was pleased to invite me, as Under-Secretary of State for the War Department, and as a friend of poor Louis de la Rochejacquelin, to an interview. This was shortly previous to the battle of Waterloo. I found in Her Royal Highness a person whose high-wrought mind and energy of purpose were very striking. She strode with a masculine step up and down the room, pouring forth with vehemence her complaints and invectives against the disaffection, the treachery, the pusillanimity of the French, mingled with graceful expressions of her thanks for the support and assistance I had been able to give to La Rochejacquelin. It was evident from her discourse that she despaired of a restoration unless by the force of the Allied arms, and that she at the same time distrusted the intentions of the Allied sovereigns. It was soon after this conversation that Montalembert imparted to me in confidence the plans which were then in the contemplation of the French “Royalists;” but I do not think that he meant to include under this head Louis the Eighteenth, or his advisers and confidants.

‘He told me that “the Royalists” entertained little or no hope of seeing the Crown of France restored in its integrity. That the French of the northern and eastern provinces were radically hostile to the

Bourbons ; but that in the south and the west the strength of the legitimists was very great. It was confidently believed that in these quarters the throne might be re-established and maintained. That the views of "the Royalists" were therefore directed to the re-establishment of what he called "the ancient kingdom of Aquitaine," by which, I found, on enquiry, he meant all that portion of France bounded by the Loire, the Rhone, the Pyrenees, and by the sea. That, as for the rest, the Allies, and the Republicans (or Buonapartists) might fight for it and partition it ; so that the reduced dimensions of the Republic would not leave it strong enough to endanger the compact dominion of the Bourbons !

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‘One may smile at this visionary scheme ; but it affords us curious evidence of the lengths to which a faction may run for the accomplishment of its own selfish ends. These French Royalists were prepared to acquiesce in the dismemberment of their native country, to help in the degradation of its rank among the nations of Europe, and even to rejoice in seeing strangers subjugate portions of its territory, and aggrandize themselves at the expense of “la belle France !” ’

The year 1816 brought to a close my father’s official career. The cabinet minister who held the post of Secretary of State for War and the Colonies, had, while the great contest lasted, been assisted by two Under Secretaries, one giving his attention wholly to the affairs of war, and the other to those of the colonies. Peace being now restored, with a

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good prospect of its permanence, and economical reforms in the various departments of the State being urgently demanded, it was decided to abolish the office of Under Secretary for the War Department.

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The Secretary of State, Lord Bathurst, who, as I have said before, was a warm friend to Sir Henry Bunbury, then wished him to take the other Under Secretaryship, that of the Colonies; but he thought it right to decline this offer, and to retire from official life; and this, for two reasons. First, he felt that he had no special or exact acquaintance with colonial affairs, as he had with those of war; he had made no particular study of the history or interests of the colonies, and would have had, as it were, to begin at the beginning, and to learn his work; whereas, all matters relating to war had been the subjects of his earnest and careful study for years before he undertook his former office. Secondly (and this was the more important consideration), his political opinions were undergoing a change, or at least were becoming more definite, and he felt that he could no longer, with satisfaction to his own mind, continue to act with the Ministry of that day. He therefore determined to retire into private life, and settle down as a country gentleman in Suffolk, where he knew that he could still be useful, though in a different way from that of his profession.

The state of that county was not, indeed, such as to hold out a very inviting prospect. The reaction from the high prices and activity of business which had prevailed during the war, had produced much

distress throughout the kingdom, and especially in the agricultural counties; and in many of the eastern districts the suffering and discontent of the poor led to violent disturbances. Incendiary fires raged to a great extent in Suffolk; riotous assemblies of the lower classes took place at Bury, Brandon, Norwich, and many other places in the eastern counties; in the Fens of Cambridgeshire the tumults grew into something like an insurrection, the town of Littleport was actually sacked, the rioters ventured to encounter the regular troops, and exchanged a fire with them, with serious effect on both sides. Lord Sidmouth, the Home Secretary, when my father called to take leave of him before quitting London, warned him that he was going into a county which was in a most dangerous state. But he did not suffer himself to be daunted, and he found no reason to repent of his decision.

In the last letter which he *franked* to his wife (who was at Mildenhall), he says: ‘On this tenth anniversary* of Maida, I take my final leave of Downing-Street. Hurrah!’

* July 4, 1816.

CHAPTER V.

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THUS, then, Sir Henry Bunbury settled down to a country life at Mildenhall,* and the eight following years which he spent there were probably as happy as any of his life. His active mind, his extensive knowledge, and his variety of pursuits, effectually guarded him against that vacuity, that weariness, of which men accustomed to active and busy lives have often complained after retiring into the tranquillity of the country. Something has already been said of the house which was his home during these years. It is a rather picturesque and venerable-looking mansion of the Elizabethan style, with many quaint gables surmounted by balls; but its appearance is a good deal marred by the square prosaic brick building added by Sir Thomas Hanmer; which, however, contains some of the most comfortable rooms. The old hall with deep mullioned windows, which my father mentions in his notes, was the handsomest part of the house; it was always used, in his time, as the

* The name of this place was formerly pronounced *Milner*. I remember hearing it called so, by old people, when I was a child. In earlier writings (as in Holinshed's Chronicle) we find it written *Mildenhal*.

dining-room whenever he had company. It was adorned with a set of very fine large and old copies from Andrea Mantegna's cartoons of the Triumph of Cæsar; and he decorated it moreover with groups of imitation armour, and of strange weapons from various countries, which well suited its old-fashioned character.

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Mildenhall, like most old manor-houses, had its mystery; and indeed, I used to think it peculiarly well suited to all ideas of mystery and superstitious fear. There was in the upper part of the house a certain door, which, according to popular belief, was the door of the closet in which the second Sir Henry North had killed himself; and the adjoining room was, of course, supposed to be haunted by his ghost. My father took prompt measures to lay the ghost. He broke open and removed the door, and found that the supposed fatal closet had no existence. He caused the 'haunted room' to be entirely new-furnished and new-papered, in a cheerful modern style, and adorned its walls with lively caricature prints; and the first person to whom he assigned it as a bed-chamber was one of his London friends, whom he knew to be sufficiently 'strong-minded' to break the charm effectually. From that time, nothing more was heard of the ghost.

The garden, which, together with the house, is entirely enclosed by walls, had (and has still) somewhat of a collegiate air—an aspect of dignified seclusion and tranquillity. It is immediately surrounded by the little market town, but is not invaded by

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any of its unpleasing sights or sounds. A certain wall in this garden had a special reputation for its grapes ; Sir Thomas Hanmer,* it is recorded, used to send hampers full of them, year after year, as offerings to Queen Caroline. I find a memorandum by my mother, that in the years 1818-19, the Sweet-water grapes grown in the open air at Mildenhall were equal in flavour and sweetness to those of Sicily. Sir Thomas Hanmer's flower-garden had long since been turned into a grass-field ; and the space which was well suited for a flower-garden was not large ; but my mother, who had a passionate love for flowers, made the best of the means at her disposal, and cultivated many beautiful and interesting things ; some, indeed, which I have rarely seen since.

The surrounding country did not at first sight offer any particular attractions. It is perfectly flat ; on the west of the town, at about three miles distance, begin the Fens ; and on the north and east extends that singular tract of barren sand which continues for many miles along the borders of Norfolk and Suffolk, in which, it was once said, you might see two rabbits fighting for one blade of grass. This sandy country was, when my father came to Mildenhall, almost utterly open, bare, and treeless. Sir Charles had indeed had the courage to attempt a few plantations of Scotch firs, which had thriven tolerably well ; but it had been thought so wild a scheme, that the first plantation which he formed re-

* Life of Sir Thomas Hanmer, by Sir Henry E. Bunbury, p. 78.

ceived the name (which it still bears) of ‘the Folly.’ My father set himself to work to plant extensively and systematically, clearly perceiving that it was the best use that could be made of much of that poor land. At first, as he often said, he knew little or nothing of the art of planting, but he persevered through many failures, laid out much money year after year, studied what were supposed to be the best books, sought information from various quarters, and lived to be well rewarded for his perseverance. He found out by degrees that the Scotch fir and the larch were not the only trees suited to that soil, but that the chestnut, and even the oak, if sufficiently protected by faster growing trees during their infancy, would grow well on some parts of the light land. He covered altogether not less than 512 acres* of the Mildenhall estate with plantations, which have greatly changed the face of the country, and now afford not only a supply of timber, but a most valuable shelter against the winds.

The parish of Mildenhall is of great extent: it contains about 17,000 acres,† and measures upwards of seven miles in its longest diameter. The population, which by the census of 1811 was 2,493 (in 1851 it had increased to 4,370), is partly collected in the small town, at the extreme corner of the parish, partly in straggling hamlets called Rows,

* To be exact, 512 acres, three roods, twenty-three perches. Sir Charles appears to have planted ninety acres, one rood.

† 17,090, according to the survey made for the new assessment in 1863; but according to Glyde’s ‘Suffolk in the Nineteenth Century,’ it is only 13,710.

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on the skirt of the Fen, and partly scattered irregularly over the better parts of the land. The Bunbury property was widely dispersed, and both the estate and the people had been much neglected. My father, on settling in the place, set to work in earnest to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the estate and the parish in every point of view, and this purpose he carried out with his characteristic quiet energy. He rode through every part of the parish, made himself acquainted with all the farmers and the labourers, examined into the condition of the cottages, studied the soils, and arranged exchanges by which the several farms were rendered more compact and convenient. The condition of the labouring classes, a subject which to the end of his life was one of those that most interested him, now began to engage his attention. I shall, however, reserve to another place an account of the system of Allotments, which he devised while at Mildenhall, but which was not fully carried out till a later time; as well as of his exertions to improve the dwellings of the poor.

Some time after settling in the country, Sir Henry Bunbury began to direct his thoughts more seriously to political questions, and to form more decided opinions respecting them. So long as the war continued, he had probably not thought very much of internal politics; at any rate, he had thought that the carrying on the contest vigorously against the great national enemy, was the paramount object, to which all others should be kept subordinate, and he

had been willing on that account to give his utmost exertions in aid of the Government. But after the war had been brought to a successful close, and the reaction from that tremendous effort had deranged for a time all the industries of the country; when distress, commercial and agricultural, was felt far and wide through the kingdom, and the sense of suffering led people to look keenly into the weak points of the system under which they were living; then he became displeased with the harsh and arbitrary conduct of the Ministry. He thought that the wise and right course for a Government, in such a state of things, would have been, not to meet discontent merely by harsh measures of repression, but to show at least a willingness, if possible, to remove its causes. However mistaken might be the notions prevalent among the lower classes, and however mischievous the language of some of their leaders, he thought they would be better met by conciliation than by stern severity. His opinions were now widely at variance with those of his old friend Robert Southey, who held that* the time for dreading tyrannical Government was gone by, and that the danger of anarchy was imminent; and who was therefore giving the full support of his great powers as a writer to the system of rigorous repression. My father's disapprobation was excited particularly by that deplorable affair which has since been popularly known as the 'Manchester massacre.' He was of opinion that the unarmed multitude which had assembled on

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* Southey's Life and Letters, v. 5, p. 4.

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that occasion, however foolish and visionary might be their schemes, had entertained no immediate designs dangerous to the peace and order of society ; and that it was unnecessary to send cavalry to sabre them and trample them down. But his views will be best understood from the following letter, which he addressed to the Duke of Norfolk, a popular nobleman of steady and moderate Whig principles. The copy of this letter which I have found among his papers, is endorsed : ‘ Intended for publication but not published.’

To His Grace the Duke of Norfolk.

November 22, 1819.

My Lord,—I had indulged in a strong hope that the example which your Grace has set in other counties, and the liberal opinions which the Duke of Grafton was known to entertain, would have given occasion to a meeting in Suffolk, convened upon grounds similar to those on which our sister county has addressed the Prince Regent. I cannot but lament that this hope has been disappointed ; and I lament it from the honest conviction that in the present state of the kingdom such meetings must be productive of public good. Few men will be found to deny that the times are full of danger. We may differ as to the degree, and moderate men may be allowed to doubt whether all the dangers which threaten the Constitution proceed from one extreme alone ; and whether we may not have nearly as much

reason to dread the remedies prescribed by Lord Sidmouth as the physical force of Dr. Watson. However this may be, whether we may have most cause to fear the assaults of a needy and licentious populace, or the encroachments of arbitrary power, or the conflict of the two, the sense of impending danger prevails so generally, that it is difficult to comprehend how a great and independent county can reconcile it to herself to do—*absolutely nothing*. It cannot be supposed that the educated classes are indifferent to the measures either of Ministers or of the Radical Reformers; and I am unwilling to believe that English gentlemen would be content to purchase ease by a sacrifice of principles, or cower in silence behind the shield of Government, whilst they disapproved its course or felt apprehensive of its designs. How then are we to account for the apathy which seems to prevail? Are we to understand that the Suffolk freeholders approve entirely of the late measures and general conduct of Ministers? That they see nothing to blame in the past, nor ought to apprehend from them in the future? Or is there some paralyzing diffidence and want of concert which prevent the friends of civil and religious liberty from showing their strength and avowing their principles? When courtly addresses of gratulation or condolence are to be laid at the feet of royal personages, Suffolk is never backward. Good discipline and prompt co-operation distinguish the forces which are accustomed to muster upon such occasions. And why should not a similar alacrity and union be introduced

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into the proceedings of those who profess the principles of rational liberty, and who may feel the necessity of resisting encroachments or reforming abuses? Let us hope that under the auspices of your Grace and of our noble Lord-Lieutenant, this county may recover its proper share of political consequence. We have been long, too long, quiescent; but the strong feelings which were displayed at the time of the late general election, have given evidence of a kindling spirit, which would have shone forth more brightly at this time if a county meeting had been convened. I am aware of certain difficulties which attend a discussion of the Manchester subject exclusively; and for my own part, I could have been well pleased to have seen a call for inquiry into that transaction blended with still larger questions.

It is far from my intention to justify the late assemblages of the lower orders; still less to defend the conduct of those who have made themselves conspicuous as their leaders; I know the proceedings of these men to be dangerous, and I believe their designs to be atrocious. But no one will deny that the public authorities which have to deal with assemblages of the people, ought to be governed scrupulously by the law of the land; and if extreme emergencies ever compel them, unhappily, to overleap its boundaries, their further proceedings should bear unequivocal marks of justice and humanity. But what appear to have been the leading circumstances of the transactions at Manchester? A public

notice is given that upon a certain day, and at a certain spot, a meeting will be held for purposes ostensibly legal. The local magistrates do not prohibit the meeting altogether, but they swear in a great number of special constables, and order that all the troops should be prepared. The man* who is considered as the chief mover of the populace, and has been announced as the intended chairman, presents himself to the magistrates before the meeting takes place, and offers himself as a prisoner if they have any charge against him. They answer, there is none! The meeting takes place. Immense multitudes are drawn together; but they appear without arms, and intermixed with women and children and aged persons. This great assemblage of unarmed people is assailed by the military force, dispersed and pursued; and considerable numbers of both sexes sabred or shot! The man whom the magistrates had refused to detain on the preceding day, is arrested on the field and imprisoned, together with others, upon charges of high treason. Three months have elapsed, and nothing has been brought forward to disprove the general correctness of this outline: and if the representation be faithful, we are compelled to admit that the proceedings of the local authorities have displayed a vindictive spirit which would rather punish than prevent. Nor can we easily recognise any very anxious desire to observe the limits of the law or the dictates of humanity. Thus far, however, we might have flattered ourselves that the catastrophe

* Henry Hunt.

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had been owing to indiscretion in the magistrates of Manchester, or to want of temper in the yeomanry. Lord Sidmouth hastens to dispel any such idea. As fast as a courier can travel, comes the entire and unqualified approbation of the King's Ministers; and henceforth we are compelled to regard the transactions of August 16 as the avowed acts of Government.

Has the conduct of Ministers since that particular instance been such as to dissipate or allay our jealousies? The nation, alarmed at the gratuitous bloodshed it has witnessed, calls for some inquiry. Men of approved loyalty, of the highest rank, of the greatest fortune, join in the petition. Their prayer is answered by the dismissal of Earl Fitzwilliam, and the assembling of 10,000 additional troops! Of Lord Fitzwilliam it is unnecessary to speak. The poor attempt to dishonour such a man must react upon the advisers of the measure. The kingdom can hardly produce another individual so generally beloved and respected. Venerable from his age; of unspotted integrity; conspicuous as he has been for loyalty as well as patriotism, Lord Fitzwilliam stands on too proud an eminence to feel this puny blow.

But the attempt has served to mark still more unequivocally the absolute temper and unbending policy of Ministers. And such indeed seems to have been their desire. They strive to force upon us the bare option between the support of their measures, however arbitrary, and the dreadful alternative of

civil war. They will hear of no middle course, of no conciliation; we must be classed with the Hunts and the Cobbetts, and the Carlises,* or we must renounce every species of reform, and trust for our future liberties to the generous forbearance of the Prince Regent's Ministers.

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Thus, my Lord, viewing the occurrence at Manchester but as a part and sample of that policy which our Government is pursuing steadily, I cannot help lamenting that more earnestness and exertion should not have been shown by the gentlemen of this and of other counties. The system of Ministers, combining with the distresses of the times and the fury of demagogues, appears to be hurrying the kingdom into a civil war—of all wars, and of all evils, the most horrible!—a cordial union of the intermediate classes of society presents the only effectual means of averting this evil. When the danger is so great and imminent; when we have the prospect of civil bloodshed before our eyes; when every day brings us nearer to the dreadful alternatives of plunder, impiety, and anarchy on the one side, or of irremediable taxation, and a Government upheld by military force upon the other, why do we remain hesitating and passive? Why are the absurd names and traditions of former parties allowed to enfeeble us at the most fearful crisis which England has ever approached?

What is most immediately required is a political

* So in the original.

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standard by which the opinions of the reflecting and independent body of the community may be regulated. We need the declaration of certain principles which may unite in one common feeling, and one common rule of action, the friends of rational liberty and of order and security of property; while at the same time, by pledging the associators to pursue the surest measures for effecting a reformation of abuses, and to a due attention to the condition and interests of the labouring classes, it might gradually allay the distrustful and angry feelings of the poor.

Your Grace stands at the head of our English nobility, you reside amongst us, and are intimately conversant with the interests of this agricultural county; and you have set a generous example of patriotic zeal in your late exertions both in Yorkshire and in Norfolk. Most happy would it be for Suffolk if your Grace would promote and place yourself at the head of such an Association as I have contemplated.

In a future letter I may take the liberty to pursue these subjects, and to inquire further into the present state of the country, particularly with regard to the condition of the labouring classes, and into those reforms which are desirable, and appear to be practicable.

I have the honour to be,

Your Grace's most faithful servant,

H. E. BUNBURY.

Mildenhall. November 22, 1819.

My father certainly had no sympathy with such agitators as Hunt and Cobbett, and still less, if possible, with the desperate men who in the following year hatched the famous Cato-Street conspiracy. But it was his serious opinion, that the liberties of the people were endangered by the violent and arbitrary conduct of the Government; and that an extension of the Royal authority was a real danger, which required to be guarded against, not less than the licentiousness of the multitude. Many years afterwards, I know, he believed that Lord Castlereagh had had a deliberate intention of rendering the power of the Crown more absolute than it had hitherto been. He may have been mistaken (probably he was) as to the existence of any deliberate design of this kind; but such was the conclusion which he drew from the events of the time, and by which his conduct was guided.

He took a not less decided part on the popular side, and against the Government, in the following year, when the scandalous trial of the Queen produced a still more violent display of excited political feeling. He did not, I suppose, believe Queen Caroline to be blameless; but he thought that the proceedings against her were harsh, ungenerous, oppressive, and unconstitutional, and that the Ministry had meanly stooped to make themselves the instruments of the malice of a husband, whose own misconduct had been to a great degree the cause of the errors of his wife. He expressed his opinions on the subject with great force and clearness in the

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following letter to the freeholders of Suffolk, which was published in the 'Bury Post : ' *—

To the Freeholders and Principal Inhabitants of Suffolk.

Mildenhall, August 15.

Gentlemen,—Some attempts have been lately made to convene a meeting of this county, at which the freeholders and principal inhabitants might have an opportunity of expressing their sentiments with regard to the Bill now before the House of Lords for degrading and divorcing the Queen, and of considering what measures it might be proper to pursue at the present crisis. Those attempts have been unsuccessful. But as I am one of those who think that it would have been wise and proper to have assembled the county at this important moment, and as I took part in the endeavour to effect it, I feel anxious to explain the motives by which my conduct has been guided, and I solicit your indulgence while I lay these considerations before you.

In times of national distress or national danger, it is the duty of every English gentleman to avow his sentiments without fear, and to show himself ready to give his support, however humble it may be, to such measures as he may believe to be the best calculated to save or serve his country. My pretensions to your notice may be weak, and my present address may be considered presumptuous; but my opinions and feelings upon the public questions which distract

* See the Annual Register for 1820, p. 369.

the kingdom are very strong, and I will not shrink from declaring them.

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The agitation of the great question regarding the Queen has been the uncompelled choice of Government. At a time when distress and disregard had irritated the people to a dangerous degree, and the nation was beset by difficulties of the most formidable aspect, the Crown has chosen—(when I mention the Crown, I must be understood to mean its responsible Ministers)—the Crown has chosen, without necessity or strong cause, to plunge us into the many and great dangers which attend this fearful inquiry. Instead of striving to allay the discontents of the people, to soothe their angered minds, and to remove the causes of disaffection and distress, his Majesty's Ministers have wantonly brought into agitation, and obstinately persist in prosecuting, a matter which excites the feelings of the nation to intenseness, and opens to us the dreadful prospect of a civil war! Is the universal sentiment of the people of no force? is the public safety of no consideration with these Ministers? or are they anxious to display their military strength, and to find pretexts for fresh encroachments on the liberties of England? What adequate cause can Ministers assign for this voluntary hazard of their master's crown and of the people's blood?

It is not for me to try whether the Queen be guilty or innocent of the charges with which her reputation is now assailed. It would be unjust to pronounce an accusation false, merely because I mistrust the accuser. But to the mode and spirit of the proceed-

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ings which have been instituted against her Majesty, I entertain the strongest objections; and even to the adoption of any proceedings whatever, under all the circumstances of this unhappy question. We may imagine a state of affairs in which the public good might require an investigation of the conduct pursued by a Queen of Great Britain in a foreign land. But in the present case there is no such necessity. The succession to the throne is not endangered, nor is there a remote likelihood of a failure in the royal line. Even if it be true that the Queen's life in Italy has been licentious, what danger was to be apprehended from the example? Unheard of, and scarcely remembered (unless by those who have stooped to set spies upon her actions), her conduct could not have tended to demoralise the matrons of England. The position in which her Majesty was placed from the first week of her marriage, and the circumstances which ensued, up to the time when she quitted the country with the free consent of her royal husband, were such, that if the parties had moved in private life, and the cause had been brought into the ordinary courts, a farthing damages might possibly have been given in compensation of the husband's injuries, but no divorce could have been obtained. And is it for such a cause as this, that Britain is to be convulsed through every province, that our Constitution is to be endangered, or that brothers are to be armed against brothers?

If, then, we regard either the necessity of the measure, the merits of the case, the importance of

preventing the mutual exposures which may debase the character of royalty—above all, if we feel a due solicitude for the public morals and the public safety, we shall deprecate and try to avert this fatal prosecution. But if it be decided that the Queen must be brought to a trial, in God's name let it be conducted according to the laws of England, and the principles of justice! Our laws recognise no such crime as that for which the retrospective Bill condemns her Majesty to forfeit her crown. Nor does any necessity of State call for this transforming of a past act into a crime, for the sake of inflicting the heaviest of punishments. The House of Lords erect themselves into judges of their Queen, who is accused by his Majesty's Ministers of this newly-created offence. A certain number of these judges mingled with some of the principal accusers, assume the semblance of a grand jury, for the purpose of examining papers, not witnesses; and these mingled accusers and judges report back to the House that there are grounds for going into a further investigation, and for bringing in a Bill by which the wife of their Sovereign may be divorced, dethroned, and declared infamous.

To the accused Queen all specific information with regard to the acts laid to her charge is refused. Neither place nor time are particularised, nor is she permitted to know who are the witnesses that will be brought against her. The King is, to use the mildest term, a party in this great cause; yet with this party will reside the power of giving final effect

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to the Bill by which the accusations are to be justified, and his Majesty is to be released from this ungenial union.

Let this whole course of proceeding be compared with the forms and principles which are adhered to in all ordinary cases, can we trace either the practice or the spirit of the boasted laws of England? Or can we discern more readily the features of impartial justice? Are the Ministers so blinded by their zeal that they do not see either the present danger, or the perpetual disgrace which must attend this fatal prosecution? Do they not perceive that the public mind is impressed with the indelible persuasion, that the Queen will not, *can* not, have a fair trial? If hundreds of Italians should be brought to bear witness against her, their evidence will be imputed to subornation. If the peers pronounce her 'guilty,' their verdict will be branded as the result of undue influence. What follows? Why, that if the Bill be passed (and if the popular fury be suppressed by military force), the respect and affection which the people ought to bear to the King, the Peers, and the Commons' House of Parliament, will be lost irrevocably

Bills of pains and penalties are ready expedients for the oppression of individuals who may be obnoxious to the Crown, and, through the oppression of individuals, for the curtailment of our rights and liberties. History affords few precedents which the promoters of the present Bill would like to quote; but many which should warn us of the dangers that

attend such arbitrary exertions of power. We ought to take care, that a great and fatal precedent be not now established. If our laws may be set aside, and Parliaments may, at their pleasure (and against the declared sense of the people), create new treasons by *ex post facto* compliances with the dictates of Government, what Englishman is safe? Every political opponent of the King's Ministers may be voted a seditious person, and be doomed by a bill of pains and penalties to transportation or death. It is no sufficient answer, to say that our Ministers would not adopt such measures against individuals. I know not why they should not be as ready to substitute their will for the law in the case of a political antagonist whom they might hate or fear, as in the case of Queen Caroline. The oppression of a private person would be safer and more easy, because it would not excite an equal interest in the public mind; nor has the conduct of Ministers in their government of the United Kingdom afforded us any pledge that they are averse from the exercise of arbitrary power, or from the invasion of our constitutional liberties.

I have the honour to be, gentlemen,

Your most faithful servant,

HENRY EDWARD BUNBURY.

The bold and decided manner in which my father had expressed his opinions on these matters, in opposition to the Ministry, gave great offence to his old official colleagues and friends, and for a time

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estranged some of them from him. Party spirit was very bitter in those days. The adherents of the Government, with the injustice usual to political parties, professed to believe that all their opponents were prepared to demand, with Cobbett, the repudiation of the National Debt, or to concur in the murderous schemes of Thistlewood. Gentlemen of the highest station and character were denounced as revolutionists and Jacobins, because they asked for a more mild, enlightened, and economical system of administration. Those who objected to the unconstitutional method of proceeding against the Queen were supposed to hold her up as a model for wives. The scurrility of newspapers, and the excess to which they employed attacks on private character as a means of political warfare, became more than ever outrageous. It was at this time that the infamous system was first adopted (by some of the newspapers on the Government side), of assailing political adversaries by vile insinuations against the honour of their families.

Of newspaper abuse, of course, my father had plenty, and he cared for it as little as it deserved; but the estrangement of some of his old friends was more painful. It was not, however, lasting. After a time the violence of political excitement began to subside. The agitation about the Queen was quieted by the failure of the proceedings against her, which was soon after followed by her own death. The prosperity of the country gradually revived; and after the death of Lord Castlereagh, and the retirement of

Lord Sidmouth from office, a milder system of government was adopted. My father attached great importance to this change in the personal composition of the Ministry. In his speech on the Reform Bill, in 1831, he said :—

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‘ It was when Mr. Canning succeeded to the power which had been exercised by Lord Castlereagh, when my right honourable friend opposite, the member for Tamworth, emptied the gaols which his predecessor, Lord Sidmouth, had left full of persons charged with political offences, when Mr. Canning burst asunder the shackles of the Holy Alliance ; then it was that the people of England caught a new hope, and believing that the Government was inspired by a more pure and more liberal spirit, they at once reposed on that hope, and they gave a large degree of confidence to the new Ministers. The Reform meetings ceased throughout the country ; the public excitement, which had been lashed up to a very dangerous height, subsided.’

Before he removed from Mildenhall, a great calm had succeeded to the storm of political agitation which had raged so formidably ever since the close of the war.

I have mentioned already that, even while in Sicily, he had paid some attention to mineralogy and geology. In the leisure and tranquillity of Suffolk, he took up these pursuits again with much eagerness, and after examining and arranging the rich series of specimens which he had brought from Sicily, proceeded to add largely to his collections by purchases

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from dealers and at sales in London. Mineralogy was then, as it had been for some time before, a much more favourite and popular science than it has since been; there were several eminent dealers in London who received regular supplies from foreign countries, especially from Germany; and it was easy for any one who had money and zeal to form a choice collection. My father's first guide in the science, I believe, was Dr. Somerville, with whom his acquaintance had begun in the Mediterranean; he received help also from Mr. Henry Warburton and Dr. Wollaston, with whom he became acquainted through his old friend Sir Edward Codrington; and he studied the works of Aikin, Phillips, Jameson, and others. I do not think that he ever entered much into the minute and difficult researches of crystallography; he contented himself with studying the external characters after the method of Werner, and with the chemical characters as far as they could be discovered by the blowpipe.

Chemistry was a favourite study with him, though he never pursued it very profoundly. He fitted up a part of the long gallery at the top of the house as a laboratory, in which he verified the chemical facts that he found in the most approved popular works of that time. I well remember what a treat it was to his children when they were admitted to witness his experiments.

But geology was, on the whole, especially during the latter part of this period, the science in which he took the greatest interest. In this study also, he was

assisted by the same friends whom I have already mentioned. He read with eagerness the works of Cuvier, and the volumes of the Geological Society's Transactions, as they successively appeared; and was delighted with the curious discoveries and ingenious generalisations contained in Dr. Buckland's '*Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*.' But of all the works on this subject which he read while at Mildenhall, the one, I think, which he most admired was Playfair's '*Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory*.' I remember his pointing it out to me as a model at once of style and of philosophical inquiry.

The country about Mildenhall did not present to him any great advantages for the pursuit of geology in the field; but he was zealous in collecting and studying such fossils as the chalk and the flint gravel which overspreads it could afford him. I well remember with what eagerness he would work for hours together, at clearing out fossil shells from the chalk in which they were embedded. When an attempt was made at Mildenhall, by boring to a considerable depth, to obtain a supply of water for the purpose of moving some machinery, he profited by the opportunity of examining the strata penetrated in this process; and he sent to the Geological Society a paper on the subject, which was published in their '*Transactions*.'* In other departments of Natural History he contented himself with a general and elementary knowledge. He was very fond of observing birds, and with the help of Bewick's delight-

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* Second Series, vol. i. p. 379.

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ful book, made himself well acquainted with most of those which were to be met with in his neighbourhood. In those days, the Fens, which were but partially and imperfectly drained, were frequented by a great variety of waders and waterfowl, which have since become scarce, or have totally disappeared. The Ruff may be mentioned as a conspicuous instance. The bittern had even then become scarce, though in my father's youth its booming note was often heard near Mildenhall; the heron was still common; flocks of wild geese were constantly seen in hard winters; and once, when my father was out shooting on the skirt of the Fen, a flock of wild swans passed over his head, so near that he could hear the rush of their wings. The Great Bustard, in those days, was still seen, not very rarely, on the extensive sandy warrens of the neighbourhood, in the parishes of Cavenham, Icklingham, Elvedon, Eriswell, and near Thetford, but I do not remember to have heard of its being killed within the bounds of Mildenhall. Two of my father's neighbours and friends, Mr. Waddington and Mr. Newton, riding one day over Icklingham Heath towards Elvedon (some time about 1812 or 1814), came upon a flock of bustards, as many (I have understood) as twenty-four, which rose on the wing before them.* The then rector of Eriswell, Mr. Evans, kept tame bustards, which I well remember, when I was a boy, riding over from Mildenhall to see. A specimen of the Little Bustard (which I believe never was anything but a stray

* This I was told by Professor Alfred Newton.

visitor to this country) was killed by my father's gamekeeper on the skirt of Mildenhall Fen, somewhere about the year 1820.

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My father dabbled a little in farming, during this period of his life, and neither gained nor lost much by it. He was also a pretty keen sportsman, after the fashion of those times—the times before battues—and a good shot. The manor of Mildenhall was a remarkably good one for partridges, and, without annoying or injuring his tenants by the excessive preserving of game, he had enough to afford plenty of amusement to himself and his friends.

Amidst these various occupations, my father never slackened in his attention to the education of his children. He and my mother were perfectly agreed on this as on all other subjects, and worked together with the most perfect harmony of feeling and purpose. He had determined—certainly not carelessly, nor without earnest thought—not to send any of his boys to school. Till the eldest was thirteen years old, they had no tutor at home. The whole business of education rested on the father and mother, and never was a duty discharged with more assiduous, more conscientious, or more loving care. The regular hours of lessons (for French, arithmetic, &c.), were never long, but while they lasted strict attention was required. But much more was taught and learned at other times, without formal tasks, by cheerful talk, by reading aloud to the children, by lending them prints and drawings to copy, by encouraging and directing their tastes, by stimulating

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and guiding their desire of knowledge. But what was most valuable of all, was the moral atmosphere of the home; the constant teaching, both by precept and example (and still more by example than by precept), of all that is good, and pure, and honourable, and noble. Those whose early years were spent in such a home can never be too grateful for it.

My father did not feel himself qualified to instruct his sons in Greek, or in the higher mathematics, and he therefore thought it right, when the eldest had reached the age of thirteen, to engage for them the services of a tutor. This was Mr. Frederick Hoskyns Matthews, a younger brother of Charles Skinner Matthews, celebrated as an early friend of Byron; and of Henry Matthews, the author of 'The Diary of an Invalid.' Mr. Matthews, who had been educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, was a gentleman eminently qualified, by his accurate scholarship, and his classical taste, for the task which he undertook; and one of his pupils, who writes this, retains a grateful sense of the value of his instructions.

The ill health of their eldest son led my father and mother to make frequent journeys to various watering-places which were recommended for the cure of his malady; and in particular to Malvern Wells, which they visited every year from 1818 to 1822. I well remember the first journey thither, when my father drove his own horses, and we were six days on the road, visiting every object of interest which lay in our way. After settling us in lodgings at Malvern, he made an excursion of some days, by

himself, to the banks of the Wye, and to Bristol and Clifton. His journal of this little tour, which is in my possession, describes with much care and minuteness the remarkable scenery along the banks of the Wye, and shows how much he was struck with its beauty. The next year, 1819, I was allowed to accompany him and my mother on a somewhat longer tour, from Malvern to Ross, then down the Wye to Chepstow, and thence through part of South Wales, by Newport on the Usk, Cardiff, Swansea, Llandovery, Brecon, and back by Hereford. In his journal he dwells particularly on the grand remains of Caerphilly Castle, the beauty of the scenery about Margam and Britton Ferry, and the hideous black desolation produced by the collieries and smelting works between Neath and Swansea. In the spring of 1820, on the way to Malvern, we made a tour through Derbyshire, visiting the beautiful scenery and the celebrated caverns at Matlock and Castleton. We journeyed in the leisurely and comfortable fashion of those times, when gentlemen really travelled, and allowed themselves time to look about them, instead of being hurried across the kingdom like bales of goods; and very delightful those journeys were.

One heavy sorrow fell on my father and mother during this period. Their youngest child, a daughter, Emily Georgina, born at Cheltenham in August 1818, died at Mildenhall, after a very short illness, in December 1819. Her death was a cause of deep grief to both parents; and on my mother the impression lasted long.

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ON MARCH 31, 1821, at his house, No. 110 Pall Mall, died Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, in the eighty-first year of his age. In his youth he had been a gay and brilliant man, of some note in the political world, and of more in the fashionable and the sporting world. He must at one time have had some taste for learning, as he was chosen a member of Johnson's famous Literary Club; * but in later life he showed no inclination at all to such pursuits. He entered Parliament in 1768, and sat as one of the members for Suffolk till 1784, when, in the excitement consequent upon the overthrow of the Coalition Ministry, he was unseated, being one of the victims who were popularly called *Fox's Martyrs*. In the following Parliament, however, in 1790, a compromise was arranged between the two parties, by which he came in again as the Whig member, while the Tories were represented by Sir John Rous. In this manner he retained his seat till 1812, and then retired in favour of Sir William Rowley. In his earlier days he seems to have been an active politician, and a staunch Whig. Among the MSS. at Barton, is a letter to him, dated February

* See Boswell's Life of Johnson.

16, 1762, from Lord Shelburne, expressed in terms of warm regard, and seeming to attach considerable importance to his co-operation. He was also, as well as his brother, a friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who painted his portrait in 1767, and that of his wife, Lady Sarah, in 1765; and who likewise painted for him that portrait of a certain Miss Kennedy, of which Mr. Taylor* has told an interesting story. But he was chiefly noted as a frequenter of Newmarket, as a great authority on 'the Turf,' and as the owner of some of the most celebrated racehorses in the kingdom.† In his latter years he lived a recluse and rather comfortless life, seeing very few people, having become, in strong contrast to the gaiety and dissipation of his youth, morose and unsocial in his temper, and almost penurious in his habits. His widow, a woman of low birth,‡ and of little or no education, but of a very gentle, kindly, and amiable nature, survived him only a year. She always showed a very friendly disposition towards my father.

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Sir Charles's death was soon followed by a curious trial at law, arising out of the peculiar circumstances of a part of his property. He had become tenant, by one of the old feudal forms of tenure (by 'copy of court-roll'), of a portion of the manor of Weekspark Hall, in Essex. On his death, the then lord of

* Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds, v. i. 394.

† His horse 'Diomed' was the winner of the Derby in 1780; 'Eleanor' won both the Derby and the Oaks in 1801; and 'Smolensko,' the Derby in 1813.

‡ Her name was Margaret Cocksedge

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the manor, a certain Mr. Garland, claimed from the executors,* as *heriots*, not less than *fourteen* horses, the best in his possession at the time of his death. In order to establish his claim, Mr. Garland sent down two men to Barton, to seize or demand the best horses. Luckily, the most valuable animal, the famous racehorse Smolensko, happened to have been just before sent into Yorkshire. The men were shown by the stud-groom into a paddock, where they saw twenty-two blood-horses, a list of the names of which they took down from the information of the groom.† I have understood that they also marked the horses by clipping off a little of the hair of each. The groom told them that Smolensko was in Yorkshire, but they entered his name at the top of their list. The claim thus made was disputed at law, but the stud was sold at Tattersall's, by consent, without prejudice to the claim, and Smolensko fetched no less than 1,300 guineas. The cause came on for trial on February 20, 1822, in the Court of Common Pleas; the plaintiff claimed the sum of 2,600*l.*, the value of the fourteen horses, Smolensko included.‡ The reason of his making so large a claim (for a *heriot* only implies a claim to *the* best animal belonging to the tenant) was, as it appears, that the estate had descended to Sir Charles from two sisters, through their several intermediate representatives; in the course of which descent it became subdivided into fourteen lesser estates. Now, the plaintiff contended

* Mr. Jekyll and Mr. Cuming.

† Annual Register for 1822, p. 32, Feb. 20.

‡ Ann. Reg. ut supra, p. 31.

that, the original estate being once severed, each of the minor estates continued a separate and distinct estate for ever after, although they all happened to centre in one individual; and as such, were liable each to a separate heriot. In support of this position, the court-roll of the manor was produced in evidence, to prove that in two or three instances, distinct heriots had been paid to the lord for some of the subdivided estates, before they descended to Sir Charles. The executors contended, of course, that the estate was one, and therefore liable for only one heriot. This question was not decided at the time, but reserved for the consideration of the court 'in Banco.' The question which went to the jury was, whether, supposing the plaintiff's claim to the heriots to be established, he had a right to the value of Smolensko as one of them. The plaintiff's counsel contended, that Smolensko was certainly included amongst those selected on behalf of the plaintiff, as his name appeared at the head of the list; while the counsel on the other side maintained that the persons employed could not have selected him, as they had not seen him. The jury gave a verdict nominally for the plaintiff, but really against him on this point, for they decided that his heriots must be taken from those horses which the men sent by him to Barton had seen in the stables. So Smolensko was not included.

The main question, I have understood, was ultimately settled by a compromise.

Sir Charles left all his estates in a much neglected

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condition, so that his successor was put to great expense in repairs of farm-houses, cottages, and other buildings. His house at Barton was in an especially bad state, so that it could not even with safety be inhabited, without extensive repairs; and being thus obliged to do much, my father was induced to do more, to extend his operations much beyond what was absolutely necessary, and to make important additions and improvements. His sketch of the history of the house, and of the alterations he made in it, will be found in this volume. His alterations were so considerable, that he often said, later in life, that he found a difficulty in recollecting exactly where the old rooms and passages had been. The operations took up much time, and it was not until June 1824 that he was able to settle himself in the house, which was his home for the remainder of his life.

Besides the alterations in the house itself, he improved the park, by throwing into it some adjoining paddocks and fields. The high-road (from Bury to Norwich) passed inconveniently near to the house; he got leave to change a part of its course, so as to allow him more space, and this not only without inconvenience to the public, but greatly to their advantage; for the old road, after passing the house, made two very abrupt and awkward turns in the village, whereas it is now carried through in a straight line. At the same time, it is still near enough to the house to command a good view of it, and to give a cheerfulness to the scene. He likewise altered and improved the course of several of the parish roads.

He enclosed and planted a pleasure-ground immediately about the house, separating it from the open pasture which before reached quite up to the windows. I well remember that in the days of my childhood there was a line of low white posts and chains immediately in front of the drawing-room and library windows, and these alone hindered the horses and cows in the park from coming quite close up to the house.

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He has omitted, in the account of his improvements, to mention that he built a conservatory, opening from the drawing-room, at that part of the south front where the principal entrance had originally been. This was a great pleasure to my mother, who found much more space and opportunity here than at Mildenhall to indulge her taste for flowers. Though the greenhouses were not extensive, she cultivated many choice plants, and raised some rare exotics from seeds sent her by friends in the colonies.

There was not the same occasion for planting on his estate at Barton, as there had been at Mildenhall, but my father made several plantations in and around his park, with a view both to ornament and use. Even before the alterations of the house were quite finished, he began to form an arboretum, a collection of ornamental exotic trees, which was a great object of interest and a source of constant enjoyment to him to the end of his life. He obtained a suitable space for it by throwing together the old bowling-green and some paddocks which lay to the north of the

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house, and he began to plant before the end of 1823. According to the memoranda which he left, he planted about thirty-five different kinds of trees and shrubs in the arboretum and pleasure ground, in the time from November '23 to the end of '26; but it was after his return from the continent, in 1830 and the subsequent years, that he did most in the increase of this collection. Most of those which he planted thrived exceedingly, the soil being very favourable to trees in general, and many of them grew in his lifetime to a large size. For a few, such as the cork tree, the American live oak (*Quercus virens*), and the long-leaved pine of the Southern United States (*Pinus palustris*), the climate proved too cold. He was very careful, especially in planting the pleasure-ground, to group the trees and shrubs so as to produce the most agreeable effect by the blending and contrasting of their colours and forms; attending particularly to the arrangement of the varied colours of the spring and autumn foliage; and here he was, to my mind, eminently successful.

The formation of a good library at Barton was another of his favourite *hobbies*. A beginning had been made by Sir Thomas Hammer, who left a collection of books, comprising, in particular, fine copies of the most celebrated works published in his time, such as the first editions of Pope's, Gay's, and Prior's works; also some classics, and many of the political works of the day; and, as was to be expected from the editor of Shakspeare, several editions of that author.

Sir William Bunbury, who was, as my father has noted, 'an ardent collector of old dramas,' added somewhat to the collection, and is supposed to have been the purchaser of a great curiosity, a copy of the first edition of 'Hamlet' (1603) which my father found in a closet at Barton in 1823. It was bound up in a small quarto volume, 'barbarously cropped, and very ill-bound,'* with ten others of Shakspeare's plays (of dates from 1598 to 1603), and with 'The Two Noble Kinsmen' (1634). My father exchanged the volume with Messrs. Payne and Foss for books to the value of 180*l.*, and they sold it for 230*l.* to the Duke of Devonshire.

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I am told by the Rev. W. G. Clark, of Trinity College Cambridge (the editor of the 'Cambridge Shakspeare'), that another copy of this same early edition of 'Hamlet' has since been discovered, and that, by a singular chance, this second copy, while it wants the title-page, *has* the last leaf, which is wanting in the copy found at Barton.

Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury built a beautiful room for the library, after a design by Sir William Chambers, but does not appear to have added much to the collection. My father began early to collect books on military science; there are at Barton some curious and uncommon works on that subject, bought by him while quite a young man.

After becoming possessor of Barton, he set to work in earnest to form a thoroughly good collec-

* See 'Life and Correspondence of Sir Thomas Hanmer,' by Sir H. E. Bunbury, 1838, p. 80.

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tion of books, on a plan of his own, according to his own particular tastes and favourite subjects of study. This object he pursued with great zeal and perseverance, cost, and care; and to the end of his life his library continued to be one of his greatest pleasures. English history, in all its branches, was the department to which he attached the greatest importance, and he sought particularly to make his collection as nearly complete, in all the important works on that subject, as circumstances would admit. The books which he obtained in exchange for the 'Hamlet' before mentioned, made a large addition to this part of the library. Scottish and Irish History, and that of France, especially of the times of the Revolution and the Empire, engaged much of his attention; and a few years later, Italian history became one of his favourite subjects, and one of the richest departments of his collection. When in Italy in 1827-29, he collected zealously those old local chronicles in which that country is so rich; every little republic, and almost every town, having had its own special chronicler; and of these works he obtained a great number, several of them very rare as well as curious. Of works on military science he formed a very curious collection; many of the sixteenth and early years of the seventeenth centuries, such as Jacob de Gheyn's 'Exercise of Armes,' Robert Barret's 'Theorike and Practike of Warre,' and in particular a rare edition of Vegetius, Frontinus, and Ælianus (Paris, 1535), with very curious illustrations.

He took a great interest in the expeditions to the

interior of Africa, and in those into the Polar regions, and for many years bought all the books that were published on those subjects. Nor did he neglect other voyages and travels. In forming his library, he never aimed specially at collecting rare books, or rare editions, though he did obtain a good many; he was always guided by the consideration either of the intrinsic merit or originality of the books, or of the light they might throw on some interesting subject of inquiry. He did not buy books merely for the sake of accumulating them; there are few of the more uncommon ones in the library which have not his manuscript notes on their blank pages, showing that he had examined them; and he filled many MS. books with curious notes from his reading, especially of the old Italian chronicles.

During these years, 1824-29, my father took no active part in politics; there were no longer such exciting questions as those which had agitated the country in the earlier years of the peace; but he always took a warm interest in the cause of religious freedom, and zealously advocated, as far as his influence went, the removal of all political disabilities both from the Protestant Dissenters and from the Roman Catholics. He greatly admired Mr. Canning, and was highly pleased when he became Prime Minister, hoping that his power would greatly promote the cause of civil and religious liberty both at home and abroad. He blamed those of the Whig leaders who refused to join that statesman; and I hardly remember to have seen him more moved by

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any political event than by the premature and unexpected death of Canning. He was on the continent when the principle to which he was so much attached, after the struggles of so many years, at length achieved a complete triumph, first in the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts (1828), and finally in the removal of the Roman Catholic Disabilities (1829). These great victories over intolerance gave him the warmest satisfaction. He heartily applauded and admired the noble inconsistency with which Wellington and Peel threw aside the prejudices they had fostered, and sacrificed their party for the benefit of their country.

In 1825 he served the office of sheriff of the county.

His plans for improving the condition of the peasantry, which he had formed, and begun to act upon, at Mildenhall, in the life-time of his uncle, were now carried out with more effect. But it will be convenient to defer the consideration of what he did in this way, to a later time, when his projects were developed and in full operation.

To Miss Emily Napier.

[Extract.]

Grillon's Hotel, May 1, 1827.

‘ I spent some days in the Easter week at Holkham where I had never visited before. I was much delighted ; the whole style, and the ways of the house ; the resources within doors ; and the magnificence and extent of the woods and farms and means

of occupation *without*, would have made a residence of three months pass as agreeably as my three days. I was aware of the valuable manuscripts, and something of the statues; but I was not at all prepared to find such a magnificent collection of pictures, or of drawings by the old masters. Holkham is indeed a princely place, and its master is a noble fellow in his way. Amongst other things that pleased me, I made acquaintance with Lord Ebrington, whom I have long desired to know; and he and Lord John Russell consented to take Barton on their way back to London.'

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THREE years were thus passed very happily at Barton ; but in the spring of 1827 the state of my mother's health began to cause much anxiety, which was not relieved as the summer advanced. The medical men recommended that she should spend the next winter or two in a warmer climate ; and this hastened the execution of a plan which he had already formed with a view to the education of his sons. The following extracts from a letter which he wrote to his brother-in-law, Henry Stephen Fox, will show his intentions, and at the same time illustrate some of his opinions on the politics and literature of the time :—

Barton, July 22, 1827.

‘ My dear Fox,— The first thing I have to tell you is what you will be sorry to hear, Louisa has been in such a state of health for some time as to make me uneasy about her ; but the immediate consequence is, that we shall leave England before the cold weather sets in, and we mean to spend the winter at Genoa. If it had not been for her illness, we should have remained here till the spring ; it would have suited my affairs better to have wintered

in England. However the matter is now decided; and we shall hope you may find time to pay us a visit in our palazzo at Genoa; if not, we will run down to Rome early in the spring, expressly to meet you. Too many years have passed over our heads (and my thin grey hair bears ample testimony to it) since we parted. You will find your sister, a respectable elderly lady; and the children you left in frocks, great strapping fellows, taller than I am. . . .

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‘There has been such a confusion in parties and political concerns at home, that one can hardly catch a sufficient light, even yet, to guide one’s opinions as to the result. Much depends upon the King personally, and at present he appears to be perfectly well pleased with his new Administration,* though he retains his former jealousy and dislike of the Catholics. Of the high aristocracy, a great body are openly (and others secretly) hostile to the premier; but the Commons and the great towns, and stirring people throughout the three kingdoms, are decidedly with him. Though Canning has many personal enemies, his colleagues, Lansdowne and Robinson, are very much liked by men of all ranks and classes; and before the next Session of Parliament, a great many dirty dogs, who have stood aloof during the late struggle, will come to the heels of the “veritable Amphitryon” who has the good things to throw to them. Then there is a great scarcity of talent and weight of character on the other side:—there is the Duke of Wellington’s name; and Peel’s *popularity*,

* Canning’s.

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which is considerable ; but this is nearly all. On the whole, I think the machine, though it has a rickety appearance, will run on ; and means will be found to grease the wheels, and strengthen the springs, after the first stage.*

‘Pray follow up your idea of publishing an account of the Neapolitan provinces. We really have nothing that is worth reading upon the subject ; and you are in a situation to collect a vast deal of valuable matter, to extend and illustrate your own personal observations. I may be of some use to you in getting your work through the press, having a considerable acquaintance with booksellers, and some with modern authors. I was beginning to dabble in that line myself ; but my journey will arrest my progress for the present. Sir Walter Scott’s “History” (as he calls it) finds a very cold reception. I have not read it ; but I have *dipped* ; and I have met with some pretty poetical imagery, and very little information. Hallam’s “Constitutional History of England” is the most considerable work that has been published for a long time. It pleases me much (as far as I have read) ; but there is no giving an opinion upon a book of that description, and of such high pretensions, without having collated it, and traced his authorities, and considered his deductions thoroughly. . . .

‘To return to my approaching journey, my plan is this : cross to Dieppe, see what we can of Normandy,

* In less than three weeks afterwards (on August 8) the ‘machine’ was broken up by the death of Canning.

and so to Paris. From Paris to Orleans, mount the Upper Loire to Nevers and Moulins, and send Louisa to rest at Lyons, while I have a scramble over the mountains of Auvergne. Down the Rhone from Lyons to Marseilles; and from thence, by the coast-road, to Nice and Genoa. Pray send us any useful information you can give with regard to inns, &c.; and any hints, and helps, and introductions for Genoa. If my friend Codrington will find us a passage, I dare say that *some* of us will pay you a short visit at Naples, if you should be unable to meet us elsewhere.'

Accordingly, in October of that year, he and my mother set out for the continent, with three of their sons; Hanmer, the youngest, had gone to sea in the previous winter, and was a midshipman on board the *Asia*, in the Mediterranean fleet. For some reason—perhaps because the departure was later than had been originally intended—he did not follow exactly the route traced in the letter to Mr. Fox. We landed at Calais on October 13, and, travelling very leisurely, both on account of my mother's health, and to have better opportunities of observation, reached Paris on the 18th. Paris, and indeed France generally, were as new to my father as to the rest of us; all that he had ever before seen of that country was merely the corner bordering on Spain; and there was very much both to amuse and interest him. The distinctive peculiarities of France, and the contrast between everything French and everything English, were much more striking in those days than

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now ; railways, those greatest of levelling and *unifying* agencies, were unknown ; and from the moment of landing at Calais, one seemed to be in a new world. He notices in his journal the peculiarities of the travelling ; that ‘ the same sort of horse is used for every purpose, for posting carriages, for ploughs and carts, and even for riding ; it is in general a strong little animal, coarse, and ill-calculated for speed. The harness,’ he remarks, ‘ is heavy, and extremely clumsy ; the traces, and sometimes even the bridle-reins, are of rope. The postilions are fine tall fellows, generally intelligent, but they do not seem to care much whether they please you or not, they are the servants of the Government . . . ; many still use the old jack-boots, and some few have the hair clubbed and powdered. The *cric-crac* of their long whips, by which they give notice of their approaching a post-house, or to other carriages to make room, is rather amusing ; the noise, aided as it is by the jingling of the little bells about their horses’ heads, and by the barking and yelling of the many dogs which rush forth and run by the wheels of every posting-carriage, is deafening as they rattle over the rough pavement of the towns.’ Another of his remarks is no longer applicable, or is so in a much less degree ; it relates to beggars : ‘ The only eagerness or importunity that one witnesses is in the innumerable beggars who pester every traveller in every town and village, and even on the open roads. Wherever we stopped to change horses, the carriages were instantly surrounded by swarms of children and women, and even men ; the

pertinacity and impudence of these beggars exceeds belief. If we had a hill to mount, *there* were beggars in waiting; and the boys and girls watching cattle and pigs in the fields, deserted their charge on the appearance of a carriage, and ran while they could by one's side, bawling for "*petite charité*." "

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At Paris, where we remained from the 18th to the 27th of October, he was filled with admiration of the useful and splendid works which had been undertaken by Napoleon. 'There are four bridges, widened streets, the quays of which I have spoken, immense magazines for grain and for wine; abattoirs (slaughterhouses with all the accompanying conveniences) on the largest scale in various parts of the city; and lastly, the grand design of supplying Paris with good water by the Canal de l'Ourcq, and an immense reservoir (to have been constructed in bronze, of the form of an elephant), are imperishable evidences of the greatness and usefulness of his conceptions.' Of the French troops which he saw here, he remarked that the infantry of the line appeared to be very inferior to our infantry in every respect; the Foot Guards 'a pretty good body of men, but not large; they are well dressed, and very clean; but they have not the air or appearance of well disciplined soldiers.' The cavalry, in his opinion, had 'a more martial character;' but the artillery were 'superb; I never saw finer men; or equipments, or horses, for such a service, of a better description.'

The journey from Paris to Lyons, and thence to Marseilles, at that late season, in bad weather, and

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on such roads as most of those in France were in those days, was long and tedious, and very fatiguing to an invalid as my mother was. Without including a day's halt at Autun, we were eight days in going from Paris to Lyons. Between Châlons and Mâcon, my father notes: 'Until we made the journey of this day, I had seen nothing to justify the appellation of "la belle France;" but to-day I have willingly acquiesced in the term. This part of the country is delightful.' He was much struck by the beauty of the valley of the Rhone, especially between Vienne and Valence; and delighted with the Roman remains at Nismes, and the magnificent aqueduct, the Pont du Gard. At Nismes he first heard the news of the Battle of Navarino; this made him and my mother anxious on account of Hanmer, who they knew must have been in the action, as he was on board the *Asia*, the flag-ship of Admiral Sir Edward Codrington. On arriving at Marseilles they learned, by letters which were awaiting them, that Hanmer (who was not yet fourteen years old) had lost his right arm in the battle, and had shown such courage as to receive warm commendation from his superior officers.

Whether it was in consequence of this agitating news, or of the pestiferous exhalations from the harbour of Marseilles, I do not know; but my father fell ill almost immediately afterwards, and having reached Aix, on his way to Nice, was there detained ten days by a serious attack of fever. His sufferings, principally from pains in the head, were very severe, and my mother's anxiety and distress were great.

As soon as he was well enough to move, we went on to Nice, and I find that even in this part of the journey, shattered as he was by illness, his journal is still carefully kept, and shows his habitual acuteness of observation, and hearty enjoyment of nature.

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After a week's rest at Nice, he proceeded to Genoa along the beautiful *Riviera di Ponente*; a journey, in those days, attended with a good deal of fatigue and inconvenience. In a letter to Mr. Fox, written soon after his arrival at Genoa (December 17), he says :

. . . 'The journey from thence (Nice) by the new coast-road (as it is called by courtesy) is no joke. The route is *practicable*, and that is as much as can be said; if your drivers are not very careful, your carriage must be broken. The Duchesses d'Istrie and Decrès followed us, and had the pleasure of smashing one of their coaches at Ventimiglia.'

At Genoa, as he goes on to say in the same letter, he hired 'a very nice house, or rather a floor of a large house,* very well furnished and well arranged, for four months. It is just outside the walls on the north-east side of the town, near the public walks.' He felt, even then, some misgivings as to the climate of Genoa, which is by no means remarkably mild in winter; but, he adds, 'the season is so far advanced that we could not well continue our journey to the southward; and besides, we have good hopes that Sir Edward Codrington will send Hammer here to spend some weeks with us.'

* Called the 'Villa Mojon.'

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Here, therefore, he remained four months, and found much to interest and to occupy him, both in the natural beauty of the neighbourhood, and in the works of art, and relics of mediaeval history, in which Genoa is rich.

This residence at Genoa produced no improvement in my mother's health. She was still able to enjoy a little society, and to a certain extent to take exercise, but the symptoms which had occasioned anxiety did not abate, and my father's uneasiness on her account was increased. Still, however, Genoa was thought a good place of residence, and before setting out from it to visit other parts of Italy, they arranged to hire a large and handsome house, the Villa Mari, finely situated on the hill-side above the city, in which they meant to spend the latter part of summer and the autumn.

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We left Genoa on April 19, and journeyed by La Spezia, Carrara, Lucca, and Pisa to Florence, and thence to Siena, where Captain Henry Napier and his charming wife were at that time residing; then from Florence over the Apennines to Bologna, and by Parma and Modena to Milan; halting a day, or two or more days, wherever there was anything interesting to be seen, either in nature or art. My father was delighted with the beauty of the eastern Riviera, from Genoa to Sestri, of which he remarks in his journal that, 'Compared with the Riviera di Ponente, there is a pretty even balance of beauties. On this eastern road there are fewer interventions of plains, fewer breaks in the high hills which border

the coast, so that we have less variety in the mountains, and less of the grand outlines of the principal chain; on the other hand, the shore is more indented, and the projecting headlands are more varied and more picturesque.'

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He dwells much on the extraordinary advantages of the Gulf of Spezia as a naval station, on the picturesqueness of the town of Porto Venere, and on the beauty of the situation of Carrara, describing the marble quarries in detail. He derived no less pleasure from the works of art in the different cities we visited. I cannot give a better idea of the care and discrimination with which he studied the Italian paintings, than by inserting here a long letter which he wrote, soon after his return to Genoa, to Miss Emily Napier (afterwards his second wife). It includes also some observations on the scenery, and a notice of Manzoni's celebrated romance, which was then at the height of its reputation.

To Miss Emily Napier.

[Extract.]

Genova, July 16, 1828.

'I must begin with a few words about the *Pro-messi Sposi*, which you mentioned in a letter to Charles. I read that novel last winter; and I well remember that I had intended to recommend it to you as a powerful and original picture of Italian character and manners, or rather as a string of pictures connected by a chain of no great art, but possessing separately uncommon force and beauty.

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Perhaps one feels the merit of these paintings more strongly after having lived some time in Italy, and observed the character of the people. But many parts of Manzoni's work will come home to the feelings of every nation. The character of Don Abbondio, those of the bride and bridegroom, that of the Cardinal (though this last is perhaps spun out too long) are masterly : then, the episode of the mother who has lost her children ; the living, moving picture of a mob ; the creeping and appalling horrors of the pestilence ; are such as few men living could equal. . . . We are admirably well off in point of house : I doubt if there be another in Italy which unites in an equal degree, comfortable arrangement, coolness of situation, and beauty of prospect—we really do not feel the heat, which in the city beneath us has been unusually great.

‘We spent ten days very agreeably at Siena with the Henry Napiers. . . . They liked Siena, which is an old, but not a dreary city, with much of the picturesque character of the ancient republican towns of Italy, and situated in a pretty and practicable country of hills and little valleys, and clumps of wood. It has the reputation of being a cool place for Tuscany ; but they write that the heat has been great since we were there. The early part of this summer has been unusually hot all over Italy. Of all the places we visited, the Lake of Como was by far the most delightful : it unites beauty with grandeur of scenery in a degree which I have

seldom, if ever, seen equalled. We spent five or six days at a little inn * about midway upon the lake (which is fifty miles long); and if poor Louisa had not been in so suffering a state, we should have enjoyed ourselves very much. I do not attempt to describe scenery, particularly when the variety of combinations is infinite; the lake is winding, and closely embosomed in mountains varying from one to eight thousand feet high; some covered with woods and spangled with villas, some bare masses of rock crowned with snow.

‘Milan is, perhaps, the best town in Italy: it has not the splendid buildings of Genoa, nor any striking beauty of situation; but it has more the character of an opulent, gay, highly-civilised city than any that I know in this part of the world. To my surprise, I found the public collection of pictures there so rich, as to rival the galleries of Florence and Bologna; yet it has been formed within twenty years. Napoleon laid the foundation, by pictures gathered out of suppressed convents and churches, and from public buildings of the north of Italy. Melzi, and still more Eugène Beauharnois, enriched it by purchases; and the present authorities continue to add to the collection. The works of Bernardino Luino, a painter of whom I knew nothing before I visited Milan, delighted me; he was the ablest scholar, and is almost a rival, of Leonardo da Vinci. But indeed, throughout our tour, we found works of the highest order painted by artists who are hardly

* The name of the place was Cadenabbia.

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known in England. Such are Luino, Razzi of Siena, Albertinelli, Tiarini, Paris Bordone, the youngest Procaccino, and many others. I am well convinced now that one must visit Italy, and dwell leisurely and studiously upon the galleries of this country, before one can understand painting: I feel that I am but now *beginning* to have just notions on the subject, and that I knew nothing of it before. The most famous pictures in the Milan Gallery are Guido's "St. Peter and St. Paul," a noble, masculine painting of great power and admirable expression; Guercino's "Abraham and Hagar," by far the finest picture that I have ever seen by this artist; the countenance of Hagar is wonderful, and makes one melancholy for the day. Three very fine pictures by Paolo Veronese; great works in which the variety of attitude and expression in the numerous figures show the uncommon skill and freedom of the master (though, by the bye, there is a "Supper at the Pharisee's," here in Genoa, which is finer than any of the three at Milan). "The Marriage of the Virgin," by Raffaello; a sweet picture, though retaining a good deal of the stiffness of his first manner. "The Last Supper," by Rubens, very great; a little crowded, but the figures grand, heads fine and varied in expression; a rich but sober tone of colour. Three by the three Caracci, as if in competition: here (as in the gallery of Bologna), I am inclined to rate Agostino as the first artist of that great family. "St. Sebastian," by Giorgione; "Purgatory," by Salvator Rosa. Two by Albani;

one by Domenichino, and many others, of all the schools in Italy.

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‘Before we quit Milan I must say a word of Leonardo’s “Last Supper.” This vast work is, as you know, irremediably damaged; it is perishing fast, but owing rather to the faulty composition of the materials, than to ill-treatment; parts are quite gone, other parts have been re-touched by unworthy hands; but still there remains enough to show, when one examines it attentively, that Leonardo must have been one of the first, if not the very first, of painters. Never have I seen, even in the works of Raffaele, *expression* so perfect as in the countenance and attitude of Christ. No print or copy has ever given me the slightest idea of the original. The painter has succeeded in expressing not only the mild yet superhuman dignity of the Redeemer, but all the emotions by which we may conceive him to have been affected at the moment when he declared his fore-knowledge of the impending treachery. I could have gazed upon that one countenance for weeks; it appears to me to be unequalled.

‘The two great collections at Florence (that in the Public Gallery, which belongs to the State, and the more select and valuable collection in the Palazzo Pitti, belonging to the Grand Duke personally), are particularly rich in Raffaelles and the works of Andrea del Sarto. The latter is a delightful painter; his style has a certain simplicity, and a quiet natural dignity, that is not easy to be described; it appears as if his compositions were devoid of *art*; that *effect*

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had never been studied beforehand, yet every figure is just where one would wish it, and every figure and every attitude graceful and unconstrained. Of the Raffaelles, I delight particularly in his "Madonna della Seggiola" (though the beautiful Virgin has somewhat of a *coquettish* eye), in his sublime "Vision of Ezekiel," and in his "Madonna dell' Impannata." The two former are in Raffaelle's *third* and most perfect manner; the last picture is in his *second*.

. . . 'I say less of the pictures at Florence, because they have been described frequently, and you are probably well acquainted with those which are most famous. At Siena there is little of a high order except the frescoes of Razzi; and some of these are *very* fine; possessing a somewhat similar simplicity in style, and something of the same antique *naturalness*, which I have mentioned as characteristic of Andrea del Sarto. "The Swoon of St. Catherine" (called by artists "le tre Monache"), and "The Resurrection of Christ," are in particular full of expression and greatness of design. The Gallery at Bologna contains few pictures but what belong to its own noble school; yet there are more works in the highest class of art in the two principal rooms, than I have seen at any other place. There is one Raffaelle, and that one of the very highest order; his "St. Cecilia listening to the Choir of Angels," the figure of St. Paul extremely grand; the group of angels treated with the imagination of a poet, and the *colouring* very rich and powerful. Mark that, for some people say that Raffaelle was no colourist;

it is quite a mistake, for in his latest and best pictures he attended much to this particular, and showed great force and warmth of tone. I have not room left to say all I am inclined about the works of the Bolognese school. Guido's nine pictures here would alone furnish matter for another sheet. *Five* of these are of the highest order; but I am particularly in love with the "Massacre of the Innocents," the "Samson," and the "Pietà;" the last is an immense work in his dark manner, but the despair of the Madonna is magnificent. Here also, is Domenichino's far-famed "Martyrdom of St. Agnes," a picture of wonderful power, and of such splendid colouring that everything else in the room looks dim beside it; but after all it is not an agreeable work, and interesting only on account of the skill which it manifests. Opposite to it hangs another Domenichino of a similar character. Then come many by Lodovico Caracci, exhibiting a Titan-like grandeur.' . . .

We remained through July and August in the villa at Genoa, of which he speaks in the foregoing letter. It was a large, handsome, airy house, cool and comfortable for a summer residence, with a large garden, commanding a glorious view of the city, the bay, and the beautiful coast, to the Cape of Noli on the one side, and to the headland of Porto Fino on the other. It was pleasant to sit in that garden, in the soft summer evenings, while the orange-blossoms perfumed the air, and the richly-coloured hawk-moths fluttered about the flowers; and, as it grew

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darker, the fire-flies flashed around us, and the lights of the city and the harbour sparkled far below.

But the malady from which my mother was suffering made continual progress, and though the English medical man who was consulted still kept up my father's hopes by predictions of her ultimate recovery, her weakness and her suffering continued to increase. At length—towards the end of August or in the early days of September, I am not sure which—it was thought advisable to remove her for change of air to Nervi, a small town on the coast, a few miles east of Genoa, famous for the mildness and beauty of its climate. It was thought that, even at that time of year, there might be something too sharp in the air of the Villa Mari, and that the softer climate of Nervi might be better suited to her. She was in a sad state of debility, and suffered much pain in the removal; but for a few days after she seemed to revive in some degree, and the doctor still continued, or professed, to believe in a favourable result. But I do not think that she herself expected to recover.

About the time of this removal, or a little before, they received the news of the sudden death of their old and dearly beloved friend Sir Henry Torrens; but she seemed less moved by the intelligence than my father had expected.

Still, the declared opinion of the medical man was so favourable, that, after a short stay at Nervi, my father thought himself justified in leaving her for a few days, while he made an excursion to Turin and

the neighbouring Alps. So little did he apprehend any immediate danger, that he wrote a letter to her from Turin in a cheerful and even lively tone.

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He little thought that when he wrote this letter she had already been dead two days. Unfavourable symptoms appeared suddenly on the morning of the 15th, and she died within a very few hours. The arrangements of the Sardinian post-office, and the uncertainty as to his movements, prevented him from receiving the information till some days after. Thus the misery of losing her who was dearer to him than anything else on earth, was aggravated by the feeling that, through the mistake or the misleading representations of a physician, he had lost the sad consolation of being with her in her last moments.

I might be tempted to dwell for some time on my mother's character, but I feel that it is utterly out of my power to do justice to her by anything I can say. It is indeed impossible for me to imagine a better mother. Hasty observers might have thought her too fond, too indulgent; but, with all this indulgence, her watchfulness was unceasing, and no symptom of selfishness, or any other moral evil, could escape her notice and reproof. She delighted in teaching her children, and taught them so pleasantly that the memory of those early instructions is still treasured among their dearest remembrances. As I write, the image of her dressing room, in which we used to sit and draw and read with her, rises up in my mind. It was not only, or mainly, by regular lessons that she taught us, but by watching, encou-

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raging, and guiding our intellectual tendencies, and fostering every indication of taste or talent.

What she was as a wife, will perhaps be sufficiently shown by a passage in one of my father's letters to Mr. Fox, soon after her death :—

‘ My existence has been so completely identified with my poor Louisa, that I cannot clear my head from the strange confused impressions, which make me feel it almost impossible, that I should be alive, and she should be no more. I believe there never were two persons who had come to rely for their comfort and tranquillity of mind upon their mutual affection and confidence more than your sister and myself.’

Without brilliant talents, or any extraordinary range of knowledge, she had a well cultivated mind, and was thoroughly capable of appreciating her husband's intellect, and of taking an enlightened interest in his pursuits. She delighted in poetry, and had, in my opinion, a true feeling for it, though, as was natural, her poetical favourites were those who were popular in her day, and who are depreciated by the new generation. In literature, as in ordinary life, her taste was much guided by her moral feelings, and her feelings were always pure, generous, and noble. No one had a more generous indignation against everything mean, sordid, or cruel ; no one had a more tender charity and compassion for the weak, the erring, and the unfortunate. Her piety was deep, earnest, and unwavering, but it was eminently cheerful ; her religion was as free from gloom and austerity as from intolerance.

CHAPTER VIII.

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IN the month of October my father made a short tour in the Tyrol, in the hope that travelling (which was always very serviceable to his health), and the fine scenery and variety of new objects which that interesting country presented, might revive his spirits, and benefit his health both of body and mind. On his return to Genoa, he found his brother-in-law, Henry Stephen Fox, whom he had long expected, arrived there, and established in the Villa Mari. His visit had been promised and expected for months and months before, but although he had been informed of the illness of his sister, whom he had not seen for many years, he was perhaps not aware of her danger, and had thus, with his usual habit of procrastination, delayed his coming until it was too late. He was a man whose talents promised him a brilliant career; but, neutralised by a want of concentration and of firmness of purpose, they served only to render him a delightful companion. He remained with us at Villa Mari till near the end of the winter, when he set out before us for Rome.

Mr. Fox was at this time Secretary of Legation at Naples; he became afterwards British Minister at

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Buenos Ayres, next at Rio de Janeiro, and finally at Washington ; at which last place he died, after a short illness, in the autumn of 1846. I have heard it said by those who had known him in his diplomatic capacity, that when once he roused himself to apply seriously to business, he showed uncommon acuteness, clearness, and vigour of understanding. He left large and valuable, though unarranged, collections of the botany of Brazil and Buenos Ayres.

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My father soon afterwards broke up his establishment at Genoa, and taking us with him, travelled to Florence, and thence to Rome by the beautiful and interesting route of Arezzo, Cortona, Perugia, Spoleto, Terni, and Narni. Arriving at Rome about the end of February, he remained there two months delighted with the antiquities, the works of art, and the scenery of that most interesting of all cities. He had now recovered his spirits enough to be able to mix a little in society, and he met there some old friends, and in particular Sir Richard and Lady Airey, who had been among his and my mother's most intimate friends at Messina. But the enjoyment of his stay at Rome was much marred by the illness of my brother Edward, who was attacked with a dangerous fever, arising from one of those sudden chills to which one is so liable in the spring of that climate.

We did not return to England until the autumn of this year. My father judged—and I do not think he judged wrongly—that it was for the advantage of his sons to expand and enrich their minds by an

acquaintance with much of what was best worth seeing in the world, before they were tied down to the studies of a University or the business of a profession. He himself enjoyed heartily the variety of interesting objects and historical reminiscences which a tour through Italy and Switzerland afforded. Possibly he may have had also a latent feeling of something like dread, a certain shrinking from the return to that home, which *she* who was gone had rendered so happy.

Leaving Rome, then, in the last days of April, we crossed the Apennines from Foligno to Macerata and Ancona, and proceeded by the line of the old Flaminian and Æmilian roads, by Pesaro and Rimini to Bologna; making, however, a deviation from the direct route to visit that most curious and interesting old city, Ravenna. Thence we went by Padua to Venice; and after a stay of ten delightful days in that city, visited the wonderfully fine mountain scenery of the Alps to the north of it. We ascended the valley of the Piave to Belluno, and thence crossed by Feltre into that of the Brenta, which we descended to Bassano. Passing from thence to Verona (which we had already seen in the preceding autumn on our way to the Tyrol), we proceeded more rapidly across Lombardy, and arrived again at Genoa on the 1st of June. My father kept no complete or regular journal of this tour, but in his scattered notes he remarks the *sky-blue* colour of the Adriatic, on the coast north of Ancona; the appearance, in the town of Pesaro, of ‘the arcades which

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are so general in Italy north of the Apennines ;' the distant view of San Marino, ' which Lord Castlereagh left as a ridicule upon republics ;' and the bridge of Augustus at Rimini, of which he says :—' It is of a simple and noble form ; of a construction admirably solid, yet of such symmetry that it has no appearance of heaviness. There it has defied time and chance through eighteen centuries ; but it begins to show signs of age, and the huge blocks of marble begin to separate. Still it is, I believe, the oldest bridge that remains intire.' (I preserve his own spelling, which doubtless was not without a reason.) ' The fragment which is left at Narni is of about the same date. In hardness of design it far surpasses this of Rimini, and must have been a magnificent work.' At Ravenna and at Venice he either made no notes, or what he made have been lost. But he carefully recorded his impressions of the beautiful scenery of the Alps about Belluno and Feltre, and specially noted at the same time the remarkable courtesy of all classes of the people of that country.

' The civility of all classes, gentry included, from Conegliano onwards, ought not to be forgotten.' ' Belluno, a small dull town, but very picturesque, and in a delightful situation. The place contains about 4000 *civil* souls. The valley of the Piave is here so wide as to form a fertile plain (or rather a table-land, level with the top of its banks), well cultivated, and spangled with houses and little clumps of trees. Fine mountains rise on every side ; but the chain which ranges from N.E. by N. to N.W. is *sublime* ;

and the variety is as wonderful as the grandeur of the peaks, and crags, and masses of these limestone rocks. Between these and the town are varying hills, and abrupt inequalities of ground, intersected by streams and rich and gay with the freshest pastures, and groves of walnut and other trees, and with little hamlets and the tall, slender, white spires of chapels.'

'There appear to be no monks in this country,' he writes, 'and very few beggars. The peasants are tall, bony, and coarse-looking, but primitive, simple, and civil.' 'The situation of Feltre is as lovely, and almost as picturesque, as that of Belluno. It is a poor little out-of-the-world town, of very primitive habits. A deputation of three nobles of Feltre came to salute me (as an English General) and to invite me to their "Casino" (Assembly-room).' 'At both places' (Feltre and Belluno) 'crowds of all classes assembled to stare at us and at our carriages; but *all* were very civil and obliging.'

I find none of his notes of this year of a later date than the 1st of June, although our journey from Genoa to Turin was by an unusual route, and through an interesting and beautiful country, by way of Savona, the pass of Cadibona, Mondovi, Coni, and Saluzzo. From Turin we went over the Monte Cenis pass to Chambéry and Geneva, and spent the remainder of the summer in travelling through Switzerland in various directions, repeatedly crossing and recrossing the Alps into Italy and back again by the most remarkable passes. My father enjoyed these excursions with really youthful zest, delighting

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in the glorious scenery, and feeling himself invigorated by the mountain air and by the sense of exertion and activity. I remember particularly his delight in the first view of the snowy Alps from the public walk at Berne, in the Wengern Alp, and Scheideck passes, and in those of the Splugen and the Simplon.

At length, in the month of September, leaving his son Henry at Zurich to study French and German, military drawing, &c., he returned with the other two to England.

One of his first cares, after his return, was to build a pretty group of cottages, near his own gate, for an almshouse for poor widows, to be a memorial of the beloved wife whom he had lost.

During the two years thus spent in Italy, he bought many pictures, making important additions to the collection at Barton. There were already in this house several valuable family portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and one by Vandyck. Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury had brought from Italy a 'St. Peter,' by Spagnoletto; a very early copy of Domenichino's 'St. Cecilia;' * a 'Madonna,' by Sasso Ferrato; and two or three other pictures of no great importance. My father, who had a remarkable natural talent for drawing, began early to cultivate a taste for art, and bought some pictures even before he had a settled home. His first acquisition, I believe, was a small picture of 'Boors Carousing,' by Teniers,

* 'Sir Joshua Reynolds's opinion of this picture was, that it had been finished by Domenichino himself.' (MS. note by my father.)

bought at Bath in 1802. In 1814, he bought at an auction in London, for a small price, a very pleasing ‘Holy Family,’ by Sasso Ferrato; and, somewhere about the same time, a small picture of ‘Two Children,’ a very early work of Mulready. His friendship with Mr. Ridley Colborne (afterwards Lord Colborne), whose knowledge and love of pictures are well known, doubtless contributed to foster this taste. But when he travelled in Italy, he soon discovered (as he acknowledges in the letter to Miss Emily Napier, already inserted), that he had hitherto known, comparatively speaking, nothing of the art of painting; and that, after a residence of more than half a year in that country, he was only *beginning* to have just notions on the subject. During these two years, he spent much of his time in the picture galleries which are the glory—or, I should rather say, one of the many glories—of Italy; studying them leisurely and earnestly. He conversed with many artists, and made himself familiar with the books which had the highest reputation.

It is not surprising that, at this period of his artistic education, he had a higher admiration of the Bolognese school than he afterwards entertained. In this he only shared the general taste or fashion of the time;* and he may perhaps, besides, have been influenced by the doctrine of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Certain it is that, in later years, his tastes in Art varied a good deal from what he has expressed in

* Is there not a tendency, at the present time, to depreciate unduly the school of Bologna?

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his letter from Genoa. In particular, he had latterly a much higher admiration of the early painters, and of Raphaël's early manner, than at the time of which I am now speaking.

The principal pictures which he bought in Italy in the course of these two years, 1828 and 1829, were the following :—

A fine old copy (supposed to be by Domenichino) of the famous 'Bacchus and Ariadne' of Titian :—bought at Genoa, 1829. 'It came from one of the deserted palaces of the Balbi family, where it had passed as the original work of Titian, and where an engraving had been made from it as such. It was probably painted by Domenichino, while young, as a study of Venetian colouring ; but the peculiar *brown* of the school of Bologna is too apparent.' (From my father's MS. catalogue.)

'Virgin and Child,' with an 'angioletto ;' believed to be by Correggio. Bought out of the Duke di Pasqua-Vivaldi's gallery at Genoa, in 1828-29. Said to have been painted by Correggio for one of the ancestors of the Duke ; and there seems no doubt, at any rate, that it had been long in the possession of the family. The late Sir Edmund Head, who saw it at Barton, believed it to be a genuine work of Correggio.

'Virgin and Child, with Angels,' by Luini. Bought at Genoa, 1829. 'It is a damaged picture and much painted upon ; but there are parts which still retain something of the original beauty.' (H. E. B.)

'The Entombment,' by Lodovico Caracci (a small picture) ; bought at Bologna, 1829.

‘St. Francis,’ by Guercino ; bought at Genoa, 1829.

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‘Portrait of Ambrogio Spinola,’ by Rubens; bought from the Duke di Pasqua-Vivaldi, at Genoa, 1829. (See ‘Smith’s Catalogue of Works of Rubens,’ p. 355.)

‘Assumption of the Virgin,’ by Vandyck. ‘This picture belonged to Pope Pius VII. I bought it from his executor, Prince Barberini, at Rome, in 1829. Of this subject there are two or three replicas, more or less varied ; one is, or was, in the Colonna Palace at Rome ; differing in some of the details, though the same in general design ; but altogether I do not think it so good as my picture.’ (H. E. B.)

‘The Philosopher,’ ascribed to Quintin Matsys. ‘I bought this picture out of the Pasqua-Vivaldi palace at Genoa, in 1829. There are innumerable copies of this subject in Italy ; but this picture, whether it be *the* original or not, is by far the best that I have seen.’ (H. E. B.)

CHAPTER IX.

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ON the approach of the general election, consequent on the death of George IV., Sir William Rowley resigned his seat for the county of Suffolk. He had represented the county since the retirement of Sir Thomas Charles Bunbury, in 1812, and his colleague, Sir Thomas Gooch, had sat for a longer time. Ever since the year 1790, the representation of the county had, by a tacit agreement or compromise, been divided between one Whig and one Tory member, and its tranquillity had been disturbed by no contest. But Suffolk now shared in the general feeling of political uneasiness, and of desire for political improvement, or change, which had spread in an extraordinary manner through the whole kingdom. The people of that county, as of others, were no longer content with a compromise; no longer content to jog on in a serene and passionless neutrality; they called for a searching reform of abuses, a searching revision of the whole system of government; and they were determined that the undivided weight of their county should be thrown into the scale of the professed reformers. The conspicuous part which Sir Henry Bunbury had taken, ten or twelve years

before, in opposing the Government of the day, and in advocating liberal and enlightened principles of policy, naturally directed their attention first to him. A deputation from a great body of the freeholders waited on him, to request that he would allow himself to be put in nomination for the county, together with another gentleman of steady Whig politics ; and having obtained his consent, they prevailed on Mr. Tyrell, of Polstead Hall, to be their second candidate. On the other hand, the Tory party in the county determined to support heartily the old member, Sir Thomas Gooch, and both parties exerted themselves to the utmost to bring up their forces for the contest.

The day of nomination was one of great excitement. More than a generation had passed since there had been a contested election for Suffolk, and it seemed as if all the dormant political zeal of all those years had been accumulating for this occasion. The two Whig candidates were, beyond all doubt, the favourites of the multitude. In every village through which they passed on their way to Stowmarket, their colours were conspicuously displayed, and they were lustily cheered as they passed ; while the *blue* colour of the Tories appeared but very sparingly, and almost shyly. The market-place at Stowmarket was crowded to excess ; the tumult and clamour were prodigious ; as the Whig candidates were the popular favourites, the preponderance of noise was certainly on their side ; but it must be said that the *blues* exerted their lungs to the utmost to

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maintain the honour of their party. Every sentence that was spoken by any one of the candidates was rendered almost inaudible by the vehement cheers of his own side, and the derisive hootings of the other. On the day of election, at Ipswich, the excitement, the noise, the tumult, were, if possible, still greater. Happily there was no actual violence. At the end of the first day's poll, the two Whig candidates had a large majority :

Bunbury	1,097
Tyrell	1,044
Gooch	627

In those days a contested election might, by law, last fifteen days, and the Whigs had made up their minds to a long and expensive struggle; but Sir Thomas Gooch, with the proper feeling of a gentleman, perceiving that he had no hope of ultimate success, would not put his opponents to needless expense and trouble; and at the close of the day he resigned. Sir Henry Bunbury and Mr. Tyrell were returned as duly elected members for Suffolk.

The political opinions and principles with which my father entered Parliament were, I think, strictly in accordance with those which he had professed when he first took part in politics, twelve or thirteen years before. He was, indeed, far from having the same unfavourable opinion of the administration of Wellington and Peel, that he had had of that of Sidmouth and Castlereagh. He had a personal regard for Mr. (Sir Robert) Peel, and heartily approved the course of policy he had pursued since he

succeeded to Lord Sidmouth, as Secretary of State ; and especially the steps which (following Sir Samuel Romilly) he had taken towards a reform of the criminal law. He fully appreciated the patriotism as well as the other heroic qualities of the great Duke, and he had seen with high satisfaction the course which these ministers had pursued in reference to the Dissenters and the Roman Catholics. But he thought that considerable modifications were requisite, especially in the constitution of the House of Commons, in order to bring our institutions into complete harmony with the conditions of the time, and with the reasonable wishes and wants of the people. He held that the influence of the crown, or rather of its ministers, was still disproportionately great ; and that the true popular element of the State—the great body of the intelligent and active middle classes—had not its due weight in the Legislature. He wished to see representatives given to the great towns, the great modern seats of commercial and manufacturing activity ; those boroughs which were notoriously and habitually corrupt, as well as those old and decayed places which had lost all their importance, either partially or wholly disfranchised ; the constituencies of the close corporations enlarged, so that the members for a considerable town should no longer be elected by two or three dozen burgesses. He was of opinion that great abuses had prevailed, in the lavish granting of pensions and sinecures, and generally in the prodigal expenditure of public money, which would

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be restrained by the watchfulness of a House of Commons more popularly constituted. He regretted that the Wellington and Peel ministry had taken a position of such decided hostility to all plans of parliamentary reform; that they had so positively denied all need of change, and so contemptuously thrown aside the demands of even the most moderate reformers. He saw that very moderate concessions on their part, at that time, would have allayed the growing agitation, and satisfied all but the most violent and unreasonable; that the grant of representatives to a few of the great manufacturing towns, and the disfranchising of a few of the closest or most corrupt boroughs, would have quieted the country for a considerable time. He lamented that the ministers had chosen the course of uncompromising resistance, and he feared that the effect of their policy would be to inflame very seriously the discontent which had long been gathering. For these reasons he enrolled himself in the party then in opposition to the Government.

Whatever leanings might be imputed to him at the time by party spirit, my father most assuredly never had the slightest inclination to republican or democratic doctrines. No one could be more steadfastly attached than he was to our mixed Constitutional Monarchy. But it appeared to him that the monarchical and aristocratic elements of the constitution had, in practice, and especially within the last half-century, acquired an excessive preponderance; that the popular element had not its due weight; in

fact, that there was a dangerous disproportion between the real importance of the middle classes, and the share which was allowed to them in the government of the country. This disproportion, especially, it was that he hoped to see remedied by a measure of 'Parliamentary Reform,' and he was not disappointed. I feel sure that he never repented of the political principles he had avowed at his election, or of the part which he took in passing the Reform Bill of 1832. But I do not at all believe that he would ever, at any time of his life, have approved of any plan for making the House of Commons a purely democratic body, or for throwing the chief power of the State into the hands of the lower classes. He might think that, in the first thirty years of the century, there had been too little of the democratic element in our government; he did not therefore hold that there could never be too much. He was a steady Whig; no Republican or Socialist.

He had already, before the commencement of this political turmoil, engaged himself in marriage to Miss Emily Louisa Augusta Napier, the only surviving daughter of Colonel the Hon. George Napier and Lady Sarah Napier; the sister consequently (and a worthy sister) of the three illustrious brothers, Sir Charles, Sir William, and Sir George Napier. She was first cousin once removed to my mother, the one being grand-daughter of Lady Holland, the eldest daughter of the second Duke of Richmond; the other, daughter of Lady Sarah, who was the youngest daughter of the same Duke. At this time

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she was residing with her brother George at Pau, in the south of France. Very soon after the Suffolk election, my father set out for Pau, and they were married on September 22, 1830. This marriage was productive of much happiness for the remaining years of his life.

Parliament met on October 26, and Sir Henry took his seat, and enrolled himself at once in the party of Opposition. The following letter, addressed to me at Trinity College, Cambridge, shows his first impressions of the House of Commons, and his anticipations of the session :—

Batt's Hotel, Dover Street, November 13 (1830).

‘My dear Charles,—After having attended the House of Commons on four successive evenings, I have acquired some little insight into the modes and rules, and I can begin to guess at the *probabilities* of the session. Though there has hitherto been no very important question before the House, yet there has been so much business as to employ several hours in each day, particularly on Thursday and Friday, when I was in the House from half after three till eleven. On Monday we shall probably have a latish discussion on the Civil List; and on Tuesday we go ding-dong to the great battle on Parliamentary Reform, which will probably fill two formidably long nights, if not three! The Duke, it is said, stakes his ministerial existence on this question, and musters every man he can command or seduce, to oppose Reform—on the other hand, not only will the country

gentlemen, for the most part, support the motion, but several potent signors have fallen off from their adherence to Government on this question, particularly Lord Stafford and Lord Cleveland, with their respective *tails*. Nobody seems able to calculate with any confidence on what will be the division on this motion; the ministerial people give out that they shall have a majority of fifty, but it is their game to keep up a belief in their strength and stability. However, the result of the division will be either the overthrow of the Ministry, or (should the motion be rejected) a great and dangerous increase in the public discontent. I have not yet found the heat of the House injurious to my health, though the lights, &c., make my head ache for the time being. What I have hitherto heard of the speaking, has raised my estimation of the House of Commons in that particular; there are many good, many respectable speakers; and very few of those who open their mouths at all are ridiculous or offensive. By-the-bye I must tell you that the great agitator, Dan O'Connell, of whom I had formed a very mean estimate, is a fellow of formidable powers; coarse, but acute, wily and dexterous; dealing in calumnies, and showing occasionally very bad taste, but possessing great command of forcible language, and the crushing gripe of a giant when he has advantage over an opponent.'

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I need hardly say that he voted in the majority (233 to 204) against Ministers, on Sir Henry Parnell's

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motion for a select committee to inquire into the Civil List, the first important party struggle of the session. But it is evident from the foregoing letter that he did not (any more, I think, than the Whigs in general), foresee the importance of that division. The 'great battle on Parliamentary Reform,' which was expected to take place on Mr. Brougham's motion on the 16th, was looked to as the decisive engagement; and it was a surprise to my father, as to most others, when, on the day after the vote on Sir Henry Parnell's motion, the Ministers announced their resignation. He gave his hearty approbation and support to the Ministry which was formed under the leadership of Earl Grey and Lord John Russell; but the prorogation of Parliament, very soon after, allowed him to return to his home in Suffolk.

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The ensuing winter was one of painful anxiety on various accounts. Lady Bunbury was attacked with a dangerous illness, and was for some time in a state which caused him the most serious alarm; insomuch that her sister and all her brothers were summoned to Barton, in preparation for the worst that might happen; and Sir Charles Bell came from London to give his advice. Happily the strength of her constitution triumphed, though it was a good while before my father could be free from anxiety on her account.

At the same time he was, like most landowners, exposed to much vexation and uneasiness on account of the distressed and despondent state of the farmers, and the turbulent excitement prevailing among the peasantry. The incendiary fires, the threatening

letters, the tumultuary bands that went about the country, destroying thrashing-machines, will be remembered by all who lived in Suffolk during that winter. Although the parish of Barton was exempt from acts of violence or open manifestations of discontent, there was cause enough for disquiet to all who cared for the welfare of the people.

I shall here insert some extracts from his letters to Lady Bunbury,* during the session of 1831:—

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To Lady Bunbury.

[Extract.]

Batt's Hotel, February 5, 1831.

. . . 'We had a sharp and rather a late debate last night, which I did not expect when I closed my letter to you. Lord Althorp's introduction of his Civil List was meagre and unsatisfactory. He did it ill, and made the worst of his case; the substance of which will, I fear, disappoint the country. It will be necessary for *us* independents to give Ministers hints that they must keep up to the mark, if they desire to have our continued support.'

March 2, 1831.

'You will see by the papers that Ministers have nobly redeemed their pledge to bring forward a large and effectual measure of Reform:—it goes far beyond expectation; but it is so good that there is much doubt whether it can possibly pass the present

* Owing to the state of her health, she was unable at first to accompany him to London, or to remain there afterwards for any length of time.

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House. I must say too that Ministers are acting up to their promises as to the retrenchment of expense and of patronage.'

To Lady Bunbury.

Thursday Morning, March 3, 1831.

'Until this debate shall be terminated it is impossible for me to take any step, or to do any one thing except, get out of bed, breakfast, go to the House of Commons, return, and go to bed. We had a *magnificent* speech last night from Mr. Macaulay:—the first three-quarters of it superior in eloquence and force to any thing I remember to have listened to.—The Tories are sanguine of beating us by many votes: I believe it will be a near race, but that we shall be beaten;—and then! what a tremendous ferment there will be through the country!'

Batt's, Tuesday, March 1831.

'I did not get to bed till near four o'clock this morning, and yet our debate is not finished: to-night, however, must terminate it, and decide the fate of the Reform question and of the present Cabinet (at least if it be true that the King will not acquiesce in a dissolution of the Parliament). Sheil made his *début* last night, with very great success. His speech was *brilliant*, full of sparkling points and happy illustrations; his choice of *words* excellent; but I believe that if we stripped off the ornaments, we might find the speech rather slight in argument.

The Solicitor-General (Home) gave us a speech which formed an excellent contrast to Sheil's:—a close, connected, unadorned string of reasoning. Charles Grant, elegant in style, but not impressive. A queer, quaint, ingenious, hard-hitting speech from William Bankes.'

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April 5, 1831.*

. . . 'I have been making repeated attempts to get a hearing in the House ; and last night I was up four times, but there are such *coveys* of Members rising at once, and eager to speak, that it is very difficult to catch the Speaker's eye. Peel halloo'd lustily last night for "Sir Henry Bunbury," but it would not do. Four nights of the debate on Reform are over, and we shall have at least two more.† The great heat, the crowd, and the prolonged attention make it very fatiguing. The most beautiful and impressive of the speeches has been Peel's : as a specimen of eloquence and oratorical effect, it was splendid ; but his arguments were more captivating than solid. The matter and the language of Macaulay *very* fine : but his delivery bad, his manner vulgar, and there was a sort of methodistical rant which marred the effect. Baring's was a very astute, able, and mischievous argument. Stanley's speech

* This is the date in the original, but it seems to be a slip of the pen for *March* 5th ; for it appears that there was no debate on the subject between the 23rd of March, when the second reading of the Bill took place, and the 18th of April, when the House went into Committee.

† The debate on the introduction of the Bill, to which this must refer, lasted *seven* nights (see Annual Register).

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very good: statesmanlike, clear, pointed, and effective. Jeffrey's will be *read* with more pleasure than it was *heard*: his argument was close, logical, and convincing; but his manner was cold, sententious, and wanting in that fire and earnestness which are requisite to carry with the speaker the feelings of the audience. I think we shall certainly be beaten on the division: but the plan bids fair to have the unanimous support of the people; and if they are true to their own cause, and support actively and perseveringly the proposal of the King and his ministers, the measure *must* be carried a little sooner or a little later. There is a great excitement; and most of the borough-mongers are *furious*; but a *few* are acting most nobly.'

March 9, 1831.

. . . 'We shall finish this much-enduring debate to-night. If you are continuing to read speeches, read North's and Robert Grant's (particularly the latter) of Monday night. The first of last night (and one of the most powerful of the whole debate) was O'Connell's. On the other side, Attwood's was very ingenious and dexterous. Graham failed *sadly*: and Mr. Praed, from whom wonders were expected, failed in an equal degree.

April 20, 1831

'As I was not in my bed till after five o'clock this morning, and I have been serving on a Committee to-day, I must content myself (through weariness) with writing a very few lines. We have been

beaten, by an insidious manœuvre—the numbers * 299 to 291—the general belief this afternoon is, that Parliament will be dissolved immediately ; or that if the King should, most rashly and dangerously, refuse a dissolution, that ministers will resign. I think, however, that we shall be dissolved, and that I may be back with you before many days are over. We had a *wonderful* speech last night from a young man, a Mr. Hawkins. He is the proprietor and representative of a rotten borough † in Cornwall. This was his first speech ; and he seems to be one of those retiring, scientific men that will be disinclined to speak often. But, looking back to the whole of the debates on Reform, I am inclined to pronounce it the best speech that has been delivered.’

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The state of my father’s health induced him to decline the office of Secretary at War, which was offered to him by the Government when his old friend Mr. Charles Wynn resigned it. He felt that it would be impossible for him to bear the double fatigues of office and the House of Commons.

At the general election in May 1831, he was returned for Suffolk without a contest. The Tories were indeed very indignant against him for his unqualified support of the Ministerial Reform Bill, which they viewed with very natural dislike ; and they expressed their dissatisfaction openly and

* On General Gascoyne’s amendment to the motion that the House go into Committee on the Reform Bill.

† St. Michael’s: at the general election in 1831, he was returned for Tavistock.

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loudly on the day of nomination; but they put forward no other candidate, whether because they could not find one to their mind, or that they thought it hopeless to attempt a contest in the excited state of popular feeling.

To Lady Bunbury.

June 18, 1831.

. . . 'This is the anniversary of Waterloo, and the Duke of Wellington, riding in Holborn, has been attacked with such violence by a mob, that he was obliged to save himself in Lincoln's Inn; and I have seen him marched all through the town, escorted like a prisoner by 100 of the police to Apsley House! This is most disgusting. George,* as you will imagine, is furious.'

Saturday, June 25, 1831.

. . . 'You will learn by the newspaper that the introduction of the Reform Bill † was distinguished only by one long speech from Lord J. Russell. At Peel's suggestion it was agreed that nobody should speak on either side, but wait for a formal debate and a deadly struggle on the second reading. This is convenient and judicious, but as far as I am concerned it has been annoying, for I went down yesterday fully determined and prepared to speak (as I had been on the night of the Address). So that I have twice had all the nervousness of sitting for two or three hours "anxious, yet fearful too, my

* Sir George Napier.

† The second Reform Bill, brought in, June 24, 1831.

powers to show." Fate takes so much pains to prevent my trying my strength in the House, that I begin to fancy I must be a very dangerous orator. It is calculated that we shall have a majority * of near 150 in the Commons ; but there is great reason to fear that the blind and besotted Peers will reject the Bill, even if it goes to them backed by such a proof of our strength ; if they do the consequences are not to be contemplated without very great dread.'

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To Lady Bunbury.

Batt's, Tuesday, June 1831.

' After I had written a letter to Edward last night in the library of the House of Commons, I went back into the House, and finding a favourable opportunity, I inflicted on the collective wisdom an oration of near an hour's length. It fell flat enough (though I don't think it was a bad speech) ; but it was past midnight before I rose, and members were dead tired, and would not give attention. Indeed they are so bored with the subject of Reform, that they will hardly attend to anybody. Mr. Hawkins spoke at much length ; but it was certainly a failure ; and it has lowered him from the scale on which his first speech had seemed to place him. The speakers of last night were in general tiresome, and the audience reluctant ; and I begin to think the debate will be finished to-night. But this proceeding of O'Connell

* The majority for Ministers, on the second reading of the Bill, was in fact 136.

CHAP. (the postponing of the call of the House till Friday)
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Batt's, September 15, 1831.

'It seems likely that the business of the House will not require any *close* attendance, excepting on the third reading of the English Bill, which will be on Monday and the following nights. It is believed that the Scotch and Irish Bills will not occupy above three weeks; in which case I may hope to be quite at liberty by the middle of October. The great dinner to be given to Lord Althorp and Lord John Russell is fixed for the 24th of this month. I am named as one of the stewards, but I shall avoid dining with them; I could not stand the heat and bustle. Lord John Russell is shrivelled into a wee old man, and looks worn to the brink of the grave; I had the good nature to tell him so, but he smiles and says, "I am not quite gone yet." Anxious conjectures, but nothing like certainty, as to the fate of the Bill in the House of Lords.'

At the close of the session of 1832, my father retired from Parliament. The great measure, in the success of which he had taken so warm an interest, had been carried triumphantly to its completion; and his health had suffered so severely from the extraordinary labours of those two years, that he shrunk from a continuance of such exertions. I have heard him, in after years, express some regret for this decision. Once only, afterwards, he made an attempt to re-enter public life. At the general

election in 1837, he was with some difficulty induced to come forward as a candidate for the representation of West Suffolk, in alliance with the late Mr. Henry Wilson, of Stowlangtoft, and in opposition to Colonel Rushbrook and Mr. Hart Logan. But by that time the registration had much altered the balance of political power in the county; the 'Liberal' agents had widely miscalculated the strength of their party, and the two Whig candidates were beaten by a large majority.

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WITH the exception of this unsuccessful attempt to re-enter Parliament in 1837, Sir Henry Bunbury took no active part in public life after the year of the Reform Bill ; but passed the remainder of his days in retirement and tranquillity, chiefly at Barton. He frequently visited North Wales, where he had bought * a small estate, in a very beautiful situation, at the foot of Cader Idris, and about four miles from Dolgelly. The building a house, laying out the grounds, and bringing out to the best advantage the natural beauties of this delightful spot, afforded him much amusement during many years. He repeatedly had to suffer much uneasiness and anxiety on account of the health, sometimes of his wife, and more often of her nieces, Sarah and Cecilia (the daughters of Sir George Napier), whom they loved as their own children.

Though living a life of retirement, my father continued, to the last, to follow with a keen interest the course of political events both at home and abroad. The following extracts from his letters illustrate his ways of thinking on politics, and occasionally also on other topics.

* In 1832.

To Charles J. F. Bunbury, at Rio de Janeiro.

[Extract.]

Baths of Lucca, June 17, 1834.

. . . . ‘A few years ago we had much evil to apprehend from the exorbitant power, not so much of the Crown itself, as of its Ministers, acting in close alliance with certain noblemen who possessed an enormous political power ; *now*, the danger is rather from the other side, from the impatience and licentiousness of the populace, perverted by artful and mischievous men, and from the fanatic violence of some of our religious sects. Still there is not only a solid resisting power in our Constitution and Aristocracy, and Church and Gentry, but there is also a vast fund of reflection, good sense, and firmness in the middle classes, which will, I trust and believe, keep the “destructives” within due bounds. Many people have been terrified at the formidable array and mischievous principles of the *Trades’ Unions*. I do not apprehend any danger from these, except perhaps to the prosperity of our manufactures. The *Strikes* must always fail, from inadequacy of funds ; and the violent and unreasonable pretensions of the workmen serve to bind together more closely the shopkeepers, the manufacturers, and the upper classes. Ireland is still a very sore place ; and this (as I think) is chiefly owing to a want of straightforwardness and active decision in Ministers ; for I verily believe that if the real and just causes of complaint, on the score of Tithes, and of the enormous

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Protestant Establishment, had been promptly removed, the Irish people would have settled into as much good humour as their great numbers and the high rents would admit of.'

To Lady Bunbury.

[Extract.]

Warren's, August 26, 1837.

. . . 'Lindley will probably be able to set us up with a good gardener, and gives me hopes of some rare sorts of Pines. He tells me the *Deodara* thrives perfectly in this country, and promises to be the most beautiful of the tribe; while the *Douglassii* is expected to prove hereafter the most valuable of timber trees. What think you of a man* who, having been sent from the Cape into the interior of Africa, has brought to England near *two hundred* new species of animals and birds! I asked Lord G—— if he had discovered the Unicorn; and the good lord drawled out very innocently,—“Why yes, I believe he has—I rather think so.” Ministers seem to be in very good spirits, and Spring Rice says, “Well, now we may hope that while we are making battle against the regular enemy in front, we shall not have men behind us pelting us with flints and rotten eggs.”'

To explain this letter, I should observe that my father always had a strong inclination to believe in the existence of the Unicorn,—as also in that of the Sea-Serpent. He was quite serious in expecting that

* Dr. Andrew Smith.

the Unicorn would one day be discovered in the interior of Africa. This expectation was founded, I believe, mainly on what some of his friends* had told him, concerning certain figures of animals which had been found, rudely scratched by the natives, on some rocks in the country north of the Orange River. Some of these very primitive designs had been supposed to represent the Unicorn; but I think it is now generally admitted that they were meant for the Oryx Antelope.

To Charles J. F. Bunbury, Government House, Cape Town.

London, February 8, 1838.

. . . 'There have been two engrossing subjects of conversation since I wrote last, the marvellous frost which began about January 2, and broke up yesterday,—and the more serious subject of the insurrection in Canada. As to the first, I will only tell you that for four or five days succeeding Christmas day, the thrushes were sitting boldly out on the boughs and singing *à gorge déployée* as if it had been April: by the middle of January the poor birds were so tamed down, that twenty-nine partridges came regularly to my breakfast room window for their oats, and if I was not ready, one or two of the most impudent would peck at the glass to refresh my memory. The cold in London was more intense than at Barton: with us I heard of nothing below 6°, while near town the thermometer marked 3° and 4° below zero. Mrs. Marcet writes from Geneva, that the glass there had been at

* Dr. Somerville, for one, if I am not mistaken.

CHAP. 18° below zero,—the lowest point recorded in the last
X. seventy years.

‘The Canadian revolts, and especially some of the circumstances which have attended them, have excited some alarm, and a great deal of pain. It is clear to me that it was not the natural outbreak of an oppressed people, but an artificial movement forced on by the arts of a body of factious men for their own purposes. Not only Mr. Papineau and other demagogues in Canada are deeply guilty, but Messrs. Roebuck and Hume have much to answer for. The disaffection even in the Lower Province has been merely *local*,—blazing out only in those districts where the revolutionary leaders resided, and had opportunities of misleading the ignorant people of that uneducated country :—and in Upper Canada there would have been no disturbance at all if it had not been for the madness of the Lieutenant-Governor.

‘A fever has been excited among the loose half-vagabond fellows on the American frontier; they have most of them rifles, and a thousand or more of them have seized on a petty island belonging to us above the falls of Niagara. This occasions some military danger, at least till the spring, when the troops from England can enter the St. Lawrence : and it will require the exercise of great temper and discretion to prevent the repetition of acts which might compromise our relations with the United States. Sir J. Colborne has done his military part in the Lower Province admirably well, and the revolt in that quarter seems to be effectually crushed : but I

am afraid that there have been some deeds of indefensible cruelty on the part of our troops, as well as of the Loyalist Volunteers. The former are accused of having burned (during the action of St. Charles) sixty men who had fired on them from a barn, from which they were not allowed to escape or to surrender. You will see so much in the newspapers, that I need not go into long particulars. . . . These events in Canada have had one curious result: they have completely split and broken up the ultra-Radical party; in the House of Commons, Grote, Hume, Molesworth, Leader, Wakley, Harvey, and three or four others, now form the scanty band of the Mountain, and even they seem dispirited and differing among themselves. I cannot say I think Ministers free from blame, but their faults have been those of *omission*, not of *commission*.

. . . ‘My Hammer manuscripts are in the hands of the great John Murray, and I hope to send you out my book in the spring. My inclination to write has revived in some degree, and I think that when this job is completed I shall turn to again at Castruccio, Hawkwood, and other *uomini illustri d’Italia*.’

This last sentence refers to one of his favourite pursuits. He took great delight in studying the old Italian chronicles, of which he had formed an uncommonly rich collection; and he left many MS. books filled with curious extracts from those works, chiefly on military subjects. Military science, and especially the history of its progress in different ages,

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was another of his favourite studies; and, combining the two, he designed to write the lives of the most famous warriors of Italy, from the middle ages to modern times. Those of Hawkwood and Castruccio Castracani he completed, or nearly so, and the MSS. are in my possession; but he proceeded no further with the work. I believe, indeed, he at one time contemplated a more extensive scheme, a general history of the changes and progress of the Art of War, since the Middle Ages; but this he found it impossible to execute without a knowledge of German.

The ‘Hanmer manuscripts,’ which he mentions in the same paragraph, were published in the spring of that year, by Moxon, with this title:—‘Correspondence of Sir Thomas Hanmer, with a memoir of his life. To which are added, Other Relics of a Gentleman’s Family. Edited by Sir Henry Edward Bunbury, Bart.’

The work was much approved by good judges, and was favourably noticed in the periodicals of the time, but did not pay its expenses.

To Charles J. F. Bunbury, Government House, Cape Town.

[Extract.]

May 8, 1838.

. . . ‘I have had reason to believe, that *if I would ask* for a peerage, I might have it at the coronation; but *ask for* it I will not; if I did, I should be expected to vote with ministers on every question, whatever my own opinion might be. *If they had made the offer to me*, I should have felt myself sufficiently independent, and I would have accepted.’

To Charles J. F. Bunbury, Government House, Cape Town.

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Barton, June 30, 1838.

. . . ‘That Napier’s task in the government of the Cape would be full of difficulties, and that every possible embarrassment would be thrown in his path by the party which has so long enjoyed an ascendancy, not very dissimilar from the Orange ascendancy in Ireland, I was fully prepared to expect. But his course of conduct, so far as we have heard of it, seems to have been perfectly judicious. He has been conciliatory and impartial towards individuals, but firm and resolute in maintaining the policy and forwarding the objects of the Government under whom, and for whom, he exercises his power. I am happy to find that Colonel Smith (who had been trained in a very different school of Cape policy), wrote, so late as the middle of March, in the highest terms of admiration of George’s conduct. . . . I have heard from another quarter that Lord Glenelg is extremely pleased with his new Governor’s *début*. Napier may rely with confidence on the support of Government for at least many months to come—Ministers are safe in their places for this year. But the state of political parties in this country is very strange, and difficult to be understood—by what means Ministers hold their ground appears a riddle. The peers, the church, the landed gentry, the farmers, a great proportion of the richest merchants and bankers, and nearly half the House of Commons, are in strong opposition; and of the other moiety of

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the House of Commons two-thirds are dissatisfied with their measures, and the radicals of the towns are full of complaint, and often violent in their attacks on Government ; yet, like the *juste milieu* of France, Ministers find so strong a stay in the mass of quiet people who dread both extremes, and who, in their desire of quiet, are ready to give Ministers credit for good intentions, that the machinery continues to work, though the engineers seem to be sometimes negligent, and to fail in keeping the steam up to the height necessary for the progress of the vessel, and the interests of the passengers.

‘E—— ought to be journeying about for change of air, and I ought to be looking after neglected business in Cheshire and Wales ; but, with a sky of worn-out pewter, frequent rains of various calibres, and thoroughly *Suffolk* winds (nor can I coin any epithet to represent worse winds), we find ourselves still prisoners, and sickly, low-spirited prisoners.’

For the next letter, in which he gives an interesting account of a fresco by Raphael, then recently discovered at Florence, I am indebted to Miss Horner.

To Miss Horner.

Florence, January 16, 1846.

‘Dear Susan,—You may perchance have heard from some of your painter friends, that a wonderful discovery has been lately made at Florence, a *cosa* of no less importance than a fresco by Raffaëlle him-

self—a “*Cena*,” with all the figures complete. But you may not have heard a description of this work from any one who has actually seen it; so I send you my remarks. I went to the place in a sceptical mood, doubting very much whether such a painting could have existed 400 years in the heart of Florence, unknown, unrecorded. After passing through a long coachmaker’s shop, we came into a square room, three sides of which have been lately whitewashed; on the fourth was the “Last Supper,” unquestionably a fresco of old times. A long table, as usual, with two short ends, each of which affords room for two disciples. There are eight figures facing the spectator, and one (Judas) sits on the hither side of the table, looking over his shoulder at you; and this face has much the character of a portrait. The heads, in general, are pretty well varied, but much on a level, and in the stiff, hard style of the early masters; the countenances wanting in expression, except that of Christ, and that of Judas. The Saviour is not *divine* (as Leonardo drew him), but a man acquainted with sorrow, mild, benignant, and melancholy. His countenance is very sweet; and I lamented that a scaffolding, erected for an artist who is copying the fresco for engraving, interfered with my viewing it in as many different lights as I wished. The head of Judas, also, is full of spirit, but has rather the air of a fine captain of banditti, than of a scoundrel betraying his master, and selling his faith. He does not look ashamed of himself. The draperies in general pretty broad;

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but the *remarkably* fine master-work is in the painting of the hands and feet; these are admirable, and the positions of the former surprisingly varied. But what proves this painting to be the work of Raffaello? Why, on the hem of the garment of one of the Disciples are to be found these characters (or something near it):

Raf. Urb × MD × V.

‘Now Raffaello was at Florence, for the first time, in 1504 (he was then 21); and he left it in 1505. The building in which this fresco exists was formerly a small nunnery; and the square room was the refectory of the holy sisters. No man (except Raffaello) was ever admitted within their walls. He, they say, was lodged in that quarter of Florence, and modern scandal is raking up a number of things that will make the departed sisters groan in their graves. It is a sad shame! Well, some time ago, our coachmaker, wanting to use and to lighten the square room, which was begrimed with the grease and smoke of ages, began whitewashing; but finding one of the walls showed traces of painting, he proceeded more carefully; washing; and finally employed an artist, who has brought to light this marvellous *Cena*.’

To Charles J. F. Bunbury.

Florence, January 10, 1846.

. . . ‘A pretty mess the Whigs have made of their attempted Ministry! It was my opinion from the

beginning, that Lord John's undertaking to form a Whig Cabinet was a false move. But I did not foresee that the extreme weakness to which the party is reduced, would be exposed to the public by internal dissension. I am satisfied that if Peel be really intent on carrying into effect the principles of Free Trade, *he* can command means, and achieve objects, which "the Liberals" could not accomplish if they were in office. Again, as I believe, and have long believed, a war with the United States to be inevitable, I had much rather see the management of hostilities entrusted to Conservative than to Liberal hands. Palmerston, indeed, was surprisingly successful on the coast of Syria; but I should feel no confidence in any other Whig's direction of a war.'

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To Charles J. F. Bunbury.

'Rome, February 9, 1846.

. . . 'I admire Peel's conduct through his late difficulties; and I prefer him to the Whigs as a leader through the great struggle which is about to take place. It will be a desperate fight, and the high Tories are making it dangerous, by presenting it as a contest between aristocracy and democracy. My course is decided; I will do what I can to support Peel, if he does not deviate; and I should be very glad to see you in Parliament, backing him as to Free Trade, and in resisting the outrageous encroachments and pretensions of the Polk Americans. We must fight them (and the sooner the better), or

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lie down to be kicked, and relinquish with our national honour our place among the nations of the earth. . . .

‘I agree with you in thinking Thiers’s book very agreeable, the style captivating, and the narrative remarkably clear; but it gives me the impression throughout of his being dishonest, writing mainly for present popularity in France, and fostering the foibles and bad passions of parties in Paris. I feel no confidence in him as an historian, and therefore I hold his “History” to be of little worth. Yet it gives us some very curious and new information regarding Georges’s conspiracy, the Concordat, and Napoleon’s great plans for the conquest of England.’

To Charles J. F. Bunbury.

‘Naples, February 28, 1846.

. . . ‘Vesuvius is “behaving very genteel” to us: treating us with fire every night; frequently throwing up jets of flame and red-hot stones from two craters; and even with little rills of lava. We have a beautiful apartment in the Hôtel de Rome; the sea washing the bottom of the house, and a terrace of our own fronting the smoking and blazing mountain. . . . I am extremely eager for an account of the division on the Corn Laws. Peel’s winding-up speech arrived this morning, but, to my surprise and disappointment, the debate is further adjourned. Peel’s opening speech, in which he spoke of the liberal tendencies of his Sicilian Majesty in matters

of trade, has had a prodigious effect here. The King was enchanted, and, to the amazement and horror of his Ministers, he declared his determination to issue a tariff immediately in the direction of Free Trade! Sir Robert made an excellent shot. I have written to Peel, privately as to an old friend, expressing my delight at the course he is pursuing.’

He kept no copy of the letter to Sir Robert Peel here mentioned; but Sir Robert’s answer, preserved at Barton, is as follows:—

‘Whitehall, March 12.

‘My dear Bunbury,—I am sincerely gratified by the cordial approbation you have expressed of the great measures which I am conducting through Parliament. I have many difficulties to contend with—much misrepresentation and obloquy to encounter—on the part of those whom I verily believe I am protecting from evils and dangers of which they are little aware.

‘I am very indifferent as to the political (that is, party) result of the conflict which is now raging, provided only the Lords will consent to pass the Bills which the Commons will send up to them, providing for the improvement of our commercial system and the ultimate extinction of taxes upon food.

‘The country is now very quiescent—but the calm is the consequence of full reliance that the measure must speedily pass.

‘I presented two or three days since the accompanying papers, illustrative of the policy which I

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have pursued for the last four years, in repealing prohibitory and reducing protective duties.

‘I add also—as a slight token of my regard—a copy of a document of much less importance.*

‘Believe me, my dear Bunbury,

‘With best wishes for your welfare,

‘Most faithfully yours,

‘ROBERT PEEL.’

My father continued to the last to entertain a very high admiration for Sir Robert Peel. I well remember his saying to me, in one of the last years of his life (while comparing the public men of his own time with those of the former generation), that he considered Peel quite equal as a statesman to Pitt.

To Charles J. F. Bunbury.

[Extract.]

‘Naples, March 19, 1846.

. . . ‘I wrote to you on the 28th February, and told you how very much I admire Sir R. Peel’s plans; and I have intimated to C——, C——, and ——,† my earnest desire that any influence I can command should be exerted in support of Sir Robert in the event of a general election. But what I am led, by good information, to apprehend most seriously, is that Peel is so much harassed and disgusted that he may withdraw from public employment. He could not be adequately replaced in the present circum-

* This I have not found.

† His agents in Suffolk and Cheshire.

stances of the country. The Whigs are not strong enough either in Parliament or in public estimation. And as for Lord Stanley* and the Duke of Richmond, and that set, they would throw Great Britain into utter confusion, and Ireland into rebellion. Upon Peel our prosperity, if not our safety, hangs at present; and yet I have heard part of a letter read from one of his most intimate friends, which expresses the most anxious fear that he will throw up office.

‘This opening of the Sikh war appears to me a *very bad* business. Hardinge’s motives have been excellent, but he has made himself the dupe of his own desire for peace. The precipitation with which Ministers have moved the thanks of Parliament (in order to muffle mistakes under the red robe of victory) involves a further evil. . . .

‘Hardinge’s amiable blindness, and his delay in timely preparation, have also prevented Napier’s assembling his troops on the side of Moultan; and it is now to be feared that the hot season will meet him in the burning and sterile plains of the Lower Punjab. General Avitabile lives here; and I obtain a good deal of information regarding the Sikhs and their country. Strong men, desperately brave, well armed and trained, but turbulent, lawless, and only to be kept in order by extreme severity. They have still an abundance of artillery and warlike stores. Yet Avitabile thinks that a (or another?) decisive victory over them would lead them to break up *as an army*,

* The present Earl of Derby.

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though there might be difficulty afterwards in hunting down their dispersed corps.

‘It is strange, but your vegetation in England seems to be as forward as ours is at Naples; yet our weather has been on the whole very fine. Our almond-trees are only now in blossom, the elms in flower, but scarce a leaf to be seen on any deciduous tree, save the willows and the like. Vesuvius continues its little eruption; and those who have gone up to the crater report that the overflow of the lava is very fine.’

To Charles J. F. Bunbury.

‘January 27, 1848.

. . . . ‘There is a book lately published which will interest you: it gives an account of Sarawak and parts of Borneo; written by a Mr. Hugh Low, a gardening botanist, and otherwise somewhat of a naturalist. I have found also a good deal of interesting matter in Jukes’s “Voyage of The Fly.” The mountainous parts of Java seem to be the most delightful country in the world. Jukes also affords us a glimpse of that vast *terra incognita*, New Guinea.’

To Charles J. F. Bunbury.

‘Barton, April 22, 1848.

. . . . ‘You will have seen how completely the grand “demonstration” in London failed and faded away before the vast mass of volunteers who took their staves in hand for the preservation of peace

and order on the 10th of this month,* and in effect for the prevention of civil war. It was a grand display of the national resolution; and it has had, I believe, a very great moral effect on the Continent, as well as in England and Ireland. Whether it will altogether prevent bloodshed in this last-named most unhappy country is still very doubtful. . . .

‘It would be idle to write to you, who are on the spot, upon Italian politics; but one thing I must say, as a military man as well as an observer of political movements. I think that Carlo Alberto made a false move in crossing the Ticino, and invading (without a declaration of war) the acknowledged territory of the Austrian Empire. He ought to have marched upon Parma and Guastalla. He had as fair a right to go there as the Austrians, who had set the example, could have pleaded; and as a military position it would have quickened the retreat of Radetzky more effectually than could have been expected from his taking his route through Pavia and Crema. The Piedmontese would have come into immediate connection with the Tuscans, Romans, &c., and have covered the leg of Italy, while their power of crossing the Lower Po would have deterred Radetzky from resuming offensive operations against Milan or Pavia. But the unaccountable evacuation of Venice, and the consequent insurrection throughout her ancient territory, have certainly made the position

* *Tempora mutantur!* Compare the 10th April 1848 with July 23, 1866, and May 6, 1867.

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of the Austrians one of great delicacy, if not of immediate danger; and these events may carry Carlo Alberto and the Lombards safely through a war which would otherwise have been of a very doubtful issue. And this issue may still hang very much on the question, whether the Germans and Slavonians will be content that the new Confederation of States, having the Emperor as their ostensible President, should lose their Italian States.

‘Our last accounts from Paris are very satisfactory; but it remains to be seen whether the National Assembly can sit in security and enjoy full liberty of deliberation and action in that capital. It will be a trying experiment, and I suspect that the people of France, generally, would very much prefer seeing their representatives assembled at Orleans, or some other town at a distance from the head-quarters of the Communists and Terrorists.’

To Charles J. F. Bunbury.

‘Barton, May 17, 1848.

. . . . ‘The aspect of Italian affairs has been greatly changed by the French Revolution; and I fear that the change will have been for the worse, although the power of Austria has been strangely reduced by the events which have succeeded. If France will allow the Italians, without interference, to fight out their own quarrel with the Austrians, weakened as the latter are for the present, I should have little doubt that the independence, and union,

and freedom of the people of Italy (as far at least as the Mincio) might be secured, and with the happiest prospects for the future. CHAP.
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‘But if French armies come in again to feed on the fatness of Italy, and to lord it over the people, there will be an end of the union of opinions, interests, and objects; an end, I fear, of those prospects of future peace, and liberty, and happiness, in which one has indulged, not unreasonably, of late. But while I am writing this we have much cause to believe that the people at Paris are cutting each other’s throat, and that a civil war is at hand in that unhappy country. So, for the moment at least, it is idle to speculate on events which must depend on the result of doubtful struggles in France.

‘All is peaceable in England; but a good deal of uneasiness is felt by the friends of the present Government as to what may be the consequences of Jos. Hume’s motion for a further reform in Parliament. If Lord John sticks obstinately and absurdly to his “finality,” he will very probably be overthrown; for many of his friends, many of Peel’s, and some even of the Protectionists, will vote for an extension of the Franchise, though not for the Ballot. And if Lord John be turned out, then comes the very awkward question, who can be Minister? In such times as these, Peel ought to withdraw his *Nolo Episcopari*.’

To Charles J. F. Bunbury.

‘Barton, August 26, 1848.

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. . . ‘The Italian affairs have indeed taken a melancholy turn. . . But in looking back to the causes of the present state of affairs, we can hardly censure too strongly the Piedmontese generalship. To fancy that, with perhaps 40,000 good troops, and 20,000 who were good for nothing, one could safely stretch from Mantua to Verona, and even beyond it! In my opinion, the Piedmontese army should never have crossed the Mincio, but have merely held strong *têtes-de-pont* at Peschiera and Goito, for the strategic advantage of acting offensively if the Austrians committed a blunder. But I suppose the hot and empty heads of Italian “patriots” forced Carlo Alberto to attempt the relief of Venice; and his own ambition and vanity inclined him to yield to the impulse.

‘One must hope that England and France will not only be cordial but sufficiently dictatorial in their mediation: otherwise, what we have seen will prove to be only the first act of the troubles of Italy. I like all that one reads and hears of the present rulers in France, and I begin to believe it possible that a republican form of government may subsist and flourish in that country, provided they give ample powers to the Executive, and choose for their President such a man as Cavaignac. But all rests on a fearfully volcanic crust, and one needs more data to form any strong opinion.

‘We have been on the brink of a great deal of

mischief both in Ireland and Lancashire. But it has been taken in time, and all seems now to be safe for the present, perhaps for some years. But the disaffection of the Irish will not be worn out for many a day—not until they are fully sensible of the superior strength of England, and till they shall have experienced the effects of a wise, beneficent, and persistent system of social improvement. In the meantime, that wretched Ireland is again threatened with famine, and consequently England with financial difficulties. As for our manufacturing districts, I am more and more convinced every year that productive and commercial speculations, carried on as they are in Great Britain (on a gigantic scale, and in a gambling spirit), are incompatible with the peace and safety of any government.’

To Charles J. F. Bunbury.

‘Abergwynant,* December 20, 1849.

. . . ‘My creed, I thank Heaven, is not that of the Manchester School; and I abhor the idea of seeing England shorn of her colonies. Though I must own, *par parenthèse*, that I regret our having retained so many at the Peace, some of them being unprofitable and useless. But next to the surrendering of the independence of this kingdom altogether, I shrink from the Bright-and-Cobden wish to reduce Great Britain into *the great shop*.

‘I have said that I apprehend Lord —— to be

* This was the name he gave to the place near Dolgelly, in North Wales, which he had bought in 1832.

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prejudiced, self-sufficient, &c. I am afraid that this is very much the besetting sin of the set of men who form the majority of the Whig Government. They do not study man, and the feelings and habits of communities; but they pin their faith on rules and doctrines which they have gathered from books; and they fold their arms, and smile complacently at what they are pleased to consider as the errors of all the rest of the world.

‘But in sober sadness, Charles, the prospect of public affairs is very gloomy! Though there is no tempest blowing, there is a lowering cloud over the sky, and an unnatural state of atmosphere. Everybody is afraid of something to come; nobody feels a confidence in our rulers. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, indeed, may be in high spirits, for I imagine the enormous extent to which foreign trade has been pushed in the last year will enable him to make a very imposing show with his Budget. But what can Lord John say for the condition of Ireland, or for the condition of the working-people in England? He may hope to slide through the Session without *doing* anything; but the Irish, and the Colonists, and the Protectionists will be stirring him up with long poles; and if they should stir the Cabinet till it upsets, I am come to think it would be no great loss.’

It has been seen how warmly he welcomed Sir Robert Peel’s great measure of Free Trade; but it cannot be denied that his faith afterwards wavered for a time, and he became alarmed at the apparent

results of the free importation of corn. On the 18th of January, 1850, sending me a copy of his answer to an application of the West Suffolk Agricultural Protection Society, he expressed himself thus :—

‘ You will see that I avoid touching on the question of agricultural distress. In truth I can hardly dissent from the assertions of the Protectionists, that the prospects of the owners and occupiers of land in this kingdom are very bad indeed ! What makes me despond most particularly is the discovery that there are no limits, as it would appear, to the quantities of cheap corn which foreigners can send to our markets, or to the command of shipping for its conveyance. We have been long taught to believe that not more than two or three millions of quarters of wheat could be afforded by other countries at a low price for the English market ; and such an importation we could have borne. But in this last year the importation of wheat has amounted to six or seven millions ; and it has continued, though the price in this country has fallen below 40s. a quarter. Against unlimited quantities of foreign corn it will be impossible for us to struggle. I am setting myself seriously to consider the best mode of reducing my establishment and all expenses in time, before the crash comes.’

His reply to the West Suffolk Protection Society was as follows :

‘ Abergwynant, January 14, 1850.

‘ SIR,—I have to acknowledge the favour of your letter, dated the 9th inst., and written by the desire of the Committee of the West Suffolk Agricultural

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Protection Society. You are pleased to invite me to affix my name to a requisition calling on the Sheriff of Suffolk to convene a county meeting. At such meeting, I observe, it is proposed to move an Address to the Queen, praying Her Majesty to dissolve the Parliament, in order that the administration of Government may be committed to what is called the "Protectionist Party." I cannot concur in an address or petition of this tendency. I believe, though I am sorry to believe it, that a dissolution of the Parliament at the present time, for the avowed purpose of reimposing duties on imported grain and flour, would be attended with dangers of the very gravest character. It is much to be regretted that the owners and occupiers of land would not embrace the opportunity which presented itself during several years, of obtaining the protection which would have been afforded by a moderate fixed duty on corn and cattle. But the opportunity has been unfortunately lost.

‘ I have the honour to be,

&c. &c. &c.

‘ HENRY EDWARD BUNBURY.’

On the 1st of February he wrote to me thus :

‘ My opinion, that the profits derivable from the land must be enormously diminished, remains unchanged ; though I fully agree with you in considering the total abolition of duties on agricultural produce as a thing which is done, and cannot be undone. I am inclined to expect that after this

clamorous effort of the farmers to recover Protection shall have been disappointed, we shall see a large proportion of the sharpest-witted men amongst them enlisting under the banner of *Financial Reform*, and aiding their arch-enemy, Cobden, in his ulterior designs. What those ulterior designs are, one can entertain but little doubt. Still, while he is aiming his shot at the coronet and the Crown, there lies behind him ready to fasten on his heel, like the serpent in Æsop's fable, Feargus O'Connor with his Chartists and Communists. All seems to me to be tending to a Democracy. . . . I am afraid, my dear Charles, that you have turbulent days before you; and I think myself very fortunate, and feel great thankfulness, that I have been allowed to see the brightest days of England, and to share in her prosperity. Nor can I regret that I shall probably be removed from the stage, before my country dwindles into a quarrelsome community of weavers and spinners.'

His apprehensions of impending agricultural ruin were relieved before very long. As to Democracy, he continued to believe that the tendency in that direction, so impressively pointed out by De Tocqueville, was inevitable, and that in our own country there was great risk of that tendency becoming too rapid and headlong. But the astonishing events in France (December 1851), and the formidable revival of the military character of that empire, gave a different direction to his anxieties. He did not live to see the complete triumph of Democracy in England effected by a *Conservative* Ministry.

CHAPTER XI.

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I THINK it was in the course of the year 1848 that my father was induced, principally by the advice of his wife, to set about the work of putting into a connected and durable form the many interesting facts, with which his memory was stored, relating to the great war with Revolutionary France. He took up, first, the campaign of 1799, in North Holland; and having corrected and arranged his personal reminiscences, by the help of published documents, he had his 'Narrative' printed in the form of an 8vo. pamphlet, and distributed it to his friends, in the latter part of the year 1849. The approbation which it received encouraged him to persevere, and in 1851 he printed, also for private distribution, his 'Narrative of Military Transactions in the Mediterranean, from 1805 to 1810.' I shall here insert the opinions of some of his old friends (official and military) to whom he sent copies. Mr. Charles Greville wrote thus to him :

From Mr. Charles C. Greville.

'London, September 7, 1851.

'My dear Bunbury,—Just as I was going to Newmarket last week I received your book; there is no

time there to read any book but the "Racing Calendar," so I deferred thanking you till I had returned to town and read it. I have done so with the greatest pleasure, for though I do not understand military matters, you describe everything so graphically, and the intermixture of political and personal observations is in a style so excessively agreeable, and so peculiarly your own, that your narratives interested me beyond anything—it only renewed the regret I have often felt, that you have not given to the world more fruits of your leisure. I remember hearing long ago that you were preparing some historical or biographical notices (I think Italian), and I have always been longing for their appearance. When anyone can write as you do, and command such a style, it is really too bad that you do not give more exercise to your pen. The only fault of this publication is its brevity.'

From General Sir James Kempt.

'South Street, October 17, 1851.

'Very many thanks, my dear Bunbury, for the very acceptable and interesting present which you have kindly sent me.

'No one was so capable as yourself of giving a correct narrative of the military transactions which took place in the Mediterranean from 1805 to 1810. The important position which you held during that interesting period, and the access which you have had to the public and private correspondence that passed between the Generals commanding in the

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Mediterranean and the Court of Palermo, has enabled you to put your friends in possession of a *most interesting* volume, containing a correct narrative of all the important events which took place.'

From Lord Heytesbury.

Heytesbury, Wilts, January 21, 1852.

'My dear Sir Henry,—It gave me very great satisfaction to learn, that you had been employing your leisure moments in drawing up an account of the many interesting events which occurred in the Mediterranean between the years 1805 and 1810—events in which you bore so active a part, and of which you are so well calculated to become the historian. I shall be delighted to receive a copy of your work.

'It is, indeed, a long time since we met, and I have often regretted never to have had the good fortune to fall in with you, since I took leave of you in Downing Street, in the year 1814.'

From Lord Heytesbury.

'Heytesbury, January 30, 1852.

'My dear Sir Henry,—I have received, and read with very great interest, your narrative of the military events which occurred in the Mediterranean between the years 1805 and 1810. As far as my recollection goes, it is correct in every particular; and though I may regret the severity of your remarks upon the conduct of several individuals, I cannot say they were unmerited or uncalled for.'

Dean Milman, Lord Murray,* and Lord Minto also warmly praised the style and manner of composition, and spoke of the great interest which they had felt in the narrative. The first-mentioned wrote:— ‘You may have good reasons against its publication, but certainly none arising out of the style or manner of composition.’ Others too expressed regret that it was not given to the public.

I hardly know whether he had at first apprehended that the public would not take sufficient interest in that less brilliant period of the war, or whether the private printing was intended merely as an experiment. But the very favourable reception which his ‘Narratives’ met with, from those friends to whom he had communicated them, overcame any reluctance he may have felt to publication. He entered into negotiations with Mr. Bentley, who purchased the copyright; and the work was published in 1854, under the title, ‘Narratives of some Passages in the Great War with France, from 1799 to 1810: by Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Bunbury, K.C.B., formerly Quartermaster-General to the Army in the Mediterranean.’ This volume contained, besides his narratives of the campaign in North Holland, and of the transactions in Naples and Sicily (which were reprinted, with some small alterations and omissions), also a short historical sketch of Sir Ralph Abercromby’s Egyptian campaign, and an outline of the

* John Archibald Murray, one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland—a contemporary and early friend of my father at Westminster School, and the most intimate friend of Francis Horner (see the ‘Memoirs’ of the latter).

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various abortive military schemes and attempts of our Government in the intervening years. The narrative of the brilliant exploits in Egypt was written when his age was some years above seventy; yet, unless I am much mistaken, no deficiency, either in clearness or animation, is perceptible in it. But in his preface he complains of the want of materials:—‘Brilliant and important as that brief service was, there are scarcely any documents of importance to be found which come from high authority. The first commander, Sir Ralph Abercromby, was mortally wounded only thirteen days after the landing of his army; and all the correspondence and papers of Lord Hutchinson, who succeeded to the command, are supposed to have been lost at sea, on their way to England. I had gathered some facts from conversations with military friends in past days, and particularly with Sir John Moore; and for matters of detail I have had recourse to the two quartos published (in 1802) by Sir Robert Wilson and Major Walsh.’

During these many years of peaceful and tranquil life in the country, my father devoted much of his time and thoughts to the improvement of the condition of those dependent on him. In particular, he carried out systematically, and with great care, the plan of letting small portions of land to the peasants, which he had been one of the first to try, many years before. The paper on ‘The Allotment System’—which, at the request of the Royal Agricultural Society, he communicated to that body, and which

is published in the volume of its Journal for 1845, gives the best account of his views and experiences on this subject. CHAP.
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He there says that he began about twenty-eight years before,* ‘in a little way,’ having then but little land at his disposal: ‘My earliest trials, with mere gardens, soon showed me that, while the condition of the cottagers’ families was in some degree improved, the men to whom these patches of ground were allotted became more domestic and moral in their habits. Encouraged by these essays, I enlarged my plans gradually, as my means of disposing of land for this purpose became more ample. And a long experience and earnest attention to this subject have fully satisfied me that the letting of land to labourers on fair terms, and under proper regulation and superintendence, is productive of the most beneficial effects. I do not speak of its effects on the physical condition of the labourers only, but at the same time of the benefits resulting to the landowners, the farm-tenants, and the community at large.’†

He takes care to guard against the supposition that he looked on the ‘allotment system’ as a panacea for the evils of the labourer’s condition; but he deliberately affirms that he believes it to be one of the most effectual and most ready means for improving that condition.

He observes that he found a difficulty at first in

* That is, about the latter part of the year 1816, or early in 1817—very soon after he retired from office, and settled in Suffolk.

† Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, vol. v. (1845), p. 391.

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persuading his tenants to give up small portions of their respective farms to form his allotments; but ‘at the end of more than twenty years, I have the great satisfaction of finding my tenants convinced of the good effects resulting from the practice, and willingly co-operating with me in carrying it on. I have now introduced a clause into my agreements with tenants, that if small portions of their respective farms should be wanted for cottages or allotments (not exceeding half an acre for each labourer), such portions may be taken, and allowance made according to valuation, in the same manner as had been stipulated before with regard to land required for planting.’

In making these allotments he usually began with a small portion to each man—‘frequently less than one rood, though sometimes more.’ ‘One man with sturdy children can manage half an acre with more ease than his next neighbour with a puny family can work twenty poles.’ ‘The nearer a piece of land might lie to the cottages the more advantageous it was to him; but in some instances I have been obliged to assign land lying at a distance of half a mile from the man’s dwelling; yet he has eagerly hired it, and I have reason to know that they have derived much profit from it. However, the nearer at hand the ground lies, the better both for the labourer and his employer.’ ‘Experience has shown me that a good labourer, with the help of his family, can very well cultivate half an acre without its interfering with his constant employment on a farm.’

He goes on to show that a considerable proportion of our Suffolk labourers cannot obtain *constant* employment on the farms, and that the allotments are of especial value to such men during seasons when work is slack.

‘On the whole,’ he says, ‘I consider half an acre to be the best average; and I believe that the labourer’s net profit on this quantity of land may be rated at from 3*l.* 10*s.* to 5*l.* a year. But, as one of them said to me, “I cannot tell you, sir, what my land is worth to me in money; it helps us in so many ways—a bit here, and a bit there. It helps the children, and it feeds the pigs and the fowls. It is the best thing that ever was done for a poor man.” I may add to his calculation of benefits the moral good resulting from its keeping his children employed, instead of their idling about the parish, and acquiring vicious habits. They are brought up in industry, and learn its advantages in their early days.

‘The soil of most of my allotments in this parish (Great Barton) is a strong clay, with a marly subsoil. The spade is used on all; but I do not insist on its being used exclusively, because I wish to leave an opening for a farmer to do an act of kindness occasionally to a good labourer, by ploughing his land for him, and thus to generate or improve kindly feelings towards his employers.

‘At first the allotment-men thought of nothing but wheat and potatoes. But they came to find that the potato-crop, and constant digging and rich manure, loosened the soil too much for their wheat.

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It was apt to become *root-fallen*. They now grow various things, and particularly a proportion of beans, which they find to answer well for their pigs, and to render the ground firmer for their wheat. The produce of the latter is very great ; I have seen their crops in many instances yield at the rate of six, and in one instance at the rate of seven quarters an acre.

‘The number of pigs kept in the parish is now very great ; and, in consequence, most of the families use some animal food.

‘The rents which I charge for these cottage-lands may be averaged at nearly twopence a rod, tithe-free. I pay the parish rates if the allotment does not exceed an acre.

‘The rents are paid annually, on Michaelmas Day. They never fall into arrear ; for the people are too anxious to retain their allotments, which would be forfeited if they neglected to make their payments. In twenty years I have found occasion only once to deprive a man of his land on account of crime, and in one other instance on account of neglect in the cultivation.’

He concludes with the observation, that ‘it will be found essential, especially in populous neighbourhoods, to make it a stringent article in the regulation of allotments, that no portion should be under-let, or transferred in any way to another person, without leave from the landlord. Immediate forfeiture should be the penalty of such a proceeding.’

At the time of my father’s death (1860), the por-

tion of his Barton estate appropriated to these allotments* amounted to thirty-eight acres, and the number of tenants by whom they were held was ninety-three. On his estate at Mildenhall, the allotments comprised 133 acres, held by 240 tenants. This was exclusive, in the latter case, of a large number of small holdings, from two acres up to fifty each, which were occupied by men just above the class of ordinary day-labourers.

The improvement of cottages, and the furnishing the labourers with good homes, well arranged and sufficiently spacious for the decent accommodation of their families, was another matter which my father had at heart. In 1821, when he came into possession of his estate at Barton, the cottage tenements on it were scarcely above thirty in number—many of them with no gardens at all, and many more with but very scanty ones. In 1860, the number of cottage tenements on the same estate amounted to 107. In those thirty-nine years, he built sixteen entirely new and good cottages, or groups of cottages, affording comfortable accommodation for twenty-eight families; he enlarged and improved many of those already existing on the estate, and bought many more. This was exclusive of three new lodges to the Park, of the almshouse already mentioned ('The Widow's Home'), and of cottages for various persons belonging to the establishment at the Hall. In some instances he

* That is, excluding on the one hand mere cottage gardens, and on the other, holdings of more than two acres.

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converted old dilapidated farmhouses, which were no longer required for that purpose, into sets of cottages.

I will here insert a letter which, in the year before the publication of his paper on ‘Allotments,’ he addressed to the *Bury Post*.

It related to the prevalence of incendiary fires in Suffolk and Norfolk in that year (1844). It excited at the time considerable attention, and various comments; but I bring it forward here, more particularly, because it shows his deliberate opinion of the general character of the Suffolk peasantry, which no one knew better or had studied more earnestly:—

To the Editor of the Bury Post.

‘Great Barton, June 14, 1844.

‘Sir,—The fearful progress of these incendiary fires continues without abatement; yet nothing is done in the country either to check the course or to trace the causes of these crimes.

‘Suffolk is acquiring a notoriety that is little to be envied. Everybody reads *The Times*, and views the picture which it presents of our condition. Some of us also look to the reports of the debates in Parliament, and there we find it stated that the Secretary of State has declared his belief that the fires which alarm us so much “are the work of a few persons, probably perambulating through the districts in question.”

‘I cannot discover any ground for concurring in the opinion here ascribed to Sir James Graham. It

is possible that some half-dozen of the fires may have been kindled by vagrants ; that a few may have been the work of mischievous or thoughtless boys ; that here and there a fire may have been the effect of accident. But when we come to deal with scores, I might almost say hundreds, of fires, prevailing for six months (not in England generally, but in a district confined to certain eastern counties), and directed almost exclusively to the destruction of farm-property, I must avow my conviction, that these incendiary crimes are the symptoms of a smouldering and dangerous discontent. I have already had two occasions, some time since, to state my view of this painful subject, and I now repeat it publicly. In the course of the thirty years that I have lived in this county, I have seen this or a similar disposition to destroy the property of farmers burst out three or four times ; but I have never seen it show itself except at times when the labourers had, or believed they had, especial causes of complaint, with but little hope of redress. It is far from my intention to insinuate that the labourers in general are concerned in these fires, or that they instigate the culprits. But I take the process to be this : circumstances (on which I may touch separately) beget dissatisfaction in the minds of the labourers and their wives. They murmur. If there be no amendment, the tone of their murmur becomes more angry, more frequent, and is mingled with rash threats as they converse at publichouses, or in their own cottages. Now, hot-headed and bad-

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hearted men are no scarce articles in any class of the community ; and when a passionate or malicious fellow hears the general language, and views the sullen features of discontent in his parish, he feels himself encouraged to work out any act of revenge or malice on his own account, confident that his neighbours, in their present temper, will not give evidence against him.

‘ This is my belief as to the mainspring of these lamentable and frightful crimes. Now as to the circumstances which, I conceive, have engendered discontent among the labourers. There are some on which it might be desirable to go into detail in a pamphlet, but which are the least prominent, and would take up too much room in this letter. The great grievances are, the inadequacy of wages compared with the work performed ; the frequent dismissal of the labourers from employment because the weather is too wet, or the weather is too dry, or on similar pleas ; and that, speaking generally, the ill-paid or discharged labourer has nothing to fall back upon as a resource. To these circumstances, which have been in full operation for some time past, must be added the deep jealousy and dislike which the labouring-class bear to the New Poor Law. It is useless to palter with the question ; there is the detestation ; be it reasonable or not reasonable, there it is.

‘ When that alteration was made in the law I was willing to welcome it as an instrument of good. I had seen and had experience of the evil practised

under the old law ; and I imagined that when farmers were relieved from the expense of maintaining paupers in idleness, they would have employed more men, and at better wages. I deceived myself. In its organisation the new scheme is far preferable to the old parochial jobbing ; but in the working, it has been brought to operate with a cold harshness that is revolting to the feelings of the labouring-class. It may not be fashionable to speak of the “ feelings of the labouring-class ; ” but this I will say, that in the two parts of this county in which I have spent thirty years, I have found plenty of good feelings in a great majority of that class. I have found them simple-minded, well-meaning, and grateful for kindness ; and as for industry, I do not believe the world can produce a more willingly hardworking race of men.

‘ There can be no reason to suppose that the people of Barton and Mildenhall differ materially from those of the rest of Suffolk. And if such be their qualities, why should these incendiary practices prevail, unless they be provoked by “ circumstances ” ?

‘ Let *land* and cottages to labourers at reasonable rates ; pay them wages in fair proportion to the work they do ; discharge them not because there comes a day of rain, or a day of frost ; talk to them, talk with them, come to know them, advise them, and encourage them. You will have no more fires ; nor will a Secretary of State’s mind be taxed to imagine incendiaries perambulating Suffolk.

‘ I am, Sir, yours truly,

‘ HENRY EDWARD BUNBURY.’

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Many of these incendiary acts were at last traced to one or two men, who were convicted at the assizes in 1845.

But it was not the less true, as my father urged, that it was the wide prevalence of a smouldering and dangerous discontent in the peasantry of the country which gave encouragement and facility to the crimes of a few malignant characters. Many, who would not themselves have committed such acts, were not sorry to hear of their taking place. ‘*Is habitus animorum fuit, ut pessimum facinus auderent pauci, plures vellent, omnes paterentur.*’* (‘A few were in a humour to attempt mischief, more to desire, all to allow it.’)†

I remember his telling me, soon after this time, that he had talked on the subject of these incendiary fires with one of his Barton cottagers, a very shrewd and rugged old man, formerly a gamekeeper, and not a little of a poacher—one who knew well the feelings and thoughts of his own class, and did not fear to express them. This man told him, very plainly, that the discontent which led to incendiary acts was owing, above all, to the manner in which the Poor Law was enforced—to the Union work-houses, and most especially to the separation of families in them.

The war against Russia naturally excited my father’s interest to the highest degree, as he had a son‡ actively

* Tacitus, Hist., lib. i. c. 28, quoted by Bacon, Essays, ‘Of Seditions and Troubles.’

† Bacon, ed. Spedding & Heath (1861).

‡ Colonel Henry W. Bunbury, C.B., at that time of the 23rd (Royal Welch) Fusiliers.

engaged in it, and involved in all the dangers and miseries of that memorable winter. It is worthy of notice, however, that he never concurred in the popular outcry against the Government at home, as having, either by neglect or incapacity, caused the disasters of that siege. One passage in a letter he wrote at that time appears to me especially remarkable, as coming from one who had been Under-Secretary for the War Department during the most important period of the great war with France. On the 9th of December, 1854, he wrote to me :—

. . . . ‘France might have sent more men at an earlier period, but I doubt whether England could. Most of the regiments we are now sending have returned but lately from the Colonies, and have been weak in numbers. *The Duke of Newcastle’s energy far exceeds anything I witnessed in my time.*’*

But, at the same time, he looked upon the expedition against Sebastopol as an error from the beginning—‘a false move both in war and politics,’ as he expressed himself in the letter from which I have quoted above. In another letter of the 12th of November he thus gave his opinion of it :—

‘I never liked our undertaking the siege of Sebastopol, particularly after the Allied armies had been so fearfully weakened by sickness. I now dislike it more than ever, since it has become evident that the strength of the place and the resources of

* The italics are my own.

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the garrison are much greater than had been anticipated. The numbers of French and English soldiers have not been sufficient ; and it is now a doubtful question whether the besieged or the besiegers will receive the larger reinforcements, or rather, which party may receive them soonest, and in time for the great struggle. I dread the storming of the town, and I had much rather hear of a general battle near Balaklava. The flank march to the south was a masterly stroke. If the Allies had not got hold of Balaklava and the little bays of the Chersonesus, they would have been obliged to abandon the enterprise long ago.'

On first hearing of the intended expedition to the Crimea, he had written to Lord Raglan (with whom he had been acquainted in his official days), enclosing a copy of the Order issued for the landing of Sir Ralph Abercromby's army in Egypt (in 1801). As *that* had been a model of a landing effected with order and success in the face of a formidable enemy, he thought that the arrangements made for it might afford some useful suggestions. He received the following acknowledgment from Lord Raglan :—

'Varna, August 22, 1854.

'My dear Sir Henry,—I have to thank you very much for your note of the 6th, and for the very interesting papers you sent me in it.

'I have not a copy of the Orders under which Sir Ralph Abercromby's army landed in Egypt in 1801,

and therefore you will readily understand that your documents were most acceptable to me. CHAP.
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‘I beg my kindest regards to Lady Bunbury.

‘Yours very faithfully,

‘RAGLAN.’

To Lady Bunbury.

[Extract.]

(No date.)

... ‘I have finished “Alton Locke;” and though more than ever at a loss to guess who can be the author, I am no longer in doubt as to the motive and object of the book. The motive is essentially religious; the object, to unite the principles of Democracy and Socialism with an implicit submission to the Christian doctrine. I should guess the writer to be a zealot of the *Low Church* of England, for he hits hard at Popery as well as at Dissenting sects, and even gives a lick or two at Puseyites. He aims at effecting the union by urging the working-men to form associations on a plan distinct from Chartism (rather that of Socialism), and admitting many ardent and devoted clergymen, who, he says, stand ready to join them. The eloquence and power which you will find in parts of the second volume are very striking; and, coupling these with the general object, one cannot but call to mind “Les Paroles d’un Croyant.”’

In these remarks on Mr. Kingsley’s very impressive book, I think my father fell (like many others) into the error of too much identifying the author with his hero; of supposing that the writer himself necessarily held all the opinions which he put forward as

CHAP. suitable to the character and circumstances of the
 XI. fictitious ‘Alton Locke.’

To Charles J. F. Bunbury.

‘Abergwynant, May 25, 1853.

. . . ‘Larpent’s book amused us. A civilian’s view of a protracted warfare is interesting from its rarity; and his Journal seems to give the world a very true insight into the Great Duke’s habits and ways at headquarters. Layard’s second part of “Nineveh” is as valuable as the first, perhaps more so, though one grows a little tired of the sameness of endless chambers, and alabaster slabs, and winged bulls. But the intimate acquaintance into which he brings us with the Arabs and Curds, &c. &c., is to me extremely interesting. How curious it is to look out from our utilitarian, scientific, and theoretical country, upon nations who retain the habits and character which marked them 3000 years ago! I have been comparing Layard’s account with that afforded by the Bible; but I have not a translation of Herodotus or of Diodorus here, and I can only gather some points and dates from Heeren. Have you ever met with Burton’s “Life of Lord Lovat”? It contains a very curious account of the manners and practices which prevailed in the Highlands up to the ’45.’

To Charles J. F. Bunbury.

‘Barton, June 20 (date of year omitted).

. . . ‘As for your exhibitions of American plants, I now hold them very cheap! I have seen Waterer’s

shows in former years, and very pretty they were. But things of that sort would not bear a minute's comparison with what I saw, to my astonishment, two days ago at Rougham. There are many acres of land in which are growing hundreds of thousands of rhododendrons, of various kinds, all in profuse blossom! They appear to be completely naturalised—some in vast masses, or in clumps, some scattered singly along the sandy banks; all vigorous and striving for mastery, under trees, among broom, or fern, or heather, and bidding fair to overrun that side of the country. I never saw anything in the way of flowers to compare with this wonderful sight.

‘Most affectionately yours,

‘H. E. B.’

To Charles J. F. Bunbury.

‘Barton (1858).

‘I must send you a curious specimen of the Epitaphic style. I cannot doubt that the lines were written seriously, for I find them on a shield which forms one of the military trophies adorning a portrait of the gallant Sarsfeld. The portrait appears to have been drawn in Ireland, by his friend “the Lady Bingham,” and to have been engraved in France soon after Sarsfeld’s death.’

(THE INSCRIPTION.)

Oh Patrick Sarsfeld! Ireland’s wonder!
He fought in the field like any thunder!
One of King James’s great commanders,
Now lies a food for crows in Flanders.

Oh hone! Oh hone!

CHAPTER XII.

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I HAVE hitherto said nothing of my father's religious opinions. In truth, he rarely spoke or wrote on these subjects, and it was very seldom indeed that he expressed what could properly be called *opinions* on religion. In general, his natural and habitual reserve restrained him from speaking much, or often, on those subjects on which he felt most deeply; and this was true of his religious feelings as well as of his other affections. But his feelings of this nature were, nevertheless, deep and earnest, although he seldom gave them expression in the recognised forms. With a profound reverence for all moral good—with a devotion to all that was beneficent and just, he looked up with humble adoration to the Author and Source of all good.

He was a member of the Church of England, but he attached far less importance to special creeds and observances than to the moral teaching of the Christian Church. He dwelt much more willingly on those points upon which all Christians agree, than on those questions about which sects and churches are divided.

He had a strong dislike to dogmatic theology; he would perhaps have concurred in the tremendous cen-

sure which Mr. Froude* has pronounced upon it. He was very jealous, too, of priestly power, and looked with much dislike and suspicion on the attempts made to introduce into our Church rites and observances which he regarded as having a sacerdotal and Popish tendency. He might perhaps be classed among those (an increasing proportion, I suspect, of the enlightened laymen of our time), who, without any scepticism as to Christianity itself, are rather indifferent to creeds and churches, to dogmas and formulas.

I have already remarked that he was a warm and consistent advocate of religious freedom, and that he joined himself with those who sought to relieve both the Protestant Dissenters and the Roman Catholics from political disabilities, in times when there appeared little prospect that they would be successful. Nor, though he was much disappointed in the political results of 'Catholic Emancipation,' did he ever admit that it had been an error. He held that all men have a right to worship God according to what they think the truth, without being subjected to any penalties or disadvantages, civil or political, for their religious belief—so long (of course) as that belief did not lead them to acts injurious to their fellow-men. He thought, in fact, that acts, not opinions, were the proper subjects of inquiry and restraint by the constituted authorities.

He had no sympathy whatever with the alarm felt

* 'History of England,' vol. ix. chap. 10.

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by many well-meaning persons respecting the discoveries or speculations of physical science; he felt no apprehensions lest the pursuit of truth, in any department of human knowledge, should endanger the truths of morality or religion. He threw himself with eager interest into the study of geology, at a time when it was not quite so fashionable as now, and when some worthy people looked on it with great distrust, as tending to 'infidelity.' I well remember how he used to smile at the laborious and well-intentioned efforts which were made to torture the evidence of facts into agreement with the letter of the Mosaic writings. If his zeal in the study slackened after a few years, this was not owing to any apprehension of its tendency; his attention was drawn away to other subjects; but he always took some interest in the theories of geology, and read Lyell's '*Principles*,' on its first appearance, with great delight.

My father had, naturally, a strong and healthy constitution. In early youth he may have been led into occasional excesses, by the bad habits of the time, and especially by the example of the Duke of York and his associates; but his own prudence and force of character soon enabled him to free himself from all such evil influences, and to adopt habits of life most conducive to health of mind and body. In middle life, he suffered somewhat from disorders of the stomach, and especially from frequent 'bilious headaches' (as they are commonly called), which he used to say he owed to the Duke of York's

suppers. But as he advanced in life, his health seemed to improve ; and from the time of his leaving Parliament even to past his 70th year, he appeared to me to be more free than the average of men from painful or disabling ailments. Even much later yet, when he was nearer eighty than seventy, he said, in one of his letters to me, that he felt very thankful, for that, although not strong, he was free from all those severe pains to which old men are so often subject. Not that he did not feel in some degree the inroads of age. His handwriting, which had been singularly clear and beautiful, became latterly very tremulous, and he grew somewhat deaf ; but his sight continued perfect to the last.

It was perhaps to be regretted that for many of the latter years of his life, and long before he felt the infirmities of old age, he had settled into rather recluse habits, at Barton, and in Wales—mixing little in society, receiving comparatively few visitors, and seldom meeting even his old friends. He thought this seclusion advantageous to his health, of which he was very careful, and which appeared to suffer from any deviation from his accustomed regularity of habits. But it seemed a pity that one who had been so much distinguished for his social talents, and who retained all the charm of his exquisite courtesy and grace of manner, in addition to his rich stores of accumulated knowledge and wisdom, should confine his power of pleasing and instructing to so narrow a circle.

In 1857 he had the sorrow of losing his youngest

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son, Richard Hanmer, who died unexpectedly in Australia.

In the summer of 1857, the 79th year of his age, having overheated himself by marking trees in one of his plantations at Mildenhall, in very hot weather, he was attacked by a severe and distressing ailment (the doctors called it 'eczema'), by which his strength was much reduced; and I do not think his health ever was again what it had been before. He had already for some years been aware, from the information of his medical advisers, that he had a disease of the heart; and from this time the malady pronounced itself more strongly. Yet he rallied so far that, during the next year, 1858, and part of 1859, he was able to attend to the business of his estates, to enjoy his books, to take an interest in public events—even to walk about his grounds, and observe his trees; in fact, he seemed to have recovered a certain degree of enjoyment of life. Reading became now, more than ever, one of his principal occupations and pleasures; and he experienced the full advantage of that love of books which he had cultivated in less congenial situations. His reading was not confined to one class of subjects, or to works of one period; he delighted in the old chroniclers, in the old memoir-writers, and in the classics of our own and other languages. I remember, for instance, that in one of these last years he strongly recommended me to read Lord Bolingbroke's 'Letter to Sir William Wyndham.' But at the same time he read with care and pleasure all

the best works of the day, especially Histories and Travels. In fact, though he was far from being a worshipper of what is called ‘the spirit of the age,’ neither was he an excessive ‘*Laudator temporis acti*,’—in literature, or in other matters, nor at all apt to be querulous as to the degeneracy of the times. He did not think that either the old times or the new had a monopoly of wisdom or virtue. In poetry alone, perhaps, as is natural to the old, he was unable to relish the new school, which had grown up since his taste was formed.

In the earlier part of the year 1859, he was sufficiently well to take an interest in Lord Derby’s Reform Bill (of which he approved on the whole), in the General Election, and still more in the brilliant campaign in Italy. He judged very unfavourably the conduct of the French Emperor in concluding the Treaty of Villafranca, and thought that his desertion of his allies on that occasion justified us in watching with the utmost jealousy the development of his further designs. These circumstances increased my father’s anxiety for the formation of a Volunteer force in England; and he exerted all the influence which remained to him (and not in vain), to induce the gentry and middle classes of Suffolk to take up that subject in earnest.

The following letters, for the use of which I am indebted to the kindness of Miss Horner, belong to the last two or three years of his life:—

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‘Farrance’s Hotel, January 4.

‘My dear Susan,—I am very much obliged to you for your note, and for the information it brings me. For many years I have been curious to learn what had become of the picture in question. I knew that such a picture had been painted by Sir Joshua ; but I have never been able to find out who had been the original possessor, or what had become of the picture. I have a good copy of it in miniature, which was given to me by Mrs. Jordan. The portrait is of my father, Henry William Bunbury ; and I should be very glad to have it (provided it be the original), if Mr. Boehm should be willing to sell it at a reasonable price, or to exchange it for another picture. But it is, unfortunately, at Vienna, and there seems little probability of my having an opportunity of examining it. However, as soon as I can get out, I will call in Newman Street, and try to see Mr. Böhm (I hope he can speak English !).’

To Miss Horner.

[Extract.]

‘Abergwynant, January 13.

‘My dear Susan,—I have been very much obliged to you for your letter, and for your kind endeavours to assist me in my wishes to obtain the early portrait of my father. After considering the circumstances, I have resolved to relinquish the object ; it would in fact, be “buying a pig in a poke.” Mr. Böhm

seems to admit that the picture is in bad condition ; and it never was considered to be one of Sir Joshua's happy productions.'

The portrait of my grandfather, to which these two letters refer, is now in my possession. In 1865, soon after the publication of Mr. Taylor's 'Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds,' Mr. Boehm, a German artist resident in London, wrote to me, saying that he had in his possession what he believed to be the original portrait of Henry William Bunbury, mentioned in that work (vol. i. p. 266). I entered into correspondence with him, and bought the picture. It is very slightly painted, in fact scarcely more than a sketch, but agrees with the mezzotinto by T. Blackmore, as well as with the miniature mentioned in my father's letter. It was sent to the National Portrait Exhibition at South Kensington, in 1867.

To Miss Horner.

'Barton, February 2, 1859.

'My dear Susan,—I am very much obliged to you for sending me your work ; for "work" it ought to be called, where the subject is important, and the extent of the information is large. I have run through your biographical sketch of Colletta, which has been quite new to me ; but I cannot as yet begin the history, because I am quite engrossed, for the present, by the "Cornwallis Papers," which are extremely interesting both to Emily and me, from our having

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known so many of the persons who were actors in the scenes of those days.

‘There will be war in Italy, and I hope the result will be beneficial to the Italians. . . . It will come at last to a compromise : France and Piedmont together will not be able to force the Austrians farther back than the Adige. Austria will maintain her hold of Verona, Mantua, and Venice. As to the rest of Italy, *chi sa?*’

‘Always affectionately yours,

‘H. E. BUNBURY.’

To Miss Horner.

‘Barton, March 16, 1859.

‘My dear Susan,—You have nearly been the death of me ; but I acquit you of malice prepense, and of direct attempt to slay. I had sate down to write to you on Monday, when a thought came across me that I would look at my old edition of “Colletta,” and see whether the history came down so low as in the edition which you have translated. My little volumes were on a high shelf, and, like an old fool, I must needs try to reach them myself. So I placed a chair, and put a slippery book upon it, so clambered up ; slippery book sliddered off, chair upset, and I was thrown headlong on the floor. It was a hard trial for eighty-one years !—but I have received very little damage, and am only lame in one knee for a few days. I have purchased cheaply the lesson, not to attempt again exertions which belong to the powers of younger men.

‘ Well now, to come back to what I was about to say on Monday. I like your “ Supplementary Chapter ” very much. You have executed a difficult task with ability and with good taste. I say “ difficult,” because I hold it easier to write history at full length, and in full freedom, than to condense the events of a period, while you are restricted from expatiating on character, anecdotes, and much of what serves to enliven the pages of unfettered history. You had but slight materials in authentic documents, and must have had to sift and compare the information you gathered from friends. Yet, with all these disadvantages, you have given to the public a very clear and valuable summary of the sad story of Naples from ’25 to ’56; and I heartily congratulate you on your success. I have as yet looked only at a few passages of the translation; but I have found them true to the original, and flowing pleasantly in a very good English style.’

To Miss Horner.

‘ Barton, July 17, 1859.

‘ This* is infinitely worse than I could have anticipated. I warned you some months ago to expect that Austria would manage to keep Venice, that is, up to the Adige. But that the conqueror should, in *gaieté de cœur*, contrive and carry into effect a scheme which seems to put an end to all hopes for the Italians, is stupefying. No, not stupefying; burning

* The Treaty of Villafranca.

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indignation is left. Such cold and cruel perfidy can only be matched in the histories of Asiatic despots.'

In September of this same year (1859), an accidental wetting, to which he exposed himself while examining some plantations in his park, brought on a severe cold, and, the existing defect in the action of his heart being thereby aggravated, his condition soon became alarming. There were fluctuations in his malady, but still it made progress; and before the end of the first week of October, we who were about him felt it to be probable that the end of his life was near. For some time before this he had, himself, become convinced that he was dying; and although he suffered little positive pain, he showed no disposition to cling to life. He was, and continued to the last, in a most calm and happy frame of mind—perfectly resigned, even contented, to die; feeling that he had done his work, and done it well; happy in the love and harmony which he saw prevailing among the members of his family; looking back with comfort on the past, and looking to the future with a humble and cheerful trust in the mercy of his Almighty Father.

Nevertheless, the skill and perseverance of his medical adviser once more succeeded, contrary to all expectation, in baffling the immediate violence of the attack, and prolonging his life through the winter. Contrary to expectation, I have said, and, I may say, contrary to his wishes; for he had no desire for the prolongation of mere life under such circum-

stances. The winter was a melancholy one. His mind indeed was clear, his spirit patient, calm, and gentle ; but he suffered continual uneasiness. Physical weakness, and constant difficulty of breathing, made life a burden, from which he longed to be released. Yet he was mindful, to the last, of the poor people whose welfare had so long been one of the objects nearest to his heart. The last note I ever received from him (and it was one of the last he ever wrote) commissioned me to distribute twenty sovereigns to the twenty most deserving labourers at Mildenhall. He had already made a similar distribution at Barton.

On February 12, his brother-in-law, Sir William Napier, died, and Lady Napier survived her husband only six weeks, dying on March 26. Her death, though it was far from unexpected, affected my father deeply. He had always loved her much, not only as the sister of his beloved wife, but for her own beautiful and admirable qualities. A better or a kinder woman never lived, nor one of a more angelic temper. She possessed remarkable talents, which were in some measure concealed from ordinary observers by her singular meekness and simplicity. The great ability she showed in deciphering the intercepted French despatches, is recorded by her husband in the ‘History of the Peninsular War,’* and he has paid an eloquent tribute to her virtues in his ‘Life of Sir Charles Napier.’

1860.

Almost immediately after he had received the

* Edition of 1851, introductory note.

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news of my aunt's death, my father's illness returned with fresh violence, in consequence, as it seemed, of too much exertion in writing a letter on a matter which had excited some interest in the parish. From that date, March 30, there was no improvement in his condition, nor any uncertainty as to the result. Nothing could be calmer, more composed, or happier, than his state of mind; but his bodily sufferings—chiefly from difficulty of breathing—were very painful to witness. I trust they were worse in appearance than in reality. His mind was clear almost to the last, and to within a very few days of his death he was able to amuse himself with reading.

On the 9th of April, only four days before his departure, he pointed out to me a notice in the 'Athenæum,' of Owen's new work on Palæontology. The same day, talking of Sicily, and of the ambitious views on it which had been imputed to the English, he repeated to me Baron Bunsen's remark on the subject, which he has mentioned in his 'Passages of the Great War.*' A little before, he had been reading parts of Brydone's and Irvine's works on Sicily, refreshing his recollection of those old scenes and old times on which (I am sure) his memory often lingered with pleasure. He had directed a long extract from Irvine, describing the eruption of Etna in 1809, to be written out by his amanuensis; and this he sent, through me, to Sir Charles Lyell. So thoroughly was his mind awake and active in the midst of physical oppression and infirmity!

* P. 341 (note).

On April 13, 1860, about ten in the morning, he died, having nearly (within three weeks) completed his eighty-second year. He died in the home he had loved so much, surrounded by those who were dearest to him, sensible almost to the last of their care and affection, knowing how he was loved and honoured, and conscious that all the arrangements he had made of his affairs were calculated to promote the comfort and welfare of those he left behind him.

His admirable and devoted wife, his inseparable companion for thirty years, survived him not quite three years. She died March 18, 1863, in the eightieth year of her age.

Three sons survive him, who will ever look on the memory of his virtues as the noblest part of their inheritance.

WRITINGS
OF
SIR HENRY E. BUNBURY.

1. HISTORY OF THE FAMILY OF BUNBURY.
2. ACCOUNT OF THE MANSION HOUSE AT MILDENHALL.
3. ACCOUNT OF THE MANSION HOUSE AT GREAT BARTON.
4. LETTERS FROM SICILY. By Sir HENRY E. BUNBURY. (Incomplete.)
5. MISSION TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, January 1814. By
Sir H. E. BUNBURY. (A Fragment.)
6. INTERVIEW WITH NAPOLEON, July 1815. By Sir HENRY E.
BUNBURY.
7. 'MY LIFETIME.' By Sir H. E. B.

THE FAMILY OF BUNBURY.

BY

SIR HENRY EDWARD BUNBURY, BART.

THE original name of the family was St. Pierre. That of Bunbury was taken, partially at first, from the parish or manor in which the early settlers obtained grants of land, &c. In the time of Edward I. we find one of the family designated as William de Boneberi, and another as Urian de St. Pierre.

The house of St. Pierre was of high distinction in Normandy, their castles being in the neighbourhood of St. Lo.* A younger son of this house (according to the tradition in our family) came over in the train of Hugh Lupus, the nephew of the Conqueror, and the first Earl of Chester. But there remain no documents to show when lands in Bunbury were first granted to this Norman warrior or his descendants. The earliest deed which can be traced names Henry de Boneberi in the reign of King Stephen. Boneberi, Bunbury, appear to be corruptions from Bonifacebury, the ancient church of this town, which was

* Some years ago I received a message from a priest residing at St. Lo, offering to send me copies of the genealogies and connections of the house of St. Pierre. He was aware that the family is represented in England by the Bunburys.

of a date anterior to the Conquest, having been dedicated to St. Boniface.

In the early times our family appears to have been one of considerable note, possessing a manor, the patronage of the church, and the lordship of the town of Boneberi. It was connected by marriage with the Patricks, Barons of Malpas, who held domains of great extent in Cheshire. Humphrey, Lord of Bonebury, lived in the reign of Henry II. In the reign of Henry III., the family split into two main branches. Alexander de Bonbury had two sons: the elder, William, continued the line and name of Bunbury; but the younger, Henry, married the daughter and heiress of William de Beeston, assumed the name of Beeston, and prolonged a family of distinction, which terminated in the seventeenth century. The sumptuous monument of one of the worthies of this branch subsists in the church of Bunbury; beneath it was laid the body of Sir George de Beeston, who died in his 102nd year, after having distinguished himself in the wars of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth. The noble castle of Beeston does not appear to have belonged at any time to the family of that name. Their ancient hall, which stood near it, was burned during the civil wars of the seventeenth century by Prince Rupert's soldiery; but Beeston Castle, which was built about 1220 by Randal, Earl of Chester, lapsed to the crown a few years later, on the death of the last of those potent earls. It fell into the hands of Simon de Montford's adherents while they were warring against Henry III.;

but this important fortress was recovered shortly afterwards by one of our family, Urian de St. Pierre, acting in concert with James de Audley. These leaders of the Royalist party stormed and restored Beeston Castle to Edward I.

I have said that Alexander de Boneberi, *temp.* Henry III., was the common ancestor of the succeeding families of Bunbury and Beeston. The great-grandson of Alexander David de Bunbury married the sole daughter and heiress of David de Stannich in the hundred of Wirral, about the close of the reign of Edward II. From this time the pedigree of our family is clear and full ; and the lordship of Stannich (Stannaye) still remains to us.

After the marriage of David de Bunbury, the elder branch of the family appears to have withdrawn gradually from its original seat, and to have resided chiefly at or near Stanneye, acquiring from time to time additional lands in that neighbourhood, particularly in the parish of Hoole. Here was a fine old Mansion-house, which became the seat of the Bunburys during many generations. It was burned to the ground by the Parliamentary forces when they were besieging Chester in 1645. After the restoration of Charles II., the Bunburys returned to their long-neglected old hall at Stanney. My grandfather, Sir William Bunbury, sold all his property in Hoole in 1757. He also sold nearly all the property in Bunbury, buying at the same time lands in Mildenhall and Great Barton. There is little to be traced, and therefore little to be told of the family during the times of the Plantagenets and the Tudors.

One tradition, indeed, may be mentioned, and one complaint against a Bunbury may be recorded. With these exceptions, there remain only the 'Inquisitiones post mort.' to show that the successive heads of the family held manors in Bunbury, Stanney, and Occleston (?), and land in divers places. The tradition to which I have alluded runs thus :—In the reign of Edward III. one of the Bunburys became distinguished for his military exploits in France, and found high favour in the eyes of the king. Edward conferred on him the honour of knighthood, and assigned to him a new coat of arms, viz. Three Chess Rooks.* Of the achievements of this warrior, the family tradition has left no detail. Being thus left at full liberty to indulge in conjectures, I do not think it very unreasonable to set down what follows as having some appearance of probability.

The combat in 1351 between thirty Englishmen† and thirty Bretons is too well known to require any detail. The captain of the former was the Governor of Ploermel, and his name, according to the Père Daniel, was *Bembro*'.

Now, allowing for the difficulty which the French

* These 'rooks' are clearly typical of three castles. It is remarkable that the ancient family of Walensis de Hooton (the predecessors of the Stanleys of Hooton) appears at one time to have borne the same arms, viz. on a bend three chess-rooks of the field (See Ormerod's Cheshire).

† In fact, there were only twenty English: the required number was made up by six Germans and four Bretons of the Montfort faction; but amongst the English there fought two knights of notable fame in the wars of Edward III., Robert Knolles and Hugh de Calveley. The remains of the last-named lie beneath a noble tomb in Bunbury Church.

find in pronouncing our Bun, we certainly have here a name which approaches closely to Bunbury. However, whether a Bunbury or not, there he died, like a hardy warrior. In the second charge—

‘Bembro’ se lança sur Beaumanoir (the captain of the Bretons), le saisit au corps et luy cria de se rendre en luy assurant la vie ; mais dans le moment Alain de Kacrentaye donna à Bembro’ dans le visage un coup de lance qui le renversa par terre. Il tomba aux pieds de Geoffroy du Bois, qui le choisissant au défaut de la cuirasse, lui passa son épée au travers du corps et lui coupa la teste.’ *

In the reign of Edward IV., a petition was addressed to the king, by William Stanley of Hooton, imploring redress, and setting forth the unneighbourly proceedings of a turbulent Bunbury in the following terms : ‘Sheweth meekly unto your gode grace youre Orator William Stanley of Hoton squier, how that one Richard Bunbury, broder to John Bunbury of Staney squier, with 20^{ty} harnesht men with hym in forme of werre, and contry to your lawes and proclamacions upon Palme Sunday last past came to the towne of Wyrwyn and Pickton,† and then soght the servants of y^r said supplyant in their howses, and chambers and all their places, them to have bitten, maymed, murthured and slayne, if the s^d Richard Bunbury had found the said servantes

* Père Daniel, ‘Histoire de France,’ tom. ii. p. 540.

† In both these townships the Bunburys held lands; it seems probable, therefore, that the feud had arisen out of some dispute as to local rights, rather than any question touching the houses of York and Lancaster.

in other of the s^d townes, and then soght them and hath kept them from their tenures sith the s^d Son-day unto the making hereof, unto their great hurte to the s^d poor tenants &c. Wherefore your s^d suppliant mekely beseecheth your Highnes, the pr[']-mises tenderly considered, and in way of charity, to call before you the s^d Richard Bunbury, and to provide to the s^d poore tenants remedy in such wise as youre peace may be kept, and the s^d poore S[']vants be at their habita'cons.'

Henry Bunbury of Stanney was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, but there remains nothing to show what were the services which were thus rewarded. I am inclined to guess that these services to the Crown were rendered in Ireland; because it is from this reign that one begins to find the first migration of Bunburys to the sister kingdom. This migration appears to have continued through the seventeenth century; and the families of our name which still remain in Ireland, or have held estates there, are numerous.*

Chester was for a long time the English town which was in the most constant and intimate communication with Ireland, the station of the packet-boats having been at Parkgate, on the Dee. Nay, Chester appears to have been the favourite resort and lounging-place of the Irish gentry, before Bath became the fashion with them.

The civil war brought heavy disasters on our

* I have seen the pedigree of one of these families. It breaks off from the Cheshire stem in the latter years of Elizabeth's reign.

family in the seventeenth century. Henry Bunbury of Stanney was an ardent Royalist, and he drew on himself the special vengeance of the conquerors. His mansion-house at Hoole was pillaged and burned to the ground during the siege of Chester, his estates were ravaged and then placed under sequestration. He was cast into prison, where he remained five years; and on his release he was made to pay a fine of 2,200*l.*, in addition to the losses he had already suffered. This unfortunate cavalier lived to see the restoration of Charles II., but not to receive any reward for his loyalty, or remuneration for his losses. His son Thomas probably continued to urge the claims of his father and himself in vain, during many years, till in 1681 he was obliged to content himself with the barren honour of a baronetcy.

The old hall at Stanney had been neglected during the many years whilst the head of the family resided at Hoole. It was dilapidated, and parts seem to have been pulled down. Such as it now was, however, it became of necessity the dwelling-place of the impoverished Henry Bunbury, after his release from prison; and here his successors continued to live till about 1724, when 'merry Sir Harry' took up his abode in the small house, which was then christened 'Rake Hall.'* From that time the ancient hall of Stanney was degraded into a farm house; and when I succeeded to the estate in 1821, there remained externally very little to mark its original character. But withinside there was still something

* See note at the end of this article.

curious. The ancient hall could still be traced, though divided and subdivided by partitions of plaster, and by a floor which supported cheese-chambers, &c. In the farmer's kitchen there still remained one of the enormous fireplaces which belong to the olden time; at each of the four corners of what had been the hall, there stood the rough trunk of a tree, and from each of these trunks a large branch converging to the common centre appeared to have formed the rude ribs of a vaulted ceiling. It was said, I know not on what authority, that this part of the building was as old as the time of Henry V. However that may have been, it was evidently very ancient, and of a singular construction. The whole of the house appeared to have been built of timber and plasterwork, showing a long front, but of low elevation. At the back were enormous buildings, barns, cowhouses and stables; and the whole was surrounded by a moat. I was anxious to have preserved and reopened the singular old hall which I have described, but it happened, unfortunately, that the house, now inhabited by one of my principal farmer tenants, was found to be in need of much repair.

My agent in Cheshire at that time was possessed by an evil spirit of 'improvement,' and in spite of my injunctions that the hall should not be touched, he pulled the whole to the ground, for the sake of setting up a smart and uniform farmhouse of red brick. I was left in ignorance of this act of Vandalism till, several months afterwards, it became

necessary for my agent to report to me the following circumstances: Mr. S—— had sold a part of the old oak timber to the blacksmith of the village. After a time it came to be noised abroad that the blacksmith had found a treasure in the beams which he had cut up for firewood. My agent was tardy in his inquiries, and the rascally Vulcan at first denied the fact altogether. Evidence, however, was obtained that the blacksmith had sold large parcels of gold coins to various dealers in Liverpool, and some of the rarer coins had already passed into the collection of the Earl of Derby. What was really the amount of this concealed treasure we could not ascertain,* but such information as was acquired seemed to prove that all the coins were of gold, and all anterior to the time of the civil war; a great part were coins of the Tudors, and a few as early as the reigns of the latter Plantagenets. It seems pretty clear that they had been hidden away during the troubles of the civil war, and strangely forgotten afterwards.†

To return to the line of our family. Thomas Bunbury was created a baronet in 1681, and he died in the following year. His eldest son, Sir Henry, survived his father little more than six years, leaving many children. Of the eldest there is something to

* The blacksmith was obliged to quit the neighbourhood. He repaid something more than 100*l.*, which was, as he pretended, the produce of the sales he had made; but there were strong grounds to believe that the amount had been much more considerable.

† It has happened to me to meet with another instance of a similar secretion of coins, made probably at the same period, in my mansion-house at Mildenhall.

be said, for the memory of ‘merry Sir Harry’ is hardly yet extinct in Cheshire. He was very handsome, very gay, and very wild ; and it has always been said that Farquhar drew from this original his character of Sir Harry Wildair. We have good reason to cherish his memory, for he married Susan Hanmer. This Sir Henry Bunbury represented Chester in Parliament from 1700 to 1727, and during some years he held a considerable office at Dublin. He died in 1732, and was succeeded by his third son Charles, who was immediately elected member for the city of Chester. This Sir Charles, the elder brother of my grandfather, died unmarried, in 1742.

Sir William Bunbury, having been born a younger son, was educated for the Church, and was presented to the living of Mildenhall by his uncle Sir Thomas Hanmer, who appears to have intended from an early period to adopt this nephew as his heir.

On the death of Sir Charles Bunbury, in 1742, his brother William succeeded to the family estates in Cheshire. He had previously married Eleanor, one of the three daughters and co-heiresses of Colonel T. Vere Graham. She was a lady whose memory was long cherished, on account of her graceful manners and amiable disposition. Sir Thomas Hanmer died in 1746, leaving to my grandfather a good estate in Mildenhall (which Sir Thomas had inherited from the family of the Norths), an estate at Fressingfield, another then of small extent at Great Barton, and several houses in London.

Sir William Bunbury survived his wife two years and died in 1764, leaving four children. Susan, the eldest, married Henry Soame, of Great Thurlow.* Thomas Charles, born in 1740, succeeded his father; Annabella married Sir Patrick Blake, of Langham; and my father, Henry William, who was born in 1750, married in 1771-2 Catherine, daughter of Captain Kane Horneck of the Engineers.

The Hornecks appear to have come into England in the latter part of the seventeenth century. The family was old and 'well born,' long seated at Baccharach on the Rhine. Dr. Anthony Horneck appears to have been the first who settled in this kingdom. He was educated at Oxford, and became a divine of much eminence in the English Church. He published several theological works, some of which are still extant; and he was appointed chaplain to William III. and Queen Mary, and afterwards a prebendary of Wells; but he died when only fifty-five years of age (in 1696).† I am not sure whether this Dr. Horneck was the grandfather or only great-uncle of my mother's father Kane Horneck. The latter, a captain in the corps of Engineers, died young, leaving three infant children by his wife, Hannah Mangles, the daughter of a country gentleman in Devonshire. Captain Kane Horneck bore

* The hall of the Soames at Thurlow was a very large and fine specimen of domestic architecture at the beginning of the seventeenth century. It was pulled down a few years ago.

† See a notice of Dr. Antony Horneck in Dean Stanley's 'Memorials of Westminster Abbey,' p. 293; and of his son Captain William Horneck, 'the earliest of English engineers,' in the same work, p. 253. (C. J. F. B.)

the reputation of being a young man of high abilities, and this tradition seems to derive some confirmation from the fact of his being an intimate friend of Edmund Burke, whom he appointed by his will to be one of the trustees of his orphan children. The eldest of these was a son, Charles Horneck, who entered the army about fourteen years after his father's death, and died a general officer in 1803-4(?). Mary (afterward Mrs. Gwyn) was born in 1752-3, and had nearly completed eighty-eight years at the time of her death. My mother, Catherine, was born in 1754 and died in 1799. The beauty of these two sisters was much celebrated in their day, and, indeed, my aunt retained the traces of beauty to a surprisingly late period of life. Neither General Horneck nor Mrs. Gwyn left children.

My only brother, Charles John, was born on November 2, 1772. Both at Westminster School and at Cambridge he had given proofs of superior abilities and a great talent for oratory; but, alas! . . .

He went to India, as a captain in the 25th Light Dragoons, in 1796; he married there Frances Davison (afterwards Mrs. Sydenham); and he died at the Cape of Good Hope, on his return homewards in 1798, having had no children.

NOTE.—RAKE HALL.

The origin of the name is recorded on two panes of glass now in my possession, but which were formerly fixed in the window of the kitchen. On one is scratched with a diamond the escutcheon of the Bunburys, and underneath it the words :

‘ December the 15th, 1724,

and was then by the unanimous consent of all the company called

RAKE HALL.’

and on the other :

‘ Present:

SIR HENRY BUNBURY.	} Bar.
SIR RICHARD GROSVENOR.	
WILL ^M . STANLEY.	
FRAN ^S . POOLE.	
AM ^S . MERIDETH.	
COL. FRAN ^S . COLUMBINE.	
ED. MAINWARING.	
THOM ^S . GLASCOR.	
SHERINGT ^N GROSVENOR.	
SEIM ^R CHOLMONDELLY.	
WILL ^M POOLE.	
CHAR. BUNBURY, the Son and Heir.’	

(C. J. F. B.)

MILDENHALL.

THE Mansion-house was probably built by the first Sir Henry North, who died in 1620. The exterior had throughout the character of the time of Elizabeth, and so had the panelling of the dining-hall. Sir Thomas Hanmer added (about 1704, when he and the first Duchess of Grafton, his wife, were obliged to quit Euston on the coming of age of the second duke) a small brick building of three storeys, utterly at variance with the character of the old house, which was built of the Mildenhall chalk. Down to my time there remained extensive court-yards, around which stood a steward's house, brewery, &c., all of timber and plaster; and beyond, a long range of stabling in brick, which had probably been added by Sir Thomas Hanmer. Of the latter there remained another relic, in a summer-house of high pretensions. It stood at the farther end of what is now the paddock, but which was then the pleasure-ground and flower-garden. This building (which was pulled down by Sir Charles Bunbury) consisted of one or two rooms on the ground floor, and of a handsome saloon on the first floor overlooking the pleasure-ground. Prior, who was a frequent visitor at

Mildenhall, pays flattering compliments in one of his letters to Sir Thomas, on the beauty of his gardens.

One or two things more may be mentioned with regard to the old house of the Norths. When I pulled down what had been the steward's house, we found accidentally the entrance to a vaulted passage, leading towards the church. We cleared it for a few yards, and then left it. Perhaps it might have been formed during the civil wars as a place of concealment.

Another discovery was made when I had occasion to make an opening in the wall of the great dining-hall. Four or five gold coins (of the times of James I. and Charles I.) fell out ; and it is probable that there are more remaining in the wall. It is very likely that the second Sir Henry North should have hidden away some of his money during the latter part of the civil war, as he felt himself to be regarded with an evil eye by the Republican party. He had sided with the Parliament during the early dissensions ; but when the war broke out he had become a Royalist, though not an active one.

BARTON.

THE infamous Thomas Audley, Lord Chancellor of England during the worst time of Henry VIII., obtained very large grants of Church lands after the suppression of the monasteries. It is probable that the Manor of Great Barton, which had belonged to the Abbey of St. Edmundsbury, was one of the chancellor's acquisitions; for we find it in the hands of the Audley family shortly afterwards. The present Mansion-house appears to have been built by Robert Audley, who died in 1624. The long, narrow building of brick-work, facing the south-east, subsists still, though modernised. Behind it were extensive offices of timber and plaster, some of them stretching round two court-yards. The last of the Audleys, of that branch, sold his property in Barton to Thomas Folkes, Esq., whose only child became the second wife of Sir Thomas Hanmer. It was thus that the mansion, manor, and advowson passed into our family.

To return to the house. Little alteration appears to have been made till my grandfather, Sir William Bunbury, came to reside at Barton, about 1748. He modernised the old house, making a

handsome drawing-room on the first floor and enlarging a dining-room on the ground floor. He pulled down an old-fashioned, many-walled garden on the south of the house, and transferred it to what is now the first division of the present garden ; and there still remain two or three of the pear-trees which he planted. Between 1766 and 1770, Sir T. Charles Bunbury built the library, after a design furnished by Sir William Chambers. But, strangely enough, no passage of approach was opened to this handsome room. The only ways of reaching it, were either through a totally dark closet, or by a *porte dérobée* at the farthest end of the drawing-room.

The house was in a very bad condition when it became mine in March 1821. The roof of the old part was rotten, and a new one was indispensable. The old roof was sloping, with projecting eaves, so that the upper chambers were no more than large garrets. I raised the parapet, and while concealing the roof from view, I formed some good bed-chambers. Next, in order to obtain a respectable entrance to the library, I converted the old steward's room and store-closet into what is now the billiard-room. Then I built a dining-room (on the site of one of the court-yards) with a bed-chamber and dressing-room over it. New offices, with the exception of the kitchen, were erected, and finally, I altered the exterior of the library, enlarging the two bed-chambers above it, and building what is called the bath-room, with two bed-chambers over it.

The old stables were partly pulled down, and

additions were made to the part which was in good repair. The present pleasure-ground was taken out of the field, which, up to 1821, allowed to the brood mares and cows free approach up to the windows of the house ; while, to the north-east, I formed an arboretum out of three paddocks.

HENRY EDWARD BUNBURY.

LETTERS FROM SICILY.

BY SIR HENRY E. BUNBURY.

‘Messina, June, 1806.

‘My dear . . . —It is high time that I should give you some account of Messina and its environs. Our troops were landed about the middle of February, and were put in possession of the citadel and of the small forts about the town. Perhaps I ought to call it a city, for it has its archbishop; but the extent and character of the houses in general are hardly deserving of the more dignified term. Let us begin with the harbour, which is a very good one though not large. The water is so deep along a part of the noble quay, called the Marina, that even line-of-battle ships can lie in safety without anchoring, merely holding on by a hawser or two. The port is sufficiently protected by Fort Salvador near its mouth, and by the citadel, which is built on the isthmus between the harbour and the strait. It is just here, at a very little distance outside of the citadel, that there are very remarkable whirlpools in the sea; and I believe that it is here the true Charybdis is to be found. There is nothing comparable to this furious phenomenon on either side of the Faro point opposite to Scylla; and though the distance

from the whirlpool near the citadel is much greater, it does not seem improbable that the rude, ungainly vessels of the early navigators might have been so much crippled while whirled around the vortex as to be finally shot forth in a helpless state, and driven upon the rocky point in the direction of Scylla. I have known one of our 36-gun frigates caught in this Charybdis, and whirled round and round without any heed to rudder or sails. The crew, indeed, were much alarmed, fearing every minute that the ship must be thrown on the shore near the citadel; but after several twirls she got out of the scrape without damage.

‘The city of Messina is of very much the same character as Italian towns in general; but as a great part of it is built upon the rocky toes of the mountain range, several of its streets go climbing up steep ascents; but the principal street runs nearly parallel with the Marina. Of churches, and convents, and nunneries there is an abundance, and from them a perpetual jangle of bells. The cathedral is a large and curious building, in the style, I conjecture, of the Lombards. Here, we are told, is preserved the miraculous letter which the Virgin Mary was so good as to write in former days, but not in Hebrew character, to her devout adorers in Messina. On account of this remarkable autograph, the Madonna is here entitled ‘*La Madonna della Lettera.*’ Of ‘*Palazzi*’ there remains a sprinkling sufficient to show that there were in by-gone days Messinese nobles possessing wealth to build large and handsome houses, and

to maintain a corresponding household. But now, though we still find dukes and marquises, they are poverty-stricken creatures, extremely ignorant, indolent, and almost ridiculous. Nay, there is one duke (di Belviso) in whose case I may omit my ‘almost.’ This little old man comes to every dinner, supper, or assembly to which he can obtain an invitation; and our youngsters soon found out what are his practices. He comes in a loose coat with large pockets, and he steals whatever he can manage to steal—from cakes and sweetmeats up to spoons. The great amusement of our English lads is to hover behind him, and introduce into the ample pockets, mustard, crushed eggs, charcoal, cream, &c. No, the nobles could not be of any service to us, even if they were so inclined. The old encomium on an English family that ‘all the sons were brave, and all the daughters chaste,’ is exactly reversed here.

‘Among the few merchants in Messina, there are three or four men of intelligence and natural ability. All are thoroughly disaffected to the Neapolitan Government, and they have been hitherto looking to Napoleon, hoping that conquest by France might better their position. Now, however, a change seems to be coming over their sentiments; and they will prefer the English if the English will shield them from the Court of Palermo.’

‘Messina, 17th August, 1806.

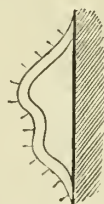
‘My dear . . . —The annual Festa of the Messinese is just over. As this city is under the especial

patronage of the Virgin,* it is to her that the most marked honours are paid; and their great festival consists mainly of a pageant representing the translation of her soul from earth to heaven. This spectacle is exhibited every year on August 15, and it is preceded by two days of jubilee. Last year, however, as the king visited Messina in April, the Virgin's soul made an extra trip in order that his Majesty might witness what the people here esteem the most magnificent, as well as the most pious, of all exhibitions. I will endeavour to carry you with me through the regular routine of this festival, which is known by the name of *La Vara*, the Sicilian pronunciation of *bara*, the bier, or funeral car.

‘On August 13 nothing particular happens in the morning; but in the evening the two great streets are illuminated, as are some of the monasteries which overhang the town. The illumination is regulated by the senate; and I believe it never varies. Along both sides of the street, at small regular intervals, are fixed wooden frames,† each bearing thirteen little lamps. The effect produced is at first strikingly brilliant, but the monotony soon lessens the impres-

* Because the Madonna had been pleased to write a letter to the Messinese, assuring them of her particular favour.

† Bulging out in this fashion—



sion of its beauty. The streets are thronged with people of all descriptions on foot, for no carriages or horsemen are permitted to pass after a certain hour, and this regulation is enforced by patrols of cavalry. The promenade continues till the night is far advanced; and the walkers of the upper classes refresh themselves occasionally at the numerous shops where ices and sherbet are sold, while the poorer people resort to the stalls for water-melons and iced water.

‘The morning of the 14th displays some strange mummeries. First, a pasteboard camel, as large as life, and carried by men who are concealed by the trappings of the beast, is paraded through all the streets, accompanied by a drum, and a crowd of hallooing boys. The neck and head of the creature are movable; and the humour of the thing seems to lie in keeping these continually turning from side to side, while the under-jaw, which is also loose and made of wood, champs in time and rattles against the upper like the clattering of a salt-box, to the great delight of the spectators. I cannot discover the origin of this exhibition. The camel is conducted by three or four men, who beg, or rather demand, money from the shops and houses as they pass along.

‘About noon comes another show, more extraordinary, and a still greater favourite with the Mesinese. Two enormous figures on horseback, some five-and-twenty or thirty feet high, march slowly through the principal streets of the town. The first represents an Ethiop giant, dressed in the costume

of a Roman warrior, bareheaded, and carrying a dart in his hand. This is followed by a female, who is not a black. Her apparel is of a very curious description. She has been built originally with a tower on her head like the statues of Cybele ; but as the Messinese consider the coiffure to be no longer fashionable, they add a bonnet or hat of the newest taste. The tower, indeed, somewhat interferes with the adjustment ; but, however, there the bonnet is made to stick. The fair dame bestrides her war-horse *à l'italienne*, and shakes a dart in her right hand ; but as this procession occurs in the dog days, the gallant Messinese generally place a parasol in her left. These gigantic effigies are borne at a rapid pace through the streets by numbers of men, who contend for the honour of the burthen ; and as the accompanying crowds hide the secret of the carriage, the effect to one's eye is strange enough. As far as I have been able to unravel the history of this good couple, they are intended to represent an African giant, who in remote ages passed over into Sicily, settled in this neighbourhood, and ate the Messinese by dozens, till he married the amiable lady who still follows his fortunes, and whose influence weaned him from tyranny and man-eating.

‘ Besides the same illumination of the town, and the promenade which again takes place this evening, the cathedral is brilliantly ornamented, and lighted up with thousands of tapers reflected from innumerable pieces of looking-glass and flakes of talc, interspersed with gold and silver foil, with wreaths of artificial

flowers, and silken draperies of various colours. The whole is disposed with good taste, and blends into a general effect at once very splendid and pleasing to the eye. High mass is performed by the bishop, in presence of the governor, senate, &c., and the crowds in the body of the church are amazing. All ranks and conditions are squeezed together; the heat and smell are intolerable; and the curious Englishman may esteem himself very fortunate if he carry off no living proofs of his having attended mass on the eve of our Lady's Festival.

‘Early on the 15th, the peasants flock into Messina from all the mountain villages around, arrayed in silks of every colour of the rainbow, and exhibiting such a variety of hues and peculiarities of costume as one might expect to find in China rather than in Europe. About five o'clock in the morning the ‘Vara’ gets under weigh. It is no easy task to describe this machine; and my sketching will leave your ideas very short of the reality. The bottom is formed of a strong frame-work of beams, placed transversely, and supporting a platform which may be about 14 feet in diameter; while beneath the beams, there must, probably, be a number of small wheels or rollers. In the centre of the platform lies a figure of the deceased Madonna in funeral state, surrounded by the twelve Apostles and some selected saints, who are represented by boys, decked in robes of various dyes, and bearing great gilt glories, like cart-wheels, upon their heads. Above this platform the machine rises to a vast height. The skeleton is of iron, covered

over with painted and gilded pasteboards, representing clouds, with the heads of cherubim peeping through. But painted cherubim are not sufficient for the pious taste of the Sicilians. With the central iron are connected many wheels, some turning horizontally round in one direction, some in the other. Others again are vertical; and from all these wheels hang poor little children, representing angels, but suffering like the damned. Those, especially, who are suspended by their waists upon the vertical wheels have a wretched time of it. The motion makes some of them sick, and puts others, after long crying, to sleep, so that they hang doubled up like so many golden fleeces. The horizontal angels fare better; they are fixed in iron frames, and play much the same part as the boys in a merry-go-round at Bartholomew fair. The little brats are all dressed in white, with pink and blue ribands; their hair well powdered and adorned with garlands, and their hands generally laden with cakes and sweetmeats to keep them in good humour and prevent them disgracing their celestial characters.

‘ At the top of the machine, which is full forty feet high, and towers above the second storeys of the houses, stands a boy, dressed in long robes and with a flowing beard, representing the Almighty!!! Beneath his feet a globe, studded with stars, is in constant rotation. His right hand, extended to the utmost along a bar of iron, bears the “soul of the Virgin.” This last and principal character in this impious farce is supported by a child dressed in

white, and firmly fixed in an iron frame, which is concealed by her robes. From time to time the little Madonna crosses herself with admirable rapidity, and pours down her blessings in dumb show on the applauding multitude.

‘The whole appearance of this enormous pageant is more singular than can be described; and you will allow that the religious exhibition is not less extraordinary than what is merely mechanical. The innumerable crowds which accompany the machine through the town, prevent one’s eye from detecting the means by which it is moved. It appears to glide along without external aid; but it is in fact urged forward with great labour by great numbers of men tugging at ropes, or shoving against beams below. A long procession of ecclesiastical dignitaries, and of the different religious orders, attends on the march of the Vara. It is preceded by trumpets and kettledrums; and the rear is brought up by ‘the most illustrious senate of Messina,’ in their state coach, drawn by four mules. This vehicle, with its insides and its outsides, richly deserves a special and separate notice; and some of these days perhaps I may attempt to give you some description of them.

‘Thus the Vara proceeds from the square of St. John through the great streets to the cathedral. All the windows are thronged with the upper classes of Messina; and the ear is stunned by the incessant clanking of church bells, the explosion of *patereros*, and the shouts of the bawling populace. When the pageant has reached the gates of the cathedral, the

soul of our Lady is dismounted and ushered in procession to the high altar, where the little actress receives benediction from the bishop, succeeded by the more substantial benefit of being placed for her education in a nunnery, with a small pension while there. In the meantime the deity, the apostles, angels, and cherubim are released from their wheels and irons, and disperse to their several homes, carrying off the robes and ribands which had adorned them. English parents would think these but a sorry compensation for the misery, and even risk, to which the children are exposed ; but *here* the people eagerly solicit the exposure. Happy is the mother who can get her baby twirled along the course of salvation as an angel on the wheel ! and *terque quaterque beata* is she who can ensure the eternal happiness of her child by its filling the envied character of the Virgin !

‘ Affectionately yours,

‘ H. E. BUNBURY.’

•
‘ Messina, November, 1806.

‘ I have passed so often backwards and forwards between Messina and Taormina, that it seems to me stale and unprofitable to describe a route of about twenty-eight miles which is so familiar to me. Not but that you would find an abundant room for admiration if you could pace along this coast, with the blue sea on your left hand, and the dark mountains of Calabria rising grandly beyond it ; while to your right runs the picturesque ridge of Dinnamari,

sending down to the shore its hundred arms, bright with little villages, and vineyards, and orchards of the orange and lemon. There are two or three things on the road which may be worthy of note, but for the present I mean to carry you onwards beyond Taormina, and I will leave even that remarkable place for a future description.

‘Taormina stands high, overlooking the eastern face of Etna. After descending from the mountain one passes through the village of Giardini; and on the opposite side of a pretty bay I observed a few cottages, which are said to stand on the site of the ancient Naxos. But I do not learn that any vestiges of antiquity have been discovered there. From hence we turned to our right into the plain of Etna, and travelled four or five miles over an open country, producing the most luxuriant crops of corn, hemp and flax; to our right rose banks and terraces, on which were spread the villages of Caltabiano and Piedimonte, the slopes of the hills covered with vines and orange trees, and scattered cottages.

‘Before we reached the large and neat village of Giarri, the open fields of waving grain gave place to enclosures of orchards and vineyards which cross the road and extend to the sea-side. The views looking towards Etna are surprisingly beautiful. The prodigality of Nature is displayed in her fullest charms, and the loveliness of the scene is rendered more picturesque by little groups of fig-trees, mulberries, lotus and chestnuts, dotted irregularly over the sloping

gardens ; while small farms and cottages, scattering their whiteness through the various tints of green, gave additional gaiety to the general effect. This plain of Etna is verily a laughing land ! Beyond and above this rich foreground, there stretches across the breast of the mountain a broad belt of woodland ; and high over all, towers the cone of Mongibello, covered at this season with glittering snows, and pouring volumes of white smoke into a bright blue sky unspotted by a cloud.

Giarri presents little worthy of remark, unless it be that in common with most of the villages on this face of Etna the inhabitants appear to be in far better circumstances than is usual in Sicily. The place is altogether neat, the streets wide, and the houses cleanly.

It happened to be the feast of their patron saint ; the road was full of peasants in their best attire ; and the gay variety of their costume added to the cheerfulness of the scene. We were so fortunate as to witness a horse-race which would have puzzled the oldest jockey of Newmarket. Two beasts (for to call them by the English appellation of horses, would be downright flattery), barebacked, and with something like cavasons instead of bridles, were bestridden by two olive-coloured lubbers in shirts, nightcaps, and drawers. The course was a portion of the high road, which in this part is of volcanic sand, plentifully sprinkled, not merely with stones, but with large blocks of lava. The distance to be run about half a mile ; and the ending-post a sharp pitch of hill

which they calculated the ‘cabaddi’* would be unable to surmount. Off went the animals in the midst of the crowd, without warning or clearing of the course, the riders kicking, lashing, hallooing with might and main; the delighted Sicilians shouting responsively; and the bells of the churches in full clatter. Wonderful to tell, despite of the crowd, the blocks of lava, and the quality of the beasts, both they and their riders reached the hill without damage either to themselves or the spectators!

As far as Giarri, about twelve miles from Taormina, we had found the road tolerably good for horsemen; but immediately beyond the village we got into a mere gully of rough lava; and though it afterwards improves, there are many bad passages between this and Jaci † Reale, a distance of ten miles, throughout which no water is to be found, but what the very few and scattered inhabitants may have caught in their cisterns during the winter. We cross wide tracts of black and dreary lava (or as the Sicilians call it ‘Xarra,’ pronouncing the X like Sh). As we approach Jaci the country begins to smile again. A strip of hill runs down from the mountain nearly to the sea. Its rich soil is enclosed and carefully cultivated, chiefly in vines, mulberries, flax, &c., with frequent clumps of chestnuts and of fruit-trees.

Jaci Reale is a large town, and one of the handsomest and most flourishing in Sicily. Several

* Sicilian for ‘Cavalli.’ (C. J. F. B.)

† Or, *Aci*

neighbouring villages bear the same family name of Jaci, but with distinguishing appendages, as Jaci St. Antonio, Jaci Catena, and others; most of them wear a like appearance of comfort and comparative opulence. Much may be attributed to the abundance of flax grown in these townships, which is manufactured by the people; and though the linen be but coarse, still it employs a great number of hands, and finds a ready market.

The population of Jaci Reale may be about 14,000; and that of the surrounding villages taken together, from 8,000 to 9,000 more. Here we are on ground particularly classical. Jaci is but the corruption of Acis; and the watery remains of the unhappy shepherd have still peculiar value, as there is no other running water for several miles on either side. The stream bursts from beneath a mass of lava two or three miles above Jaci Reale. It immediately turns several mills, and passing by the town it pours its waters into the sea, which is scarcely more than a mile distant. As for Galatea, we have no trace of her. She has never got her head above water since the catastrophe of her lover. The Benedictine Amico offers a very fair conjecture as to the foundation of this fable. He supposes Etna itself to be personified by Polyphemus; and that a furious eruption from the mountain in great measure overwhelmed, and destroyed, the then existing river Acis; which now pours a part only of his scattered waters, from beneath the gigantic load, to mix with those of the shrinking Nereid. The better road from Jaci to

Catania (about ten miles) passes over the high land, through St. Antonio and a rich and enclosed country similar to what was last described; but before we reach Catania we have some bad lines of lava to cross; and there is everywhere a want of water, a want severely felt in the heat and dust of the black powdery lanes.

A more interesting route is found by bending to the sea coast, and accompanying the classic stream down a stony lane, at the end of which we open upon a vast tract of lava, hilly, rugged, and barren, though apparently of very ancient date. It has poured itself into the sea to the left of the road, forming the promontory called 'Capo de' Molini.' A little farther out are three very singular rocks, bursting from the waves at a trifling distance from the shore. They are now called 'I Faraglioni;' but they were known in ancient times as the Rocks of the Cyclops. I had not the means of examining these rocks, which I regret, because I believe them to be curious; curious inasmuch as they are said to differ in composition from the usual ejections of Etna. Pale-coloured beryls are shown as having been found in these rocks. Farther on we come to the two fishing villages of Trezza and Castel Jaci, built on little openings where the beach is free from masses of lava.

The latter place has an ancient castle still standing on an insulated crag. Both the building and its site are equally singular. Before the invention of cannon this little fort must have been impregnable;

but I have never before seen such sharp angles in a work of masonry.

Pursuing our course from hence by the most horrible track that ever was dignified by the name of road, or upon which rational beings on horseback ever risked their necks, and over beds of rough lava, we reached the hamlet of Lognina at the end of about four miles. Here is a little bay or inlet of the sea, where boats can come ashore. It is supposed that this was in ancient days a much more considerable port, running far up the country ; but that it has been reduced to its present insignificance by eruptions from Etna, subsequent to the age of Virgil, or at least of Æneas, for this, it is conjectured, was the

Portus ab accessu ventorum immotus, et ingens
Ipse, sed horrificis juxta tonat Ætna ruinis.*

There certainly appears something like a valley or hollow in the lava running upwards from Lognina. To the spot where this hollow terminates, tradition has given the name of ‘Porto di Ulisse,’ and it is even pretended that one may find marks which indicate the mooring holds of galleys.

From Lognina a broad road paved with lava leads us to Catania, a distance of scarcely more than two miles ; but the black, dreary ‘Xarra’ extends up to the city itself. Of Catania you will find descriptions in many books, and I shall therefore say little. Its three main streets, of great length, ample breadth, and adorned with handsome buildings, impress one at first with ideas of opulence and comfort ; but if

* Æneid. iii. 570-1.

we turn into the wretched lanes where the lower orders live, we find as much squalid misery as in the worst parts of Messina. There are some remains of antiquity, but very imperfect, and nearly all underground. The objects most worthy of a traveller's curiosity are to be found in the museums of the Prince of Biscări, the Cavaliere Giogēni, and in that of the Benedictine Convent. This convent is a magnificent building covering a prodigious area. Its church, which has been recently finished, is much admired ; but I cannot reconcile my taste to a white and gold temple, spruce, and perhaps elegant, but wanting dignity, solemnity, and that inexpressible something which elevates the mind above this world.

‘Catania is one of the established ports of Sicily for the exportation of grain. Its other branches of trade are wines, light silks, coarse linen, fruits, staves and hoops, &c.

‘There was a curious trial of strength here the other day. The flank companies of our guards, 800 strong, are quartered in Catania. Many of these men have worked as coalheavers or corn-porters on the Thames. To one's eye they appear very superior in size and muscle to any of the Sicilians. But one of our officers having observed the heavy loads which the Catanese porters carried from the magazines to the vessels, made a bet that he would find a Sicilian who should carry a greater weight than any soldier in the guards. The two men were equally loaded with well-crammed sacks till the grenadier cried, ‘Hold : enough.’ The porter then called to a

bystander to throw his little boy on the top of his load; trotted off laughing and chattering; and arrived first at the quay.

‘No more of Catania for the present.

‘Yours affectionately,

‘H. E. B.’

‘July, 1807.

‘My dear . . . My last letter* will have told you of Girgenti, and its beautiful temples. By the bye I do not think I told you that I stood without squeezing, in one of the flutes of that part of a column which remains of the temple of Jupiter Olympius. This will give you some idea of the enormous proportions of that edifice.

‘We set out from Girgenti with the intention of visiting a place named Petralía, which lies on the southern underfall of the Madonía mountains. Nobody at Messina, and very few at Girgenti, had even heard the name of this obscure village; but I had read of there being at Petralía a perpetual spring of naphtha, and other objects worthy of curiosity. Travelling by a pretty good road to Castel Termini the first day, and by a very bad one to Valledungo on the second, we reached Petralía as evening closed on the third day. Tired and hungry we were; but after having quarters assigned to us with rather troublesome demonstrations of respect and honour, we had to wait two tedious hours before we could get any dinner. It seems that neither memory nor

* This letter is missing.

tradition served to notice the apparition of a foreigner in Petralia, saving only the unfortunate Dolomieu, who was there about 1781. So the notables of this little town issued forth with torches to escort us in the dusk to our lodging, and then they inflicted upon us a public feast. Several of these good people sate down to dinner with us, and contributed mainly to consume the numberless bad dishes which their hospitality had prepared. But the room was crowded by lookers-on who stared incessantly, and watched every movement of my wife and myself. You must bear in mind that I am a "great man" in Sicily; the Signor Colonello Quartier Maestro is known by report through a great part of the island. At a late hour these kind people left us to ourselves, and glad we were to throw our wearied limbs upon a bed.

'In the morning I sallied forth to view the phenomenon which had attracted us to Petralia, and I was disappointed. Why I should have expected more I cannot well say. There was the naphtha trickling out of a fissure in the rock; that it was naphtha we proved by applying a lighted candle and producing a great flare-up. And this was all. Not being a chemist, nor having any pretensions to rank as a natural philosopher, I *was* disappointed, and there's the truth. However, the situation of Petralia is very pretty, among broken ground near the foot of the great mountain of Madonia, and amidst luxuriant vegetation. There I found the sweet-pea growing wild.* From thence we journeyed

* It grows also in the fields near Girgenti. (C. J. F. B.)

to Nicosía and the next day to Traína. These are pretty good towns; and it struck me that both the gentry and the working people along this part of the northern mountains were of sterner stuff than the Sicilians in general. Some of the upper class were evidently men of a good deal of information, of manly habits, and holding strong opinions. However, the English are great favourites with them, and we were treated most hospitably. On leaving Traína we were accompanied by a gentleman who very kindly offered his services as a guide and as an additional guard across the wild mountain, nor could we desire a better guard than this cool, resolute Signor Chiavetta. But moreover he carried plenty of provisions and wine for us. Our course lay through the great woods of the Caronía, which clothe the upper parts of the mountain chain on both sides. Now I had heard tales of these Caronía woods before we set out on our long journey, and I had been assured that I should find plenty of deer, and of “negri selvaggj.” In the innocence of a first impression, I fancied that the man was mocking me and talking of black savages; but on explanation I found that “negri selvaggj” were simply wild pigs. Anticipating this game, I had brought a double-barrelled rifle; and this very morning when we were about to enter the woods, my Sicilian servant broke the stock of my gun! Furious was I; but my fury might have been spared, for in traversing the Caronía, I did not see a single animal. We climbed through a forest road, observing here and there a few fine

trees among the thickets, till we arrived at what had been the hunting-lodge of some departed baron. A very pitiful shelter it afforded, for, during the night, my bride and I were obliged to shift our berth repeatedly, to find some corner into which the heavy rain might not penetrate. It was late in the morning before the rain abated. We then tramped along the sodden path of the forest till we emerged on the fair hill-side, and we were greeted by one of the most beautiful views I ever beheld. Before us, the mountain slope broke into a variety of undulating hills which fell into a rich plain of a somewhat semicircular form. On either side there rose picturesque masses of rude mountains, and in particular the dark rock-peaks of San Marco. Beyond the little plain lay the dark blue sea and the many islands of Lipari; various in their forms, and reflecting in different degrees, the rays of the sun of June. We left this beautiful spot with reluctance; but we had to make our way before dark to the little fishing-town of St. Agatha. There we were received and treated very hospitably by the petty baron of the place; and we hired a stout boat to convey us to the Lipari Islands.

‘Early in the next morning we made our passage pleasantly to Volcano, the nearest of this large group of islands, and we stayed till evening, for we found Volcano a place of great interest. It is merely a great cone which has been shot up above the level of the sea: there is little or no beach, no shrub, no inhabitant; but within this dark cone its crater remains perfect, and is easy of access. In this great

goblet we walked, with volcanic ashes and sulphurs of various hues beneath our feet, while we admired the diversified wall of lava, obsidian, pumice, &c., around us. In some parts it was tinted with orange, in others, of a pure white. Now and then puffs of smoke issued from the crevices, and these were generally accompanied by a rumbling beneath, which called forth this explanation from our guide, “Ah, Eccellenza, quà i Diavoli fanno sempre sempre ’l pane.” I observed that in several parts of the walls there was a continued trickling of a colourless liquid, which I took for water till I tasted it; but then I collected a small bottlefull, which I have sent to Accum, the chemist in London.* After having spent a long time in the crater, we emerged and found shelter from the sun under a projecting ledge of lava where we could eat and rest. But I was suddenly roused by a loud cry of “Oh Lord, oh Lord!” and sundry ejaculations which I recognised as coming from my English groom. I ran and found my man naked, bewildered, and gazing at his hands. “What’s the matter, William?” “Oh Lord, oh Lord, sir!” At last I made out that he had been tempted to take a swim in this perfectly clear sea. While swimming his eye was caught by something at a considerable depth, “very bright and beautiful.” He dived to snatch the prize; he snatched it, and found his hands severely burned! The beautiful object was sulphur bubbling up at a depth of two or three fathoms! In the evening we rowed over to the

* Accum pronounced this to be pure alum water.

island of Lipari, and in entering the harbour, I was struck by the appearance of one of the headlands which protect the roadstead. It is large and high, but it appeared to consist entirely of pumice. We found a neat little town, and a tidy inn, where we passed a comfortable night. All the people were very civil and kind to the "Eccellenza Inglese ;" and when I walked in the morning, and chatted with the seafaring people on the Marina, it appeared to me that they were men of more energy and spirit than those of the same class in Messina or Palermo.

' After breakfast we set out to see what was to be seen in the island, though our hosts promised nothing remarkable except the hot baths, which they said was a work of "the ancient Romans." Our cavalcade, or rather asinade, was comical enough. I and my wife, my servant, and our cicerone were mounted on donkeys, and we proceeded in Indian file along the narrow paths, and through the clefts in the volcanic hills. The morning was very hot, the dust very troublesome, and all the flies, gnats, and midges of the South were in full play around us. Some of these plagues had a particular taste for the nostrils of our donkeys, and every minute one or other of these poor animals would stop short as if he were shot, and dart his nose down into the dust to rub out the intruders. This sudden manœuvre went nigh to send the rider over the donkey's head, perched as we were on high pack-saddles, and convulsed with laughter. You cannot conceive a more ridiculous scene. Thus we wound our way laughingly amid

dust and flies, till we passed through a gorge in a cliff which faces the western sea, and we found this front well worthy of remark and admiration. It somewhat resembles the striped sands of Alum Bay; but here the materials are of volcanic *china* and glass,* and the colours infinitely more brilliant than those of the Isle of Wight. Ribands of pure white, scarlet, yellow, grey and purple succeed each other, and many of them shine out as if they had been highly polished. It was a beautiful sight.

‘As for the Bagni Caldi, there is really nothing to tell. A part of the foundations may be of the Roman time, but it is a poor, dirty place, and not worth a visit. We returned in the evening to our inn, and early the next morning we started in a stout boat for Stromboli. This little island is merely an up-shoot of black and rugged lava. Its creation is of a comparatively recent date, but it has never ceased to retain its igneous character, sending forth more or less of smoke, and occasionally jets of flame and showers of red-hot stones. A great part of the original crater has fallen down, and has formed irregular masses of dark rocks which border the sea. I climbed to the top of the black cliff which remains as an evidence of the height and form of the crater, and from thence I looked down upon a pool of fire; it was of no great extent, but there was the dark-red molten matter, with a slight movement as from upheavings or bubblings, while gases and vapours of different tints arose from the surface. To make my

* Porcellanite and obsidian.

way to the edge of the pool of fire, over the sharp and rugged masses of lava, was too difficult an undertaking ; so I contented myself with what I had seen, and with picking up specimens of volcanic (specular) iron, which are strewed about the rocks. We sailed back to Lipari in the evening ; and we would have sailed early the next morning for the Faro and Messina, but it was a dead calm, the sea one still surface of bright blue, and the sun intensely hot. However, our Lipari boatmen were strong and willing fellows, and though their day's work was heavy they had an adventure on the way which delighted them. The steersman spied something on the water ahead. Hush ! silence ! a whisper, a few signs with fingers, and two of the men paddled stilly alongside the object. It was a huge sun-fish fast asleep ; two other men darted at him, and by a cruel method got a fast hold of the monster. Then much help was required to lift him into the boat, for the weight was enormous, perhaps two or three hundred-weight. I have called the poor fish a monster, for certainly it did not look as if it had been fashioned and completed by nature. There was a huge head with shoulders to match, but it looked as if the body and tail had been cut off. It is a queer fish certainly ; but our crew rejoiced over their prize, and reckoned on its yielding a large quantity of oil, &c. They resumed their oars with fresh spirits, and landed us in the evening at Messina.

‘ Yours affectionately,

‘ H. E. BUNBURY.’

‘Messina, November, 1807.

‘Having hired a guide and laden a mule with provisions, I set out accompanied by Captain Nicholas upon a visit to old Etna. From the moment we left the walls of Catania we began to ascend. As far as Nicolosi (about eleven or twelve miles) the road is either paved with, or worn in, the beds of lava; and it runs between walls of the same material, which enclose for the greater part of the way gardens, vineyards, and orchards of wonderful richness. We passed through three tolerably good villages; one of them, indeed, Massa Lucia, is particularly neat *for Sicily*. At Massa Annunziata ends the fertile region; and from hence to Nicolosi (about three miles), one sees on both sides lava in which vegetation is just beginning to show itself in lichens, mosses, and a very few small weeds. The village of Nicolosi is extensive but miserably poor; standing on the edge of a tract of fine black ashes, out of which rise the volcanic cones called “I Monti Rossi,” their upper parts beautifully tinted with sulphurs, the colours varying from the brightest crimson to a pale buff. After passing the village we soon came to the small convent where travellers usually take their lodging, and from hence the view is very fine, the Monti Rossi forming a foreground, beyond which the eye ranges over the luxuriant *regione culta* sloping to the blue sea.

‘After leaving the enclosures and the plain of black sands which surround the convent, we entered upon a great stream of lava, up which we wound our toil-

some march for about a mile and a half, when we reached the skirts of the forest encircling the breast of Etna, and known as the "Regione Selvosa." The ascent through the woods is continual and generally steep; but the ground is firm and good, covered with fine turf and high ferns. A number of "bocche di fuoco," or little conical hills which have been thrown up by different eruptions, and out of which lavas have issued, meet the eye on every side, and the earth, here and there, is rent in irregular fissures and deep chasms. Throughout the woody region (the breadth of which may be about six miles) no water is to be found, excepting what may be afforded in the early summer by the melting of the snows. The trees are for the most part oaks, but they are neither lofty nor flourishing; a few pines, hollies, &c., are intermingled. No care is taken to preserve the timber; but any peasant comes into the wood, cuts down the tree that hits his fancy, or burns it on the spot into charcoal. Near a cave called la Spelonca de' Capri, is built a hut in which we lay down for a few hours. The cold in this elevated region was piercing; and it was only by making great fires that we were enabled to get some sleep.

'Between two and three in the morning we started, in order to reach the "Philosopher's Tower" by sun-rise. The travelling in the dark up these steep and rugged paths, over lavas, and by the edge of deep gullies, is by no means pleasant; but our guide was *au fait*, and our mules were sure-footed. The

desert region commences close above the Spelonca de' Capri. It consists at first of a mixture of lavas, cinders, and other volcanic productions. On our right hand rose a gigantic cone, inferior, but inferior only, to the huge summit of Mongibello; the crimson hues of its sulphur-crusts have obtained for it the same name as the little twins beneath; it is known as the Monte Rosso. I never beheld any scene which gave me the strange impression that I experienced here. A vast expanse of fine black ashes stretches before you; you can discern no symptom of either animal or vegetable life; the two immense cones tower above you on the right and left; all is still, solemn, and solitary; all silence! save when from time to time a roar or groan bursts from the crater of the mountain. When I turned my eye to the country beneath, it appeared as a world with which I had no connection; all hues were blended, all gradations of distance, all inequalities of ground were lost. The stars glittered above and around me; the clouds, swept by an impetuous wind, flitted over the woods below me, while volumes of thick white smoke rolled down the cone of Mongibello. The sensation which the scene inspired was sublime and awful; I felt as if I were in an unknown world! The "Philosopher's Tower" did stand at the extremity of the plain of ashes; but at present one can only see the imperfect foundations of a small circular building, which may have been a watch-tower from whence signals were made to warn the inhabitants of the plain that danger was approaching.

The story of Empedocles having fixed his residence here is extravagantly absurd. I can readily conceive that a philosopher might love to come and meditate in this region, where everything inspires the mind with sublime emotions, and lifts it above the cares and concerns of earth ; but no philosopher was ever sufficiently superhuman to live on a spot twelve miles distant from, and 5,000 feet above, the nearest water.

‘I cannot say that I remarked the extraordinary brightness of the stars, as noticed by Brydone ; and a sunrise viewed from the top of Etna has very much the same appearance as a sunrise viewed from the bottom.

‘We now turned towards the crowning cone of the mountain, and, leaving the black plain of ashes, we passed over a bed of lava rent in an extraordinary manner into deep fissures ; and after traversing this rugged belt (on foot of course), we began to mount the cone. The labour of the ascent is very great ; as, independently of the steepness, the ashes give way and slither under one’s feet. Huge stones ejected from the volcano are scattered all around ; smoke rises from innumerable fissures, and the sulphurous vapour is extremely oppressive. Our ill-fortune brought on very unfavourable weather ; it blew a hurricane, and the mountain was in an angry mood, throwing up showers of stones which tumbled about us, and vomiting forth such torrents of sulphurous smoke that it was with great difficulty we reached the edge of the crater. When there,

we could discern nothing! The constant and increasing smoke prevented our distinguishing either the orifice from which it issued, or the opposite side of the vast crater; and at length, half suffocated by the sulphur, we were forced to descend. "*Facilis descensus Averno;*" we were soon at the bottom of the cone, recrossed the bed of lava, and the plain of ashes. In vain I looked for one bird of prey, one solitary plant upon the gloomy surface; nothing was visible that could betoken life. Our steps yielded no sound as we traversed this "windy sea of land;" and till we descended into the woods, I could hardly believe that I had not passed "that bourne from which no traveller returns."

'However, our adventures for the day were not at an end. Before we entered the forest we descried beneath us a thick belt of murky cloud; we heard the growling of thunder, and saw something of the flashes of lightning through the gloom. It was a strange, and not unwelcome, sight to behold a tempest under our feet, while we stood in the sunshine. But it was evident that we should be soaked through and through if we pursued our path; and we waited awhile in the hope that the thunder cloud might disperse. We waited in vain; the storm gathered thicker and faster; and we, two military men, felt it incumbent on us to return to Catania that night. So at length, down we plunged into the cloud; nor ever were two wretches dragged through a horsepond more effectually drenched than we were. But the most disagreeable part of our adventure

was that which was played by the lightning. Its whistling and whizzing about our ears were very unpleasantly like the sounds of shot; while the thunder was not so loud as one often hears it overhead. But it kept up a continual and dull rumbling; and we were right glad when we emerged, wet but safe, from this taste of "meteoric influences."

‘September 1808.

‘Early in last spring I made a tour completely round the base of Etna, the greater part of which I have since repeated, besides a variety of excursions to particular objects, such as the famous chestnut-tree, &c., &c. You shall have my accounts in the order which they hold in my commonplace book.

‘It has been the custom, I had almost said the fashion, to consider Mount Etna as divided into three "regions," the fertile, the woody, and the desert. We are told that the first encircles its base, rising in luxuriant richness for ten or twelve miles. Next comes, according to the same authorities, a zone of the finest woods, about eight miles deep; and, lastly, the region of desolation, its summit crusted with ice and crowned with eternal snow. This division may be admitted as, in a certain degree, applicable to the eastern face of the mountain; there indeed the sloping plain exhibits a region of unparalleled fertility. Description must fail to represent the gay luxuriance of the scene. But this is the case only on one-third of the base of Etna (or Mongibello, as it is called by the Sicilians, who still retain a part of its

Saracenic name). On the other sides the woods frequently stretch to the very foot, while in some parts vast tracks of rugged lava carry the region of desolation into the surrounding valleys. If Mongibello *must* be girt by distinct zones, the division suggested by Brydone would be more appropriate, viz. the torrid, the temperate, and the frigid. The change of climate in the ascent cannot be mistaken or disputed.

‘The writers upon Etna, beginning with Fazello (who visited the mountain, as he himself tells us, “with fear and trembling,” in 1541), concur in representing the summit as covered by perpetual snow; and Count Borch goes so far as to say that the cone is very difficult of ascent, being crusted over with a smooth cone of ice; but that, in the heats of summer, this crust is in parts melted by the sun, so as to leave openings where an explorer may find foothold. Are we to imagine that the climate has altered materially of late years? or are we to conclude that these travellers of different nations and different epochs believed, without sifting, whatever their Sicilian guides (a class marvellously addicted to exaggeration) were pleased to tell them? Or did these writers think that romantic pictures of eternal snows, intimately blended with sulphurous vapours and unextinguishable fires, would excite in their readers a greater degree of wonder and interest? As my object is to inform, not to amaze you, I have simply to say that, in the two summers I have spent in Sicily, the “eternal” snow has gradually disappeared in the course of June, and that even on the

cone itself there have remained but patches after the middle of July ; though of course the melting of the snow will vary according to the heat of the summer and the time of its setting in. Early in October Mongibello again assumes his turban, and as the winter advances the snows extend by degrees till they have enveloped the greater part of the “temperate zone.” I have inquired of many of the most intelligent inhabitants, and have found no reason to think that for many years past there has been any material variety in this order of the Etnæan climate. But I should mention that, in the profound fissures and gullies with which the mountain is rent in various parts, the winter snows accumulate to an immense depth (particularly on the northern side), and in these the snows may be fairly called “eternal.” The enormous depth of the masses, and the shade afforded by the crags of lava, render them proof against the utmost influence of a Sicilian sun.

‘Having made this assault upon the correctness of many authors who treat of Etna, it will be but justice to defend them as to the apparent discordance of their descriptions when speaking of the woods, the hills, or valleys that each have observed. The features of a volcanic mountain suffer frequent changes. A course of lava fills up a fertile valley, a shower of ashes creates new hills, and a fire, kindled by an eruption of the mountain, or by the carelessness of a peasant, sweeps on during the drought of summer, and metamorphoses a forest into a barren heath.

‘But I must not leave the slopes of Mongibello without saying a word or two of the famous Castagno de’ Cento Cavalli. Well, it is a wonderful ruin; and, as far as my rough measurement may enable me to form an estimate, I should say that the outer circumference may be about 170 feet. The interior is gone: there is a great hollow, surrounded by portions of wood and bark, which join in many places, and still throw out leaf-bearing boughs. It is asserted that an examination has been made of the roots, and that these appear to be the roots of one tree only. On this question I have my doubts, and I will try to explain why I am inclined to believe that, though there had really been what had become one enormous tree, it had not sprung from one nut, or one single plant. The Sicilians have cultivated chestnut trees from time immemorial, and they still do so, on a large scale. They find the chestnut to be the best wood for making casks for their wines, &c. Their mode of rearing plants is this: they dibble in the nuts at short distances one from another. Now, if ten or a dozen of the plants springing from these nuts were left unheeded to grow as nature pleased, they would first form a clump. Then as the young trees swelled, and grew closer, they would in time touch and rub each other, and *inosculation* would take place. The outer bark of the outermost trees would not be damaged; but those within would grow into a mass which, in the course of time, might unite with those of the outer circle, so as to give the whole an appearance of one

single tree. Such is the idea which is running in my head, and you may consider whether it is worth anything or not. It is not only the marvellous circumference of the Castagno de' Cento Cavalli that has excited my doubts. These have been strengthened by other things which I observed. There are seven great fragments of the wooden wall still standing; six of them evidently are of extreme age, but the seventh, though old, appears to have grown up in a later day. Now on four of these upright fragments there remains some bark *on the inner side*. I examined also some other great chestnut trees on the same level. The largest, called La Nave, may be sixty feet in circumference. It rises in three huge stems, which have partially grown together so as to form a noble and still flourishing tree, and on two of the stems there is still bark on the inner sides. So thus I leave my theory to your criticism.'

'Messina, April 1809.

'My dear . . . ,—Oh, but I have something to tell you out of the common way by this packet! We have had a grand eruption of Etna—the greatest indeed, as the Sicilians tell me, that has occurred within their time: and I have had the good fortune to see all its wonders. About seven or eight o'clock in the morning of March 27, I stepped into my balcony, and was surprised at finding the floor covered with minute ashes, and I saw also that the street was coated. The air was obscured, and a shower of this fine soft sand was falling silently in all directions.

Every voice in Messina cried, "It comes from Mon Gibello, there must be a great eruption!" And though we were at the distance of sixty miles from the mountain, the sensitive inhabitants of this half-destroyed city began to feel apprehensions as to the consequences. I applied immediately for leave of absence and set off in the same afternoon, accompanied by two military friends on horseback, and by my wife and Lady D. in a "*lettiga*." Perhaps you do not know what a *lettiga* is,* but I cannot afford time to-day for a longer description than to say that it is a little *vis-à-vis* without wheels, but supported by poles which are carried by one mule before and another behind, the mules thus performing the office of chairmen.

'It was dusk when we came to the pass where the narrow road winds round the rock of Taormina, while it overhangs the sea, or rather the crags and blocks that border the beach. At one point the turning is made at a sharp angle, and here we horsemen, who were riding behind, saw with terror the *lettiga* swayed round so suddenly that the after-mule was thrown over the edge of the precipice! It appeared for some minutes as if nothing could save the *lettiga* from being dashed to pieces! But the gallant beast clung tenaciously to the bit of slope on which he had been thrown, and even seized the upper edge with his teeth, while the muleteer gave him aid by forcing the leading animal to pull stoutly toward the hill. Neither harness nor pole gave way,

* It appears to be precisely the ancient '*lectica*.' (C. J. F. B.)

and after a fearful struggle the poor mule regained the road. Our fright had been terrible, but our feelings were arrested by the glorious sight which now burst upon our view. From the summit of Etna flames of varying hues were bursting into the sky, while above them rose an enormous column of purple smoke, and by their side the pale moon was sailing in quiet majesty, and affording a beautiful contrast to the red glare and the dark horrors of the stormy mountain. We slept at the village of Giardini, where we found everybody full of fear, but no one able to tell us where the eruption was. In fact, there had not been as yet any outburst of lava, though jets of flame were seen here and there breaking through the woods on the mountain side. In the morning the same uncertainty as to the *locus in quo* still prevailed; all that seemed to be certain was that earthquakes were felt along the slopes of Etna from its northern to its eastern face; and we could see that the fire and smoke from the summit did not abate. We decided on going by way of Francavilla to Randazzo. To describe the glorious scenery about Francavilla would require a letter for itself, and the describer ought to be a painter or a poet; but we are in a hurry, and intent on our one object. We arrived at Randazzo just after nightfall. It is a small town, built and walled with black lava, and it stands upon a rock of the same gloomy material. A steep and rocky path leads up to the gate, and as we were ascending, there issued from the dark portal a long procession of peni-

tents clad in white robes, bearing torches, and, chaunting a mournful hymn. The effect was wonderfully imposing! it was Good Friday, and the customary train of penitents had been swelled by the numbers affrighted by the trembling earth and threatening fires. We heard their groans and the clanking of chains which some of them were dragging. The impression of this scene dwells vividly on my mind. We were hospitably received in a convent well calculated to keep awake the romantic feelings which had been excited. It was a building of low-browed arches, the whole, inside and out, showing nought but black lava. We were ushered into a long and broad gallery, on either side of which were small cells, some of which were allotted as bedchambers to us. The gallery was dimly lighted by two iron lamps hanging by chains from the vaulted roof; but at the eastern end of this gloomy passage there was a vast window, or rather an open arch, looking straight upon the blazing mountain. Grand and solemn was the scene within, and glorious without. The moonlight showed the general mass of woodland, and we could now and then observe fitful outbreaks of flame shooting high up from amongst the trees. Most of the night was spent in pacing up and down the dark gallery, and in gazing on the volcanic fires; and we were less disposed to betake ourselves to bed because in the course of this night we felt thirteen shocks of earthquake! Morning came, but still there was no positive information of the lava having broken forth. After we had waited some time, there arrived

a report of an eruption more to the south-eastward. We mounted and made the best of our way to the village of Piedimonte, where we found the news confirmed, and the people in greater terror, if possible, than at Randazzo. In a Capuchin convent we met with a very cordial welcome; and we were here told that one or two cones had been thrown up in the Regione Selvosa, a few miles above us, that they were growing fast, and the lava beginning to issue. We could hear the occasional roaring of the eruption, and could see from time to time fans of red-hot stones, &c., ejected from amidst the woods. The shocks of earthquake were fewer, and seemed to us less sharp than what we had felt at Randazzo. But this latter town is founded on a large rock of lava, while Piedimonte stands on a slope of fertile ground; and its inhabitants had more reason to dread both the effects of earthquakes, and the course which the lava might take. The next day was Easter Sunday, the greatest of festivals, and one on which the feelings of the people are always excited by the mummeries of the Roman Church, representing a meeting of Christ after his resurrection, with the Madonna. In the early morning we saw the peasants from the country around hurrying to the church of Piedimonte, in a state of terror which appeared like frenzy. Some uneasiness rose in our minds; and we put to our kind Capuchins the question, whether the presence of us heretics during the service would be offensive to the people, or safe for ourselves. Our hosts gave us good assurances, and we went to the church,

which was soon filled by the throngs of men and women, trembling and half choked by their tears and sobs. The usual mummary of the day took place ; but it was not met with that joyous exultation with which I have seen it hailed at other times and in other places. All here were absorbed by fear of impending destruction. The preacher mounted the pulpit ; and soon there followed so thrilling an exhibition of human passion as I shall never witness again ! He began with the usual topics appropriate to this holy day ; then, leading his hearers on from the mysteries of resurrection to the duties of repentance, he spoke of the actual warnings, of the overhanging dangers of the present moment, as calling for immediate and complete repentance. Then there burst forth a mingled sound of cries and groans, and the beating of breasts. A slight shock of an earthquake came in aid of the preacher's eloquence ; the men threw themselves on the ground, groaning or muttering prayers, the women beat their breasts and shrieked, while from every side rose cries of " *Misericordia ! oh santa Vergine, misericordia !* " Never shall I forget the scene of that Easter Sunday. There was no acting, no hypocrisy ; I felt that the extravagance I witnessed was but the true expression of the high-worked passions of these poor people.

'It was late in the afternoon before we could set out on an excursion toward the new '*bocca di fuoco.*' The night fell before we could reach the lava, which was now streaming down ; but happily for our

friends at Piedimonte, in a direction more to the northward. However, we got near enough to see the surprising height to which this new cone had been thrown up in two days ; to witness the glorious fireworks with which it long delighted us ; and to distinctly hear its roarings and whistlings, and from time to time a deep and awful bellowing which shook the earth beneath us. I might dwell longer on the sights of this evening, but that I have so much more to tell of the morrow. We had been joined by two more of my military friends ; and we all returned in the dark to the hospitable Capuchins of Piedimonte.

‘ At daylight on the morning of the 31st we started, nor did we leave the river of fire till long after nightfall. We found the new cone, or rather cones, for there was a smaller cone, at a short distance from the larger, and both were throwing high the red-hot stones, and both were vomiting lava. They had broken forth in the midst of a thick wood, composed chiefly of tall pine trees intermixed with oaks ; but already were the trees burned, or were still burning to a considerable distance on every side. It was not pleasant to approach the foot of the cone, for the stones and ignited matters were falling thick ; but a favourite terrier was so much excited by the explosions, and whistlings, and hissings, that, after barking furiously, he rushed at full speed up the cone, and perished like Empedocles ; but poor Pincher did not leave any slippers behind. After lingering long at this fountain-head of fire, we took our course downward through the wood, and along

what I may call the *bank* of the flowing lava. At a short distance from the cone the stream did not appear to be more than 100 yards or 150 yards wide ; but as it descended it spread to the right and left, filling up hollows, and undermining and carrying away its banks. This latter operation made the neighbourhood dangerous. On one occasion we were standing at our ease, and engrossed by admiration of the scene, when suddenly we felt the earth bubbling under our feet ; we made a precipitate retreat, and in a few minutes we saw the ground on which we had been standing swept away, and its place filled up by streams of fire. At one favourable point, one of our party made the experiment of broiling a beef-steak on the flowing lava ; and in faith he managed it somehow or other, though I guess the morsel must have had much more of the flavour of sulphur than of beef. We continued to descend very leisurely ; stopping sometimes to rest ; but always lingering long where the grandeurs of the scene were the most striking. At its greatest outspread the width of the river of fire was considered to exceed half a mile. Its appearance, generally speaking, resembled that of a glowing coal-fire ; for the scoria cooled and caked in lumps upon the surface, and broke the continuous view of the intensely-red stream on which it floated. It was most beautiful whenever it came to a sudden fall in the ground ; for then the molten mass would swell and pour itself over the brink, in cascade-fashion, sending up jets of divers-coloured gases, and tossing high a

swarm of sparks. Another very striking spectacle was that of the great trees which had been uprooted, and came floating sullenly down the broad stream of fire. Now and then one or two tall pines might be seen descending; retaining their upright position (for the ground in which they were rooted had been swept away), their high foliage blazing with blue flames, which contrasted beautifully with the deep red glow of the fire in which they floated.

‘I cannot attempt to describe all the glorious effects of the scene I witnessed for many hours; the cones on our left hand, thundering and casting up their fans of fireworks; the vast river of fire flowing in front of us, and eating its way through the thick forest. But it was after nightfall that the scene acquired its highest beauty, for then came the moon, serenely bright, and seeming to rebuke the red fury of the volcano. The effect was wonderful! It baffles all description.

‘The greatest pleasures, however exciting, must have their end. It was high time to think of finding some place where our two ladies might rest for the night. The village of Linguagrossa was the nearest. Thither we made our way through the skirt of the forest and over some cultivated ground. It had happened fortunately that the flood of fire had been diverted from its direct course, by its finding a valley, or rather a broad ravine, formed by ancient lavas, down which the greater part of the stream hurried toward Castiglione. It filled and effaced this valley of old times; but it here expended much of its force;

though its side-streams ravaged and overwhelmed many of the vineyards and arable lands both of Castiglione and Linguagrossa. In the outskirts of the latter we found a "fondaco." Heaven preserve you from a fondaco! However, we secured a petty chamber, up a ladder, for the ladies; and we men passed the night as well as we could in the vast stable, among mules and muleteers, and fleas and other abominations.

'In the early morning we were but too glad to escape into the open air, and to gaze again upon the river of fire. But its pace had evidently slackened; and there was good hope that, unless a new eruption should supply fresh matter, the devastation would not be extended much further. We returned in the evening to Giardini, and the next day to Messina; still hearing on our way grand roarings and cannonades from Mongibello.

'HENRY EDWARD BUNBURY.'

MISSION TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON,

JANUARY, 1814.

(A Fragment.)

On December 18, 1813, my son, Richard Hammer, was born at Mildenhall. I remained with my wife till the 21st, when I returned to my office in London. A few days afterwards I received instructions from Government to repair to the Duke of Wellington, in order to explain to him more fully than could be done by letters the extreme difficulty which Government found in complying with his urgent and repeated calls for money, provisions, and forage. I was likewise to learn the Duke's views and wishes, and to agree with him, if possible, upon the extent of the supplies which should be forwarded to his army, and the places where they should be landed. I was empowered also to communicate to his Grace the desires and projects which the late successes of the Allies had begun to excite in the different Courts, and the reviving hopes of the Bourbon Princes. On the evening of the night on which I set out from London, snow began to fall, and so heavy and incessant was the fall, that before I reached Hindon the roads were almost impassable; the progress of my carriage was slow and difficult, and three times before I arrived at Exeter it was necessary to dig it

out of the snowdrifts. At Exeter further passage was found to be impracticable. I was detained there eighteen hours, till the soldiers of the garrison had cut a narrow path through the deep bed of snow which mantled Haldon Hill; and then, leaving my carriage, I proceeded on horseback. The scene was now very singular, and such as had not probably been witnessed in the mild climate of Devonshire by latter generations. We passed for some miles between walls, or rather through a hollow way of compact unyielding snow, which rose on both sides to the height of seven and eight feet. Beyond Chudleigh the road proved to be more practicable till we approached Ivy Bridge, where I was again detained some hours. At length I reached Plymouth, and Lord Keith, who commanded there, assigned the *Haleyon* brig of war for my conveyance. The passage proved very stormy; nor was it the less unpleasant because we knew that two pairs of French frigates were cruising in and about the Bay of Biscay, while the admiral said he was without any disposable force to go in search of them. Fortunately, however, we reached the coast of Spain without any other evils than those which a gale of wind usually inflicts upon a landsman. The Port of Passages was our destined place of landing, and a more curious scene than the approach to this place presents can hardly be imagined. The western extremity of the Pyrenees, and the wild and lofty mountains of the Montaña, stretch themselves in front and to the right; nor can the eye detect an

opening till you are close to their rocky base. Then a narrow winding creek is discovered, through which the vessel enters between the gigantic walls of rock. Though the width of the pass is not more than a cable's length, the water is deep enough for large ships, and thus you wind your way between the dark overhanging mountains to the little town of Passages. Here we were provided with dragoon horses, and posted forward through Oyarzun and Irun ; a little beyond the latter town we crossed the frontier stream, and entered France. The scenery of this part of the Pyrenees has been described so often, that there is no need to dwell upon it. One striking peculiarity marked the time at which I crossed these mountains—the trace of actual warfare. The village streets were impeded by throngs of half-starved mules, and by groups of soldiers of various nations and of various garb. The wide and well-planned road was broken and torn by the passage of artillery, and was strewn for miles together with broken carriages, arms, and baggage, and above all, with innumerable carcases of bullocks and mules, which had perished through hunger and fatigue. Batteries and military huts appeared upon the commanding points of the heights, and the Bidassoa was traversed by a bridge of boats, half sinking from the frequent passage of troops and cannon. On the Spanish side of the mountains the scenery is rude, but grand and imposing ; it will not, however, bear a comparison in point of beauty with the more varied and richer scenery which delight the traveller's eye as he

descends into the plains of France. The change in the appearance of the people and of their houses is still more strikingly in favour of the French. On the side of Spain, the uncultivated country and the gloomy and chilly towns are quite in character with the dark and sullen air of the listless inhabitants ; but their neighbours strike you at once as active, cheerful, and industrious ; their dresses, their houses, and their country are gay and pleasant. The change was the more remarkable to me, because this was now a conquered country, where great battles had just been fought, and in which 60,000 of their enemies were now cantoned. But the Duke of Wellington's army paid for every article they consumed, the strictest discipline was enforced ; and whether the people were or were not well disposed to Napoleon, they were not sorry to exchange the heavy burden of their own defending army for one which, instead of impoverishing, actually enriched them.

I had never seen the Duke of Wellington, and I naturally felt an eager interest to behold a man whose military fame now filled all Europe, and particularly to behold this man at the head of the army which he had in great degree formed to conquest ; that army with which he had so often defeated the formidable legions of Napoleon, and with which he had fought his way from the rock of Lisbon into France itself. The Duke's head-quarters were in the little town of St. Jean de Luz, his army was cantoned

(Unfinished.)

DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

When I was at his head-quarters at St. Jean de Luz, in January 1814, I took the liberty, one evening after dinner, of asking him two questions. The first was, which of his victories he considered to have been the best in its plan and execution? His answer was, ‘Well, I think the battle of the Nivelle* was my best work. If I could have trusted the Spaniards for two hours—if they could have been brought only to hold their ground—I would have obliged the whole of Soult’s right wing to lay down their arms.’ My second question was, which of the French marshals who had been opposed to him he considered to be the best general? Lord Wellington went on playing with his dessert-fork, looking thoughtful, but smiling a little, ‘Well,’ said he, slowly, ‘Well, I think Masséna was; at least I found him oftenest where I wished him not to be. *But* (after a short pause, and smiling) but perhaps I did not then know so well what I was about as I do now.’ I mentioned Marmont and Soult. ‘Ah,’ said Lord Wellington, ‘Marmont! Ah, Marmont was a great tactician. Very clever in handling his troops; but he was too theatrical. It was, *Pas en avant! Pas en arrière!* And while he was manœuvring he lost his opportunities, and I caught him. Soult is a very able man—excellent as an *administrateur*; but

* Fought on the 10th of November, 1813.

in the field he is apt to doubt and hesitate, and to lose the proper moment for acting.'

As a confirmation of this last opinion, I may mention that Wellington's Adjutant-General,* when describing to me the next day the battles of the Pyrenees, told me that, just as the great captain arrived at full speed, and under much anxiety lest his 3rd and 4th Divisions should be crushed by Soult's overwhelming forces, Wellington's approach was descried by some of the troops on our extreme left. They shouted for joy; their hurrahs were caught up and repeated, and re-echoed through the British lines. At this moment the French columns on the opposite heights were moving to commence their attack on Picton and Cole. Lord Wellington reined up his horse, and while adjusting his spying-glass he said, Ah, ha! Master Soult is a very clever fellow, but now he will take time to consider and look about him. He will know by these hurrahs that I am come, and he'll suspect that I have brought troops with me. He'll spend the day in reconnoitring, and to-morrow morning my 6th Division will be up, and I shall be strong enough for him.'

It turned out exactly as Wellington predicted. After a sharp skirmish, which served to cover Soult's reconnoissance, the enemy's columns returned to their bivouacs; and the next day our troops, with the help of the 6th Division, repulsed the French army with great slaughter in the desperate battle of July 28.

* Poor Edward Pakenham.

INTERVIEW WITH THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON, 1815.

Memorandum of what passed at the conference which Admiral Lord Keith and myself held with Napoleon Buonaparte on July 31, 1815 :—

We went on board H.M.S. *Bellerophon* between eleven and twelve o'clock. Buonaparte was alone in the inner cabin. We were announced, and were admitted immediately. After I had been introduced, and Buonaparte had put a few trivial questions, Lord Keith produced a copy of the letter from Lord Melville, containing the orders of His Majesty's Government, and tendered it to Buonaparte. He inquired if it was in French, and on being told that it was in English, he observed that it would be useless to him, and that it would be necessary to translate it. Upon this Lord Keith began to read the paper aloud in French ; but Buonaparte appeared not to hear distinctly, or not to comprehend ; and after a line or two had been read, he took the paper from Lord Keith's hands, and proposed to me that I should translate it. I believe he meant that I should make a written translation, but I preferred reading it aloud in French.

Napoleon listened attentively to the whole, without interrupting me, and appeared as if he had been previously aware of what was to be communicated to him.

At the conclusion, Lord Keith asked Buonaparte if he wished to have a written translation. He answered no, that he comprehended the substance perfectly, that the translation had been sufficiently good. He received the paper and laid it on the table ; and after a pause, he began with declaring his solemn protest against this proceeding of the British Government ; that they had not the right to dispose of him in this manner ; and that he appealed to the British people and to the laws of the country.

Buonaparte then asked what was the tribunal, or, if there was not a tribunal, where he might prefer his appeal against the illegality and injustice of the decision taken by the British Government.

‘ I am come here voluntarily,’ said he, ‘ *me placer sur les foyers de votre nation*, and to claim the rights of hospitality. I am not even a prisoner of war. If I were a prisoner of war, you would be obliged to treat me “ *selon le droit des gens*.” But I am come to this country a passenger on board one of your ships of war, after a previous negotiation with the commander. If he had told me that I was to be a prisoner, I should not have come. I asked him if he was willing to receive me and my suite on board and to carry me to England. *Admiral* Maitland answered that he would, and this after having received, and after telling me that he had received,

the special orders of his Government concerning me. *C'était donc un piège qu'on m'a tendu.* In coming on board a British ship of war I confided myself to the hospitality of the British people as much as if I had entered one of their towns, "*Un vaisseau, un village, tout cela m'est égal. Quant à l'île de Ste.-Hélène, c'est l'arrêt de ma mort.*" I protest against being sent thither, and I protest against being imprisoned in a fortress in this country. I demand to be received as an English citizen. I know, indeed, that I cannot be admitted to the rights of an Englishman at first. Some years are required to entitle one to be domesticated. Well, let the Prince Regent place me during that time under any surveillance he may think proper. Let me be put in a country house in the centre of the island, thirty leagues from any sea. Place a commissioner about me to examine my correspondence, and to report my actions; and if the Prince Regent should require my parole, perhaps I would give it. There I could have a certain degree of personal liberty, and I could enjoy the liberty of literature. In St. Helena I should not live three months. With my habits and constitution it would be immediate death. I am used to ride twenty leagues a day; what am I to do on this little rock at the end of the world? The climate is too hot for me. No, I will not go to St. Helena. Botany Bay is better than St. Helena. If your Government wishes to put me to death, they may kill me here. It is not worth while to send me to St. Helena. I prefer death to St. Helena. And what good is my death

to you? I can do you no harm. I am no longer a sovereign, I am a miserable individual. Besides, times and affairs are altered. What danger could result from my living as a private person in the heart of England, under surveillance, and restricted in any way that the Government might imagine necessary?'

Buonaparte returned frequently to the circumstances under which he had come on board the *Bellerophon*; insisting that he had been perfectly free in his choice, and that he had preferred confiding to the hospitality and generosity of the British people rather than take any other course. 'Why should I not have gone to my father-in-law? or to the Emperor Alexander, who is my personal friend? We have become enemies because he wanted to annex Poland to his dominions, and my popularity was in his way; but otherwise he was my friend, and he would not have treated me in this manner. If your Government acts thus, it will disgrace itself in the eyes of Europe, and even your own people will disapprove and blame its conduct. Besides, you do not know, perhaps, what a feeling my death will create both in France and Italy, and how greatly the character of England will suffer if my blood rests here. There is a high opinion of the justice and honour of England. If you kill me, your reputation will be lost in France and Italy, and it will cost the lives of many Englishmen. There never has been a similar instance in the history of the world. What was there to force me to the step I took? The

tricolor flag was still flying at Bordeaux, at Nantes, and at Rochefort. The army has not submitted at this hour! I could have joined them. Or, if I had chosen to remain in France, what could have prevented my remaining concealed for years among a people who were all attached to me? But I preferred to settle as a private individual in England.'

Buonaparte reverted again to his negotiation with Captain Maitland, the assurance that he should be carried to England, the honours and attentions shown to him by Captain Maitland and by Admiral Hotham; 'and after all, this has been a snare laid for me! If you now kill me it will be an eternal disgrace to the Prince Regent, to your Government, and to the nation. *Ce sera une lâcheté sans exemple. J'ai offert au Prince Régent la plus belle page de son histoire!* I am his enemy, and I place myself at his discretion. I have been the greatest enemy of your country; I have made war upon you for twenty years; and I do you the highest honour, and give you the greatest proof of my confidence, by placing myself voluntarily in the hands of my most constant and inveterate enemies! Remember what I have been, and how I stood among the sovereigns of Europe. *This* courted my protection. *That* gave me his daughter; all sought my friendship; I was emperor, acknowledged so by all the powers of Europe, except Great Britain, and she had acknowledged me and treated with me as Chief Consul of France.' Then turning to the table and laying his finger on the paper, 'and,' said he, 'your Govern-

ment have not the right to style me “ *General Buonaparte* :” I am at least First Consul, and I ought to be treated as such, if treated with at all. When I was at Elba I was as much a sovereign as when I was on the throne of France. I was as much sovereign in Elba as the king was in France. We had each our flag : I had my flag.’ He repeated, ‘ We had each our ships, our troops. To be sure ’ (he said smiling), ‘ mine were on a small scale : I had 600 soldiers and he had 200,000. “ *Mais enfin je lui ai fait la guerre, je l’ai battu, je l’ai chassé du pays, et je l’ai détrôné.*” But there was nothing in all this to alter my position or to deprive me of my rank as one of the sovereigns of Europe.’

Napoleon spoke with little or no interruption from Lord Keith or myself. He sometimes paused as if for a reply. I could only say that I was little more than bearer of the despatches to Lord Keith ; that I was not authorised to enter into discussions ; and that I could only undertake to hear General Buonaparte’s representations and to communicate them to the king’s ministers. I observed that I felt convinced that the chief motive which had made Government fix upon St. Helena, was that its local situation admitted of his enjoying a greater degree of liberty and personal indulgence than could be allowed in any part of Great Britain. Buonaparte immediately said, ‘ *Non, non, pour Ste.-Hélène, je n’irai pas ; vous ne voudriez pas y aller, vous monsieur, ni vous milord.*’ He then renewed his protest against being imprisoned or being sent to St. Helena. ‘ *Je ne sors*

pas d'ici. Je n'irai pas à Ste.-Hélène. Je ne suis pas un Hercule, mais vous ne m'y mènerez pas. Je préfère la mort ici. ' You found me free ; send me back again, replace me in the same state in which you found me, and which I quitted only under the impression that your admiral was to land me in England. If your Government will not do this, and will not permit me to reside here, let me go to the United States. But I appeal to your laws, and I throw myself on their protection, to prevent my being sent to St. Helena, or being shut up in a fortress.'

Buonaparte inquired when the *Northumberland* was likely to arrive and to be ready to sail ; and he pressed the admiral to take no step towards removing him from the *Bellerophon* before Government should have been informed of what had passed on this occasion, and should have signified their final decision. He added, that as to going on board the *Northumberland* he would not do it. 'Je n'irai point ; je ne sortirai pas d'ici.'

Lord Keith appeared to think that even if the *Northumberland* should arrive, this delay might be granted. As he addressed me, I answered that I could give no opinion upon this point, and that it rested with his lordship to decide. Buonaparte urged me to acquaint His Majesty's Government without the least delay of what had passed. I told him that I should despatch a written report immediately, and I would remain myself at Plymouth till the next day, in case he should have anything further to state.

Lord Keith asked Napoleon if he would wish to put his answer in writing. He said, ‘Non, ce monsieur entend bien le français. Il fera le procès-verbal. Il est dans une situation éminente, et il doit être honnête homme. Il rendra au gouvernement la réponse que j’ai donnée.’

After some pause, Buonaparte began again. He went over the same grounds, dwelling particularly upon his having been free to come or not, and his having decided to come hither from understanding that Captain Maitland, acting according to the orders of his Government, would undertake to bring him in safety ; upon the illegality of sentencing him to death or imprisonment, and his desire to appeal formally to the laws and the people of England ; upon the disgrace which would attach to the nation, and particularly to the Government. He repeated his desire to live in England as a private citizen, under any restrictions, and with a commissioner to watch over him (‘who would also be of great use to me for the first year or two, in showing me what I ought to do ;’) and he added, ‘I will give my word of honour that I will not hold any correspondence with France, and that I will not engage in any political affairs whatever.’ Finally, he repeated his fixed determination not to go to St. Helena.

We made our bow and retired. In a few minutes Buonaparte sent for Lord Keith again. I did not return with his lordship, who remained a very short time.

NOTES. July 31, 1815.

Napoleon appears to be about five feet six inches high. His make is very stout and muscular. His neck is short, and his head rather large; it is particularly square and full about the jaw, and he has a good deal of double chin. He is bald about the temples, and the hair on the upper part of his head is very thin, but long and ragged, looking as if it were seldom brushed. In the management of his limbs Napoleon is ungraceful; but he used very little gesture, and the carriage of his head is dignified. He is fat, and his belly projects; but this is rendered more apparent by the make of his coat, which has very short lappels turned back, and it is hooked tight over the breast to the pit of the stomach, and is there cut away suddenly, leaving a great display of white waistcoat. He wore a green uniform with scarlet collar and scarlet edging to the lappels, but without lace or embroidery; small gilt buttons, and gold epaulettes. He had a white neckcloth, white waistcoat and breeches, silk stockings, and shoes with small gilt buckles. A very small old-fashioned sword, with a worked gold hilt, was buckled tight to his hip. He wore the ribbon of the Legion of Honour over his waistcoat, and the star, in silver embroidery, on his coat. There were also three very small orders hanging together at one of his button holes. His hat, which he carried most of the time under his arm, was rather large, quite plain, and having an *extremely small* tricolor cockade.

Napoleon took snuff frequently during the interview; the box was not showy; it was rather long, and appeared to have four coins or medals set in its top.

I was with him nearly three quarters of an hour; and (excepting about ten minutes at the commencement, while I was translating to him the paper containing the decision of Government), Napoleon was speaking nearly the whole time. He spoke in a low, soft voice, and like one who could command all his feelings. Nothing could be more mild and bland than the countenance he wore, and there was something particularly agreeable in its expression. Yet, in the course of his long talking I observed changes both in his tone and look, which made me suspect that there was a good deal of the fox as well as of the lion in the composition of the great conqueror.

Napoleon's eyes are grey, the pupils large; not much eyebrow; hair brown; complexion sallow and the flesh sodden. His nose is finely formed, his upper lip very short, and the mouth beautiful. His teeth are bad and dirty, but he shows them very little. The general character of his countenance was grave and almost melancholy; but no trace of severity or violent passion was allowed to appear. I have seldom seen a man of a stronger make, or better fitted to endure fatigue.

The principal attendants on Napoleon were the following:—

Bertrand: his manners gentlemanlike, his countenance grave and thoughtful.

Savary : a handsome man, but with something sinister in the working of his countenance. His manner restless, and betokening the fears which were excited by the knowledge that he was one of those proscribed by Louis XVIII.

L'Allemand : likewise under proscription, a thick-set man, coarse in his appearance, and sullenly determined in his looks.

Montholon : rather insignificant.

Las Casas : not far removed from being a little old quiz ; nervous and fidgety.

Gourgaud : a youngish man, with a smart genteel air, and somewhat of a coxcomb.

MY LIFE-TIME.

BY

SIR HENRY E. BUNBURY.

I HAVE lived in stirring times. Seventy-two years have passed since I first saw the light, and in the course of those years more extraordinary events have occurred, more important changes, both politically and socially, have taken place than in any century since the downfall of the Roman Empire.

An English gentleman, born when Queen Anne ascended the throne, and closing his term of years in 1774, must have regarded the system of Europe, and the condition of his own country, as liable indeed to occasional disturbance, but to no extensive change. Far different have been the stormy fluctuations which have swelled and broken within my time; and strangely different is the state of the world, and the political position of England, from what they were seventy-two years ago.

I was born in 1778, just at the turning-point of that war which wrested from Great Britain her North American colonies. When the peace was signed in 1782, it was believed, by both our enemies and ourselves, that the day of England's greatness

had set, that her strength was palsied, and that she was crushed by a load of debt which the industry and resources of the kingdom could not sustain.

When I was a boy at Westminster School, I heard everybody talk of the French Revolution; and I can well remember the effects produced on the public mind by the horrors of 1792 and 1793. I saw the English Guards march out of London to commence the great war, which ended at Paris after a fearful struggle of twenty-two years.

The rise and fall of Napoleon—the most wonderful of military conquerors—has fallen distinctly within the range of my observation. I was a youngster in the army when he, only nine years my senior, conquered Italy and dictated peace to Austria. Nineteen years later I delivered into the hands of Napoleon the sentence of his perpetual imprisonment.

As for legitimate sovereigns, I have seen them dealt with on a scale unexampled in old times. One King of France has been put to death on the scaffold; his son probably murdered in secret. Two more of these kings driven from their thrones and dying in exile. An Emperor of Russia murdered. The crowns torn from the heads of the kings of Poland, and Sweden, and Spain, and Portugal, and Naples. An Emperor of Austria hooted out of his capital, and forced to abdicate. Nor has the sanctity of the triple crown afforded security against the storms of these times. Two Popes have been dragged into exile and imprisonment.

Compare the map of Europe in 1792 with that of

1812, and this again with the map of 1832. At the close of the first period the Austrian Netherlands, Holland, a great part of Germany, all the Italian states had become departments or dependencies of France. On the throne of Spain sate a nominal king, the viceroy of the great Napoleon, whose troops then held in subjection the countries from the Niemen to the Tagus, and were planting the standard of France on the towers of Moscow.

Nor had the change been confined to the acquisitions of France. Two-thirds of Poland had disappeared from the map. The Tartar countries on the north of the Black Sea, large portions of the Turkish and Persian Empires, and the whole of Finland, had been absorbed by Russia.

If we extend our view to the map of the world, we find England—the downfallen England of 1783—mistress of India from the Hoogley to the Sutlege, while from north to south, from the Ganges to Cape Comorin, the vast peninsula was ruled either directly by England, or by princes whom she allowed to rule on sufferance. Ceylon, the Mauritius, the Cape of Good Hope, the West Indies, and Guiana had been added to the British dominions.

The vast possessions of the Spanish monarchy in America, from California to Chili and La Plata, had been broken up into a multitude of turbulent republics; while Brazil, from being a province of Portugal, had grown into an independent empire.

Since 1830 the piratical State of Algiers has been swept away by the French, and they now hold a

wide extent of Northern Africa, between the mountain range of Atlas and the Mediterranean Sea.

But the growth of the United States of North America is perhaps the most surprising of the changes I have lived to witness. The thirteen provinces which threw off the yoke of England occupied a broad stripe of territory, bounded by New Brunswick on the north, and by (Spanish) Florida on the south. The Atlantic Ocean stretched along their eastern front, on the west they were confined by the Alleghanny mountains, and by boundless forests tenanted by the fierce natives. Their population did not exceed two millions, their commerce was small, their resources as yet unknown. Such was the infant republic of 1783. Now we see her stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Gulf of Mexico to Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains, and forming one of the most powerful and richest nations of the earth!—with a population of twenty-four millions, and a commerce which is second only to that of Great Britain, and appears likely to surpass it.

Nor has the progress of England been stayed in these latter days. She has extended the frontier of her mighty empire in India from the Sutlege to the Indus. Her armies have carried by storm the Ghuznee of Mahmoud, and won victories on the banks of the ‘fabulous Hydaspes.’ Her standards have waved over the mysterious plains of China, and a peace dictated and ransom exacted within the walls of Nanking. A portion of the globe, the

existence of which was but imperfectly known in 1790, though of too vast an extent to be called an island, has been colonised by the English people. In Australia and New Zealand the foundations of future empires have been solidly established.

But, leaving the scenes of war and politics, what great discoveries in science, what changes in the social relations of our people, have I not lived to witness! James Watt, indeed, had solved before my time the problem of rendering the power of steam subservient to the skill of man; but it was not till the inventions of Arkwright, and Fulton, and Stephenson came into effect that the practical uses of this mighty power have been fully developed. The spinning-jenny, steam navigation, and railroads belong to my time, and they have worked a revolution in the social condition of the world. Nor must the electric telegraph be forgotten; nor the seven-leagued strides which Science has made, and is continuing to make, in its many paths.

Englishmen can glut the world with their manufactures. They can go from the Mersey to the Hudson in ten days; they can breakfast in London and sleep the same night in Dublin; they can send a message in five minutes from Perth to Plymouth. Such have been the triumphs of Science and Art! But what have been the changes worked within my time in the morals and the social condition of mankind? What progress has been made in the advancement of human happiness?

HENRY E. BUNBURY.

April 1851.

P.S.—April 1855.

Four more years have passed since the foregoing notes were committed to paper. In that short period three new and astonishing events have opened upon us—events which affect the condition or excite the attention of the world.

I allude—1st. To the unexampled flood of gold which has been pouring into Europe from California and Australia; 2ndly. To the strange revolution in China, which appears likely to break up the integrity of that vast empire, and to introduce a sort of bastard Christianity into the most populous portion of the globe; 3rdly. To the great war provoked by Russian ambition, which has united France and England for the first time in a cordial alliance. I look with trembling hope toward the result of this tremendous contest, which I shall not, in all probability, live to witness. But this war is just and necessary, because, if the systematic encroachments of Russia be not strongly and effectually checked, the independence of many of the States of Europe, and the interests of all, must be perilled. The struggle will be arduous, and the strength of the British army is hardly equal to the part we have undertaken to play.

H. E. BUNBURY.

Second P.S.—June 1856.

I have, however, lived to see the termination of the war with Russia. It would, perhaps, have been better for the permanent interests of Europe if a third campaign had been carried on, and the power and *prestige* of the Czar had been still further

reduced. Much, however, has been effected. It has been proved that Russia is quite unequal to cope with the united powers of France and England. Three-fourths of her veteran infantry have perished in the struggle, nearly one-third of her navy has been destroyed, and her financial means exhausted. Russia is at least crippled for several years to come, and her views (which appeared so nearly ripe) of extending her empire to Constantinople must be adjourned to the chances of a distant time. With regard to the Baltic also, the schemes and policy of successive Czars have been checked and thrown back by the alliance of Sweden with England and France. The *prestige* of Russian power has been greatly and happily reduced in the North as well as in the South.

H. E. BUNBURY.

Third P.S.—March 1, 1859.

Still living, and having lived to know that the British dominion over India has been in the greatest danger of overthrow. Such a military mutiny as that of 1857, which at one stroke converted 100,000 of our own well-trained soldiers into active and implacable enemies, is unparalleled in history. This too in a country of vast extent, where a few thousands of English were scattered amongst 160 millions of natives. Natives not deficient in intellect or information, differing from us in colour and feelings, and differing most jealously and bitterly as to religion. That large portions of the natives should have sympathised with the mutineer Sepoys, and have broken out into active rebellion, is no

matter for surprise. The agreeable surprise is that the rebellion should not have taken a wider range. As matters now appear to stand, I believe that our power will be reestablished for the present; but I doubt whether the dominion of England can endure for more than half a century, except over certain districts with strongholds on the coasts of India.

Fourth P.S.—July 28, 1859.

Another war on a gigantic scale, begun and ended in three months! Dreadful slaughter! and the perfidious conqueror falsifying his fair promises and voluntary engagements. Alas for poor betrayed Italy!

I will write no more of what may fall out in the short remnant of my life, lest I should have to record an invasion of England, and the destruction of London. I have seen my country at the highest pitch of her pride and prosperity, the foremost of nations, and the envy of the world. I hope I may not live to see her trodden under the heel of a conqueror.

HENRY EDWARD BUNBURY.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX A.

BATTLE OF LÜTZEN.

Colonel Neil Campbell to Colonel Bunbury.

[Copy.]

Dresden, May 7, 1813.

My dear Colonel,—It has been totally out of my power to give you or Colonel Torrens any account of the affair which occurred on the 2nd instant, when the two armies were collected near each other, until now, being without any baggage or writing materials. I cannot call it a battle, for there was no general action, but an attack upon villages advanced in front of the enemy's position, which were obstinately defended, and required frequent supplies of fresh troops to keep up the attacks made by the Prussians and to hold the ground so bravely gained by them. This ground was never *completely* secured in *every part* of the three villages at the same time.

The French army having passed the river Saale at Merseburg, after a repulse at Halle by General Kleist, General Count Wittgenstein, commanding the whole of the allied army under the Emperor, collected them upon the 1st of May behind the small river Elster, Zwenkau upon the right, Pegau on the left. The corps of General Winzingerode was beyond the Elster, close to the villages of Great Görschen, Small Görschen, Eyensdorf, and Lützen, all of which were occupied by the enemy. He had on the preceding day made a reconnoissance to Weissenfels. General Miloradovitch, with 7,000 men, was on his march

from Chemnitz. General Kleist, with a Prussian corps, manœuvred near Leipsic, and General Bülow (also Prussian) between Magdeburg and Berlin. Upon the Elbe the enemy possessed Magdeburg and Wittenberg, the latter in a state of close blockade. The Saxons held Torgau in a neutral or dubious state. General Dielmann, who commands, refused to admit either French or Russians without a positive order from his own sovereign. He had been at Dresden to see the Emperor, and was very desirous to have it in his power to join the allied cause. The passages of the Elbe above Torgau, viz. Mühlberg, Meissen, Dresden, &c., were in possession of the allies, besides two bridges of boats at the latter place.

Between the Elster and the villages before named, occupied by the enemy, there is a space of some German miles without any enclosures, and very level, excepting a range of heights, parallel to the Elster, about half an English mile from the villages, rising from them by a gentle ascent.

The enemy's army was collected in rear of the villages of Görschen, &c., upon heights which rise in succession, intersected by valleys, and covered with trees, villages, and enclosures. Among the three villages in front of the centre of their position there were ponds, raised paths, and deep roads very favourable for defence, and the enemy had availed themselves of those advantages by lining them with infantry.

Upon the morning of the 2nd of May Count Wittgenstein passed along the front of the Prussian troops between Zwenkau and Pegau. They appeared to be fine young men, in high spirits, and well equipped. Recognising him as the general by whom they were to be led to the expected combat, they cheered him with the most animated huzzas, and in every way testified the greatest ardour. At Pegau the Emperor and King of Prussia met Count Wittgenstein, and inspected the Prussians while they crossed the Elster in their march towards the heights in the open country

which concealed them from the enemy's view. Other columns entered by the right from Zwenkau. The Prussians formed chiefly the first line, the Russians the second, and a reserve in the third. General Wintzingerode's corps marched to the left near Lützen.

It is stated to have been the plan of Count Wittgenstein to lead the enemy into the plains so favourable for his superior cavalry, and to cut off the troops in the three advanced villages. About 10 A.M. the allied troops began to descend from the heights, preceded by a few extended cavalry and infantry. The enemy likewise advanced some skirmishers, but no parties to support them. The heads of six or seven columns soon after advanced from the front of their position, and principally near the villages before their centre. The skirmishers fell back; the columns halted; the artillery of the allies opened upon them. It was returned, and very soon the columns retired out of sight. A general cannonade commenced, which was kept up without intermission for the rest of the day.

It was evident from the first dispositions that the French army would not try their strength in the field which was sought for by their opponents. As soon as General York's corps of Prussians approached the villages they commenced the attack with great vigour, and gained ground, although they were most obstinately opposed. When the most forward of the Prussians had exhausted their strength and ammunition, fresh troops in larger bodies were sent down against them, by whom they were overwhelmed. By the time that another brigade or battalion was sent for and brought forward, the French skirmishers and scattered parties had resumed their concealed and favourable situations, and the supporting corps was destroyed by guns, well masked by trees and under-wood, which commanded the streets and avenues by which they were advancing. The Prussians continued for several hours to attack, gain ground, and retire in this way, till it became a general scene of carnage and disorder, houses on

fire, stragglers and wounded obstructing those who endeavoured to advance. Very few mounted officers to be seen, excepting General York and his own suite, and General Scharnhorst. At length the men perceiving the inequality of the contest, and the disproportion of loss occasioned to the enemy, began to give way about 4 p.m. Two of the villages only were occupied, and without sufficient connection and mutual support. Count Wittgenstein came down to the skirts of the village, followed by the Emperor and King, saw the state of affairs, but resolved to persevere. The whole of the army was gradually brought forward from the height. Even some Russian battalions from the reserve were ordered in to the villages, who were exhorted by the Emperor. They replied with cheers, advanced with the greatest firmness and good order, and held the ground which the Prussians were yielding. It was not effected, however, without considerable loss.

The other operations of the day consisted in a constant cannonade, in which the enemy's guns must have done much more execution than ours, for while their troops were not seen, and their guns very much concealed, the allied cavalry, particularly the Prussians, remained in situations quite open to shot and shells, without any apparent necessity for it. Upon the left a few squadrons of cavalry charged some guns. On approaching them, the ground occasioned some difficulties, the French showed some infantry in squares unexpectedly, and the cavalry retired without any success.

When it became dark the firing in the villages, and to the right of them, increased greatly for about an hour, and then ceased entirely. No ground was lost or gained, and during the night we withdrew from the villages. About 10 p.m. part of the artillery and the wounded were put in march towards the Elbe, and the whole army had passed the Elster at Zwenkau and Pegau before morning, excepting the corps of General Miloradovitch, which had joined during the night, remained on the position, and crossed the Elster on the following forenoon.

The Emperor and King of Prussia were in every part of the field of battle, excepting in the villages. It might animate the troops, but this was not wanting, and their constant attendance near General Wittgenstein, questions and messages, must have embarrassed any commander-in-chief. They at first posted themselves with him upon the heights, but half an hour after the action commenced he rode away, and they continued to follow him.

It is said that 1,500 prisoners have been taken, and fourteen pieces of cannon, but I believe twelve of the latter were taken by General Kleist, who had a moveable corps acting near Leipsic. I would estimate our loss at 12,000 or 15,000 men—the French infinitely less. I was in the villages at different times during the day, and saw very few French, while the Prussian killed and wounded were very numerous. A great number of the latter must have been left there.

It is difficult to imagine the plan in passing the Elbe, or in the attack upon the enemy's force, unless we were determined to go on. To go as far as the Elster, and when concentrated near them, to make an attack upon a small party in advance of their centre, and then retreat, seems unaccountable. There was no disposition for a general battle, or a decided trial of strength; and I do not believe there was any preparation for following them if they had been forced from their position, or had chosen to retire from it. Why persevere in the unequal contest for the villages? Why expose the cavalry the whole day to a cannonade? Why not retire them out of reach of the cannon, or attack the enemy's right with them, and try to turn it? Never was there a finer army of its number, and with better spirit, the morning of May 2. It has been depressed, wearied, and diminished by bad management, and the operation which of all others is most destructive to Russian troops—that of a retreat—from want of system, and the inconceivable quantity of baggage which accompanies it.

I had always before accompanied the reserve with the Guards. I considered the quantity of baggage as peculiar to the Emperor and his retinue, and that it would be left at Kalisch. Instead of that I find every other corps has an equal quantity accompanying it.

I never could get Lord Cathcart to present me to the Emperor till we arrived at Dresden, nor get attached to a corps till the night before the battle, and there has been so much confusion, and so much on Wittgenstein's mind (to whom he introduced me casually, and expressed my wish to see the operations) since that time, that he has never spoken to me. Lord C. says we are all considered as spies. Indeed, in the present state of their marches and operations, I am not surprised that Count Wittgenstein should be very desirous to prevent strangers from seeing their bad management. The Prussians are extremely enraged against Wittgenstein for sacrificing so many of them. Wintzingerode is afraid of losing his reputation, and has given up his corps to attend on the Emperor. Miloradovitch wishes to do the same. Sir Robert Wilson attaches himself to Miloradovitch, as he is very intimate with him, and has known him for a long time. Colonel Lowe left us at Kalisch for Russia, to inspect the German Legion. I am, my dear Colonel, with respect, yours faithfully,

(Signed) N. CAMPBELL.

If you and Colonel Torrens do not hear from me so often as you expect, be so good as to ascribe it to the difficulty of opportunity, and the *ordeal* to which all communicators from hence are subjected.

APPENDIX B.

BATTLE OF BAUTZEN.

Colonel (Sir Hudson) Lowe to Colonel Bunbury.

[Private.]

Gorlitz, May 22, 1813.

My dear Colonel,—Another battle has been fought between the combined armies and the enemy, which lasted for nearly two days. It commenced about midday on the 20th inst., and continued till half-past eight in the evening, when the approach of night alone put an end to the contest for that day; was renewed at four o'clock the next morning, and continued without intermission till the approach of night. The enemy's operations on the first day were principally directed to the dislodgment of our advanced guard from the town and position of Bautzen, and in a very resolute and obstinate attempt to gain possession of the heights which skirted the left of the position taken up by the main body of the army. In the first object he succeeded. The ground was not meant to be seriously contested, and was therefore rather yielded than won. Very different was it, however, in the other. For nearly six hours the hills on the left were the scene of a very obstinate and sanguinary conflict. They had been occupied by the Russians, in the first instance, with a party of observation rather than of defence, and the enemy, making a sudden advance, gained very rapidly upon them. The ground was too much covered with

trees and brushwood to admit of regular movement. The troops were therefore opposed to each other, if I may use the expression, in large masses of skirmishers, which kept up an irregular fire, but as close and frequent as that of file firing. Successive troops were ordered up to maintain the ground, and the enemy using the same efforts to push his advantages, success remained on either side a long time suspended, till General Miloradowich ordered up six battalions of the Guards, whose drums and shouts, with the retiring fire of the enemy, announced it to be in our favour. It was at this time nearly dark, and the expulsion of the enemy from a spot, the occupation of which was calculated to give so much disquietude, was considered as a happy termination of the day. A heavy cannonade and skirmishing had taken place along the whole of the line, but there appears to have been no serious attempt to make an impression in any other point than the left, which, with the attack on the town of Bautzen and posts contiguous to it, gave the enemy abundant occupation for the day. At break of day on the next morning the battle recommenced. A cannonade in almost every direction and a skirmishing fire to the right were the forerunners to it. The skirmishing on the right soon moderated, but large bodies of the enemy's troops remained collected in that direction. In the mean time the attack was recommenced on the heights to the left, and light artillery was pushed up on both sides.

Between the town of Bautzen and the position taken up by the combined armies, is a long elevated ridge, which descends rather abruptly towards the town, but inclined in a gradual slope towards the position. This ground had been yielded up on the preceding day, together with that which the advanced guard had occupied near the town of Bautzen and on the banks of the Spree. In the morning a body of the enemy's troops was observed to be formed on its crest. Immediately in their front a small group was collected, which by the aid of spy-glasses was soon

discovered to be composed of persons of consequence in the enemy's army, amongst whom was clearly distinguishable Napoleon Bonaparte. He advanced about forty or fifty paces in front of the others, accompanied only by one of his marshals (conjectured to have been Eugène Beauharnois), with whom he remained in conversation, walking backwards and forwards (having dismounted) for nearly an hour. I was on an advanced battery in front of our position, and had a most distinct view of him. He was dressed in a plain uniform coat and a star, with a plain hat, different from that of his marshals and generals, which are feathered; his air and manner so perfectly resembling the portraits given of him, that there was no possibility of mistake. He appeared to be conversing with the person near him, as of some indifferent subject, very rarely looking towards our position, of which, however, the situation in which he stood commanded a most comprehensive and distinct view. In the rear, and to the left of the ridge on which he stood, immediately in front of the town of Bautzen, his reserves, or a large proportion of them, appeared collected. They were formed in lines of squadrons and battalions, with irregular intervals, six and seven deep, appearing like a large column of battalions (instead of divisions) formed at half and quarter distance, just as the ground permitted. The ground was full, and there was an evident continuation of the lines and troops to his left and rear. The number of men collected in that situation I should apprehend must have been between 15,000 and 20,000 men. After he had retired from the eminence, several of the battalions were observed to be drawn off to his left and to be replaced by others from the rear. The masses of his reserves appeared scarcely ever to suffer any diminution. Portion of the troops thus drawn off were marched to the spot where his person had been so long conspicuous, and several pieces of artillery were moved up to crown the ridge. The troops, as they moved down the slope, formed a hollow square, composed of several bat-

talions, covering a great extent. Smaller squares were formed by other battalions on the flanks. Those which were destined to act against our right continued their march. The others, which were opposite our centre, planted themselves about midway on the slope which descended from the ridge towards our position, and, under the protection of the guns that crowned the ridge, appeared to set the cavalry of the combined army at defiance. The squares were without the range of small shot or grape, but several shells were thrown in among them with effect, and some were observed to burst in the centre of them. Notwithstanding this apparent mighty preparation in the centre, there was no forward movement made in that part. To turn and overthrow our flanks, and particularly the right one, appeared now to be the main objects, whilst the dispositions he had taken secured his own centre from our attack. General Barclay de Tolly, who commanded on the right, had been detached two days before the battle with a force of Russian and Prussian troops to cut off a French corps. To prevent his junction with the army was attempted, but without effect. He succeeded in taking about 1,000 prisoners, and effected his junction; but his men had been much harassed, and he had been too much pressed to take up his ground with all the advantage that could have been desired. The principal attack was made on him, and on the Prussian corps which he supported. The Prussians occupied the village of Kreckwitz, and a height immediately in its front. General Blücher, who commanded there, was attacked (as it is said) by Marshal Ney. The height was frequently gained and lost, but the Prussians were finally compelled to yield to superior numbers. General Kleist and General Barclay de Tolly had to sustain similar attacks. They were obliged mutually, at different times, to send supports of troops to each other. Ground was gained, but the troops were not broken. In many points the enemy was repulsed and driven back; and I heard General Barclay

de Tolly speak with the warmest approbation of the manner in which the Prussians had attacked the French in a village which had been wrested from them, and driven them away from it. At this time, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the Russians and Prussians were again established in position on the right, and had pushed out their advanced parties to the front, whilst their reserves of squadrons of cavalry and battalions of infantry were moved forward a considerable way on an open ground that lay at the foot of the position. Very shortly afterwards I saw them attacked by the enemy, who, though he succeeded in driving back the advanced parties, and in compelling the troops in the rear of them by the fire of his artillery to draw back, yet, I observed, did not push any of his own troops beyond the skirt of a woody and intersected ground, that covered his artillery and his skirmishers, though his lines and reserves were formed in very superior numbers at the back of it, so much was he in awe of the cavalry and artillery opposed to him and of the valour of the troops. In this position on the right, affairs appeared to me to stand at about five o'clock in the afternoon. On the left, the contest on the heights was unremitted during the whole day, and most sanguinary must it have been; the roads and pathways leading up to them were absolutely encumbered with dying and wounded officers and men. The enemy could never make any decided impression, and towards the close of the day was evidently repulsed in all his attempts. At the foot of the heights, and to their front, a very gallant charge was made by a Colonel of Russian Dragoons, who took a gun and surprised the party placed for its protection. This occurred in the early part of the day. In the centre, there was nothing during the whole day but an unremitted fire of artillery and skirmishers, without any bodies of troops being brought into absolute action. The enemy's reserves appeared always, however, assembled in great force, ready to avail themselves of any favourable conjuncture that

might occur, and apparently waiting the moment when our flanks might be overthrown to make their advance. The advantages gained by the enemy on our right, however, were not pushed, though the great extension given to his line in that direction (which appeared almost to envelop ours) gave cause of apprehension. Such seemed to me the general position of the combined army, when a deliberation was taken to order its retreat to a position which lay between Weissemberg and the village of Hochkirch. The movement commenced about six o'clock in the evening, and was executed with the most absolute order and composure. The enemy took no advantage of it. The movement was performed in full daylight, perfectly visible to almost his whole army; yet he was so crippled by his efforts on the flanks, and by his awe of our superior cavalry in the centre, that it suffered no molestation, though the fire of artillery and skirmishing continued till night. The army is continuing its retreat towards Reichenbach and this town, Görlitz, to-day.

The result of the battle, which lasted almost two entire days, has been that the army has retired, but not been beaten. One position was forced, and ground was gained that menaced the others; but the retreat of the army was a voluntary movement executed in the face of the enemy, who had gained previous advantages and was in superior numbers; and it appears to me to reflect the highest honour on the combined troops and reproach on the enemy, that the movement, when ordered, should have been carried into effect in so perfect and undisturbed a manner. Of the losses in the engagement I have as yet heard no account to be relied on. Different conjectures state it at ten, fifteen, or sixteen thousand men; that of the enemy, I feel convinced, must have been superior to ours. His force was very superior; it has been differently estimated from 120,000 to 150,000 men. There could not, at all events, have been less than 200,000 men in the field, and 500 pieces of artillery. The Russians had a

reserve of 150 pieces, none of which were brought into play till towards the close of the day. The fire was universal along the whole extent of the line the whole day. The extent of the ground on which the armies were opposed to each other could not have been less than eight English miles. The enemy's army appeared to form a kind of semicircle round ours. The country, one of the finest that imagination can picture, was covered with gentlemen's seats, villages, and farmhouses. Everything that lay between the armies, or that had been traversed by them, was a scene of general conflagration. The sun setting behind the villages in flames, amidst the roar of artillery and high gusts of wind, which wildly blew about the flames and smoke, presented a scene most awful.

The Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia were in every part of the field during the first day; on the second, they remained stationary on a rising ground in the centre of the position, immediately opposite to that in which Napoleon Bonaparte had been so conspicuous. He was fully recognised by the two Sovereigns. You will readily imagine the interest which their appearance must have excited in such a situation: the one combating for his existence as a monarch, the other for glory and the cause of humanity. "*Alessandro Magnanimo*" was the inscription at the gates of one of the Saxon towns when the Emperor retired from Dresden. Had the King of Saxony possessed the same feelings as his subjects, affairs would now perhaps have worn a very different appearance. Of what may be the results of the battle, or of its effects on Austrian politics, it is difficult as yet to form any accurate opinion, for I am as yet even unacquainted whether the retreat is to be continued. If Austria pursues her true interest, and can form a junction at any given point with the combined armies, it appears to me this would be the proper time for her to declare; for her sentiments have been made known, and Napoleon will not forgive her. I have not heard of the loss of any officers

of distinction. Except on the wings the battle was not general, and very few columns or lines of troops were opposed to each other's fire for a considerable time in any direction. On the whole, Bonaparte may be said to have rather manœuvred the combined armies out of their position than to have fought them out of it. Had he made his advance in the centre he would probably have been defeated; but the position he assumed baffled the designs that were laid for him, and made all the movements of his opponents subservient to his own.

It is very rash in me to attempt to give you a relation of a battle so immediately after it occurred, without having access to those means of information which might enable me to give it accurately; but I offer it to you as matters really appeared to myself, or as I have casually learnt what occurred from others, intending to correct any inaccuracy into which I may have been led on a future occasion. I see nothing as yet, in what has happened, to make me alter the sentiments expressed in my last respecting the Prussians and the Russians, whose valour has been most conspicuous, and whose patriotism euntitles them to every regard.

Lord Cathcart and Sir Charles Stewart were in every part of the field during the two days; the former generally near the person of the Emperor, the latter was on the first day almost personally engaged in company with Sir Robert Wilson, whose active exertions were very conspicuous. Lieutenant-Colonel Campbeil had a horse killed by a cannon ball.

I shall not fail to write very soon again, as I hear anything of importance occurs, and remain in the meantime always,

My dear Colonel,

Your most obliged and faithful servant,

(Signed) H. LOWE.

LOWENBERG:

May 24.

P.S.—The messenger not being yet despatched, I have got back my letter from Captain Cathcart to add that the retreat still continues. Two squadrons of Lancers of the Guards of Napoleon, with the Colonel of them, have been made prisoners. We lose(?) nothing as yet. The positions it is intended to retire to are not yet known.

APPENDIX C.

BATTLE OF LEIPZIG.

From Colonel Lowe to Colonel Bunbury.

[Private.]

Leipsic, October 20, 1813.

My dear Colonel,—I addressed a line to you on yesterday, by Captain James, who took Sir Charles Stewart's dispatches to England, acquainting you of the important event of Napoleon's defeat, and I profit by the first leisure moment to give you some relation of the events that led to it, begging you to excuse any inaccuracies, in speaking of operations on so very extended a scale.

The grand combined army under the chief command of Prince Schwartzberg, had remained for a considerable time inactive, in the vicinity of Töplitz and Dresden, waiting probably the arrival of the reserves under General Beningsen, whilst the army of the Prince Royal of Sweden continued in its position behind the Elbe, without undertaking any other material operation than the blockade and bombardment of Wittenberg.

General Blücher, by his passage across the Elbe at the head of the Silesian army (the remotest from the scene of general action at the commencement of the campaign, and now after a series of the most splendid victories, the first in advance), and by abandoning the bridge, which had served for his passage, gave a new vigour to the councils of the allied generals, and rendered their direct operations against the enemy's grand army indispensable.

On October 15, it was ascertained that the enemy, who had made a series of counter-movements to oppose the designs of the allies, in their advance towards Leipsic, was finally concentrating his force on that point. The grand combined army was on this day at, or in the vicinity of, Pegau and Borna. That of General Blücher at Halle and Merseburg. The army of the Prince Royal of Sweden was still in the rear, at Cöthen, and the reserves under Generals Beningsen and Klenau, at Rochlitz.

According to a disposition made by Prince Schwartzburg the army of the Prince Royal of Sweden should have moved on the 15th towards Leipsic, by Zorbig, but only one corps was sent there, the main body of his army having followed the course of the Saale towards Halle. His participation in a general combat which was fixed for the following day, became thus impossible.

General Blücher's army moved on the evening of the 15th, to Gross Kugel.

On the morning of the 16th, at about seven o'clock, a general action commenced between the grand combined army and the main body of the enemy's grand army, which occupied Liebertwolkwitz, the villages and heights in its vicinity, and all the roads that diverge from the town of Leipsic on the south side, between the Elster and the Partha. The corps of Count Giulay, and of Prince Maurice of Lichtenstein, which formed the left wing of the grand combined army became also engaged with the enemy beyond the left bank of the Elster.

Skirmishing and a heavy cannonading, the ordinary prelude on such occasions, was soon visible along the whole line, but a disadvantageous turn was very nearly given to affairs by a bold and sudden movement of the enemy, with the main body of his cavalry, commanded by Murat, who came round from a concealed position behind the main body of the army, against the centre of the grand combined army. Its reserves of cavalry had been placed too far in the rear; but orders were immediately sent for them to

move forward. In the meantime the centre had been to a certain extent broken through, and the army of General Wittgenstein separated from that of the Austrians. The advance of the cavalry reserves re-established matters, and the allied forces were enabled to act together in one connected line for the remainder of the day, during which various attacks were made and charges given and received, without any material advantage being gained on either side. At night, both armies rested in their position, the loss of each in the hot contest that ensued being not much less than 25,000 men. Such, as I have been informed, was the general outline of the operations on that side, for of the detailed movements of each corps I cannot presume to give you any relation, having been attached during the day to the army of General Blücher, from whence the cannonading and general line of fire were all that was visible to me. Early in the day, General Count Giulay and Prince Lichtenstein obtained some advantage over the enemy, and pushed their advances so far as to be enabled to communicate with the Silesian army across the Elster.

It was at six o'clock in the morning that General Blücher left his bivouac at Gross Kugel, and advanced at the head of a corps of 12,000 cavalry on the high road to Leipsic, by the way of Skeuditz. His infantry he left in position, with orders to cook, and then hold itself in instant readiness for marching. On approaching the villages of Freyroda and Radefeld, it was observed that the enemy had established his advance there, and large bodies of his troops were observed to be stationed between these villages and Lindenthal. The general attack was now visible along the whole line of the grand combined army. At this moment only, information arrived of the change that had been made in the march of the Prince Royal's army on the preceding day, which, instead of having moved on Zorbig, where it would have been at hand to have advanced to the support of the army of Silesia, had taken the direc-

tion of Gropzig and Wettin towards Halle. This affected not in any respect the resolution of General Blücher, who, seeing the grand army engaged, lost not an instant's time in making his dispositions for attack. It happened opportunely that Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Stewart arrived on the ground at this moment, and, according in all respects with General Blücher's views, and that of General Gneisenau, the chief of the staff, wrote instantly to the Prince-Royal to urge his immediate march from Halle on Delitzsch, and, foregoing the gratification of being personally present at the outset of General Blücher's attack, went himself at the general's request to urge the prince's compliance.

The disposition of General Blücher's attack was as follows :—

The infantry to immediately commence its march. The corps d'armée of General Count Langeron to attack Freyroda and Radefeld ; the corps of General Baron Sacken to follow as reserve.

The corps of General D'York to follow the Leipsic road, and, turning to the left near Litschina, attack the village of Lindenthal.

The infantry of the grand guard of the Prussians to remain on the high road to Leipsic. The corps of General St. Priest to follow up the movement of Count Langeron, and the grand reserve of cavalry to remain in the centre, to repel any attack in that point, and to be in other respects at General Blücher's own disposition.

The villages of Radefeld and Lindenthal were abandoned after an insignificant resistance. Count Langeron pursued the enemy to Gross- and Klein-Wetteritz, where a stand was made, but here again the enemy was soon again compelled to retreat. Count Langeron pursued his advantages nearly as far as the Partha River, which he was making preparations to pass, when a large corps of the enemy was observed to be approaching on his left flank ; and on making his arrangements to receive it, it was remarked that the enemy had again pushed forward from

the Leipsic road to the village of Gross-Wetteritz, and regained possession of it. To expel him now became Count Langeron's object, and after a very sharp and obstinate contest, this was accomplished. The wood of Klein-Podowitz became then the scene of an obstinate and sanguinary conflict. A heavy cannonading and volleys of musketry finally compelled the enemy to retire, when the cavalry, pursuing him across the plain, made a most successful charge, took six hundred prisoners and twenty-two pieces of cannon, and threw the enemy into complete discomfiture. He retreated until he approached near Hogenheyda, where he took up his position for the night.

On the right, General D'York, after expelling the enemy from Lindenthal, pursued him till he arrived at the village of Möckern, where, and in the grounds adjoining, he remained posted in defiance and in great force. Here the contest became one of the most furious and bloody kind. Five times was the village taken and retaken. The Prussian troops, however, were animated with much too noble a spirit to be repulsed. The fifth time, success crowned their valour. The enemy fled in disorder, leaving the ground covered with his killed and wounded, with arms, guns, and ammunition waggons, and his infantry exposed to the sabres of the Prussian cavalry, who followed them until they found refuge among the gardens and suburbs of Leipsic. Seven pieces of artillery, an eagle (taken by the hussars of Mecklenburg-Strelitz), and about 1,500 prisoners were the trophies won. To count the killed and wounded became impossible. The loss of the enemy must have been most severe. The victory was not gained without a great sacrifice, for the Prussian corps lost in killed and wounded at least one-third of its numbers, rated perhaps at 5,000 men. The greater proportion were wounded with musketry, and their recovery expected.

General Count Langeron's loss was not so severe. Two thousand killed and wounded are the numbers generally stated.

Thus was General Blücher victorious in every point, and by the operations of this day, unassisted by any other corps, and with a large body of the enemy coming in an unexpected direction on his flank, obtained possession of all the villages on the north side of Leipsic, and of all the roads which diverge from the town on that side, confining the enemy to Leipsic and its suburbs alone.

The army bivouacked on the field of battle during the night.

At the time when success began to crown General Blücher's operations, Sir Charles Stewart arrived on the ground, and communicated the Prince-Royal's acquiescence in all that General Blücher had desired, and his intention of marching his army that night.

General Blücher had, besides, the satisfaction to learn of his operations having excited such disquietude as to have called Napoleon himself to the field, where he arrived about five o'clock in the afternoon, and came in time to witness the retreat of his troops and the capture of his artillery.

On the morning of the 17th, the grand combined army and the enemy's grand army remained in position, their batteries almost within musket-shot of each other. No movement took place on either side; but propositions were made through General Meerfeldt (who in an attempt to force a passage across the Pleisse, by Connewitz, on the preceding day, was wounded and taken prisoner, and who was shortly afterwards liberated on his parole) for an armistice, to obtain which Buonaparte offered to give up all the Prussian fortresses on the Elbe, and to retire himself beyond the Saale. This insidious proposal, however, was, of course, rejected, and a disposition made for a general attack on the following day.

General Blücher lost not, however, an opportunity of doing the enemy as much injury as possible, even on this day.

In the morning it was observed that he had pushed

forward some parties to the village of Gohlis, and occupied in different points the outskirts of the suburbs. A fire of artillery and skirmishers immediately ensued, and the enemy brought out some guns to reply. The cavalry were ordered to charge, took 200 prisoners and three pieces of artillery. This occurred about ten o'clock in the morning. The enemy retired altogether to the suburbs, and no further movement took place during that day.

The 18th of October was the day fixed for the general attack of the whole of the allied armies on the grand army of Napoleon. History scarcely furnishes an example of so immense an army being brought into the field to act upon one point. The collective numbers may be estimated nearly as follows, though deduction should be made for the losses suffered in the battles of the preceding days. Napoleon himself, in making his proposition for an armistice, stated his force to be 230,000 men. There is, however, better reason to believe it did not surpass 160,000, if it even reached that number. A detail of his force a short time preceding mentioned 177,000 men, but a large garrison had been left in Dresden, and reinforcements sent to Torgau.

The Austrians are said to have had about 80,000 men in the field, and, with the corps of Wittgenstein and Kleist, under General Barclay de Tolly, consisting of about 60,000, formed a total for the grand combined army, under the chief command of Prince Schwarzenberg, of 140,000 men. General Bennigsen and Klenau's corps of reserve consisted of 30,000 men; the army of the Prince-Royal of Sweden, 60,000; and that of General Blücher, 60,000. The grand total of the Allies would be thus 290,000; and of the combatants on both sides 450,000. The superiority of numbers was evidently on the side of the Allies; but the enemy had advantages of position, and his force concentrated. It required therefore a perfect combination on the part of the allied generals to bring such a mass of force to act together, and to produce by one simultaneous effort the grand results that occurred.

Soon after daylight in the morning, the attack of the grand combined army commenced. The disposition ordered for the attack was as follows:—

The column of the right wing, consisting of the army of General Bennigsen and of General Klenau, to attack the enemy in his position of Liebertwolkwitz on its left flank at Holzhausen.

The second or centre column, consisting of the corps of Wittgenstein and Kleist, to attack on the right of the position of Liebertwolkwitz; the Russian and Prussian guards forming the reserve to this attack.

The third or left column, consisting of the divisions Bianchi, Lichtenstein, Weisenwolf, and Nostitz, under the command of the Prince Hesse-Homburg, to attack on the right bank of the Pleisse, along the road to Leipsic. Count Colloredo's corps formed the reserve to this attack.

The corps of General Giulay was to attack the enemy or make demonstrations if he could not force him.

In a conference held on the morning of the 18th between the Prince-Royal of Sweden and General Blücher, it was agreed upon that the corps of General Count Langeron should cross the Partha, and act in concert with the army of the Prince-Royal, whose attack, however, by the subsequent operations of the several armies of Bennigsen and Wittgenstein, became linked with theirs.

The enemy was driven from his position of Liebertwolkwitz, and pushed back as far as the villages of Stöteritz and Connewitz, where, in spite of every effort made by the allied armies, and of his being several times expelled from them, he still was enabled to return with strong reserves, recover his ground, and maintain possession. The security of his retreat depended entirely on the obstinacy with which he could preserve these points.

Though the army of the Prince-Royal of Sweden made a forced march during the night, yet it did not arrive on the ground time enough to commence its attack at the same moment as the grand army.

General Blücher had repaired to a plain which extends on the right bank of the Partha, in front of the suburbs of Leipsic, when he observed the attack of the grand army had commenced, and the enemy which had been posted in great force on the opposite side of the river retiring as if to the support of the troops already engaged.

The disposition of attack agreed upon between the Prince-Royal and the general was that the prince's army should cross the Partha River, direct itself on the high grounds of Taucha, and take the enemy in flank, whilst General Blücher was at the same time to make an attack on the town of Leipsic.

General Blücher, seeing the grand army engaged, and that the Prince-Royal had not yet arrived, whilst the enemy appeared to be drawing off his troops from the point on which the prince was to advance, gave immediate orders for the march of Count Langeron's corps across the Partha, directed his cavalry to form in the plain to the right of it, and, whilst awaiting the arrival of the troops at the appointed spots, disposed the Cossacks and light troops along the banks of the river, to watch the first favourable instant for crossing it, and brought up several batteries of artillery with which he immediately opened a fire against the troops on the opposite side. This was replied to, but not long continued. The enemy left the bank, and the Cossacks, taking the infantry soldiers on their cruppers, were soon on the other side.

The Prince-Royal's army was now observed to be fast approaching, and the advanced guard of General Winzingerode's corps was already observed on the enemy's flank. The enemy's lines were observed to be then forming in very considerable numbers, with their left to the Partha, in front of the village of Schönefeld, and extending on the right by Paunsdorf towards Engelsdorf. It was at this moment the preparations for the grand contest that was to ensue may be said to have become general. The ground was in general open and naked. The troops appeared

ranged in lines or scattered in black columns to an extent all around farther than the eye could reach, and in numbers that surpassed all calculation. The cannonading and firing became general in all directions, and the villages, which always formed the scenes of the most obstinate conflicts, were soon enveloped in flames. The details of the operations of each corps can only be given by those who personally witnessed them. General Blücher's operations were always such as to command the most marked attention. He no sooner observed the Prince-Royal in movement than he directed the attack on the town of Leipsic. General Baron Sacken's corps was to undertake it, supported by that of General D'York. The attack was conducted with such vigour that the suburbs were soon in our possession, and the troops approached the gates of the town. These, however, were barricaded, but the obstacle that this presented would not have been regarded had not General Baron Sacken observed the enemy to be drawing in very powerful reserves to his support, not merely sufficient for defence but such as might enable him to regain possession of the ground he had lost. His designs, however, do not appear to have extended beyond the recovery of the suburb, which, after a considerable opposition, General Sacken abandoned again about two o'clock, and retired to the houses and gardens which skirt it, from whence he maintained a constant hot fire of artillery and musketry during the remainder of the day, and kept the enemy in complete check, without calling in the aid of General D'York's corps, whose exertions and whose losses in the battle of the 16th rendered him unwilling to apply for its support.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, the Swedish division of the Prince-Royal's army arrived at the village of Lindenthal, and on asking General Blücher's directions for its guidance, in crossing the Partha to join the Prince-Royal, received an intimation of its being advisable to rest in a *third line* behind that of General D'York, to aid, should

the enemy make any attempt to escape from his critical position at Leipsic, in that direction, and replace to a certain degree the corps of General Count Langeron, which was now hotly engaged on the other side of the river. In the afternoon, however, the Swedish division also passed.

Whilst General Sacken's corps was so warmly engaged in the suburbs of Leipsic, the Cossacks of General Blücher's army and the corps of Count Langeron had their full share also of honour. The Cossacks advanced against two regiments of hussars of the enemy, who on their approach made signs for a parley. It was to pass over to their side. They were Saxon corps, in the highest order. Several brigades and corps of Saxon and Würtemberg troops came over to the grand combined army and to the Prince-Royal's in a similar manner.

Count Langeron had the charge of driving the enemy before him along the left bank of the river, in which he was perfectly successful and victorious, until he reached the village of Schönefeld, where the enemy made a most obstinate and determined resistance, which cost him great efforts to overcome, but, after gaining possession of the village, the approach of large reserves and superior numbers again compelled him to abandon it. Of this event General Blücher, who was near the village, but on the opposite side of the Partha, received intimation about sun-set. He gave instant orders for General Count Langeron to again attack it, and carry it at the point of the bayonet. Such orders with the Russian infantry are sure of compliance. The village was retaken, and remained in our possession for the night. In the contest for its occupation, General Langeron lost about 3,000 killed and wounded, at the lowest calculation. The enemy, by leaving his wounded, suffered in a much greater proportion.

Nearly at the same moment as this successful operation was closing the day, an aide-de-camp of the King of Prussia arrived, and brought General Blücher information of the success which had crowned the efforts of the allied

forces on the other side, that the French army was in retreat, and desiring he would detach what cavalry and light artillery he could spare to harass them.

General Blücher immediately detached General Wassiltschikoff with a corps of cavalry to Schkeuditz to pass the Elster where he could, and strive to molest the enemy, whilst he directed General D'York to march to Halle, and move from thence over the Saale to Merseburg, or in such direction as circumstances might best point out. Thus terminated the events of the day on the side of General Blücher's army, which may be considered as having been victorious on every point; for though General Sacken had been compelled to abandon the suburbs of Leipsic, yet the vivacity of his first attack, and the vigour with which he continued during the whole of the day to molest the enemy and menace a repetition of it, compelled the enemy to withdraw a large force into the town, which became useless to any other object, whilst the operation of Count Langeron was crowned with complete success. General Sacken's loss was estimated at nearly 2,000 men.

The Prince-Royal's army had pushed the enemy before them in every point; and though the resistance made by the enemy at the villages of Stötteritz and Connewitz had enabled him to keep them at the close of the day, they were abandoned during the night, and the Allies remained complete masters of the field, with the certainty that the enemy's retreat from all points had already commenced. To cover this retreat, the town of Leipsic and its suburbs were preserved, and became the scene of another obstinate contest on the following day.

At daylight in the morning of the 19th, the enemy had retired altogether within the town and suburbs, with the exception of a few advanced posts on the south and east sides, which were soon driven in, and a general assault determined on.

General Bülow's corps attacked under the Prince-Royal's command, and the corps of General Baron Sacken

and of General Count Langeron under General Blücher's. The Prussians, under General Bülow, were observed to be making very rapid progress, whilst twenty battalions of Russian infantry of the two latter corps were collected nearly opposite the entrances on the north side, and under cover of a most formidable fire from about fifty pieces of artillery, made their attack, the foremost battalions dispersing in small parties, and pushing the enemy at every point where the ground best admitted, whilst the other battalions remained in reserve to supply the losses which this destructive mode of attack necessarily occasioned, the enemy firing from the houses (and streets, which had been barricaded and filled with obstructions of every kind), and making at every corner and at every house a most obstinate resistance. After about three hours' firing, the musketry had penetrated from the suburbs into the principal streets of the town, and the victory became completely ours. The Emperors of Austria and Russia and the King of Prussia entered the town at one gate, the Prince Royal of Sweden at another, and General Blücher at a third. The acclamations with which all were received surpass all expression ; but there was none of them whose appearance seemed to excite more enthusiastic feelings of joy and gratitude than the veteran warrior whose splendid and heroic achievements had so transcendently contributed to the success of the day. Scenes presented themselves which humanity would wish to have concealed. The dead and the dying absolutely obstructed the passage in the gates and streets, and it was difficult to restrain the numerous parties of cavalry that entered from riding over their mangled and distorted frames.

The King of Saxony with all his court were taken prisoners in the town, and his guards, his generals, and a variety of German troops hastened to offer their services to the allied powers.

The absolute loss sustained by the enemy has not been, nor cannot be, as yet exactly ascertained. The following,

however, is known:—Thirty generals killed, wounded, prisoners, or abandoned the enemy's service. Among the *French* generals are the names of Regnier, Charpentier, Bertrand, Lauriston, Delney (?), Aubrey taken; Latour-Maubourg killed, as also the chief of the Polish army of insurrection, Poniatowsky. Eighteen battalions of Saxons surrendered themselves, and the Polish troops are following their example; 33,000 prisoners and wounded, 260 pieces of artillery, and 870 ammunition waggons; but artillery and ammunition it is certain has been lost to a much greater extent. The number thus given is what has been correctly ascertained to exist in possession of the Allies. The killed of the enemy must have been enormous, and it is supposed on the whole he did not carry off more than 60,000 men. Such is the general outline of the *military* results of the victory.

The loss of the Allies has been also severe. The collective numbers of killed and wounded cannot be much less in all the days than 50,000 men; but the wounded are taken good care of, and their services will soon be restored.

It is a singularity in the battle of Leipsic that it should have been the first one in which a British corps should have been engaged in actual hostility against Buonaparte, the commander of which has sealed with his blood the victory that has been gained. Amongst the persons who contributed to the success of the day may be fairly ranked Sir Charles Stewart. The vigour of his councils and the activity of his mind and body were obvious and powerful incentives to the resolutions of the Prince-Royal of Sweden, not only in the days immediately preceding the actions, but in the precedent operations. On the 16th, he rode one hundred English miles, and, after accomplishing his great object of obtaining the Prince-Royal's immediate co-operation, returned to the field in time to witness the completion of the battle, and to see victory declare on our side.

I have thus, my dear Colonel, given you the best

relation I can of the important events that have been passing, and, trusting in your indulgence to excuse the inaccuracies it may contain, remain ever,

Your most obliged and faithful servant,

(Signed) H. LOWE.

Colonel Bunbury.

P.S.—I set off this evening to follow General Blücher, of whose further operations I hope to be enabled to give you some account. I have packed up some maps of Leipsic and the neighbourhood, which I enclose.

APPENDIX D.

ENTRY OF THE ALLIES INTO PARIS, 1814.

Colonel Lowe to Sir Henry Bunbury.

Hotel de Valois, Paris, March 31, 1814.

My dear Colonel,—My report to Sir Charles Stewart will inform you of every particular that came under my observation in a military point of view on the 30th instant. It now only remains for me to *attempt* to describe the scene of the ensuing day. The emperor's head-quarters had rested for the night at Bondy. At ten o'clock in the morning all the staff were assembled at it. The 'Duc de Vicence's' arrival was announced. He was conducted to an antechamber, where he remained for nearly an hour, and was then presented to the emperor, who, as I understood, exchanged a very few words with him; when he was re-conducted to Paris. Shortly afterwards the emperor made his appearance. He was dressed in a plain very dark green uniform with silver epaulettes; with only one star, and the Swedish decoration of the Sword on his breast, light grey pantaloons with red binding, and a plain hat with the Russian white and black feather. He was mounted on a grey charger, the equipment equally simple with that of his dress. The King of Prussia was dressed as usual in the blue and red uniform of his generals. All the princes, marshals, and officers that composed the suite were loaded with stars and embroidery. The Emperor of

Russia is always, from his very fine personal appearance, the most distinguishable man of his army. He looked on this day better than I had ever seen him. It was impossible for any who beheld to contemplate him as an enemy. The Cossacks of the guard preceded his entrance into the capital. These are mostly from the Don, men with whom Nature has been lavish of her proportions, and all selected from their height. The Austrian, Russian, and Prussian guards and cuirassiers, forming together a corps of about 40,000 men, followed. The grand cortége entered at the barrier of the Faubourg St. Martin. The population of Paris was pouring as a stream upon it from every channel. At first populace alone was observable, but as the march approached the boulevards, these were soon mixed with and almost outnumbered by persons of the better classes. The cries of 'Vive l'Empereur Alexandre,' 'le libérateur,' 'la paix,' almost rent the air. The crowd became so wedged that frequent stoppages ensued. On such occasions it was impossible to restrain the people. They threw themselves before the emperor and King of Prussia, and seized their hands, which were condescendingly suffered to be kissed by as many as could approach, until fresh and clamorous intruders, at every risk of being trodden to death, rendered the indulgence no longer possible. The cry of 'Vive le Roi de Prusse' was frequently mixed with that of 'Vive Alexandre le libérateur,' but until the march had passed the gate of St. Martin, and, turning from the faubourg into the boulevards by the right, was directing itself to the Place de la Concorde, and the Champs Élysées, there was no demonstration whatever by word or sign in favour of the Bourbons. It was, however, near the point where the Rue de la Poissonnière intersects the Boulevard Montmartre, a group of decently dressed people of the middle classes was observed to approach, some among them with small white banners in their hands, and the whole with white cockades in their hats. They approached the emperor without clamour or noise, scarcely

uttering a word, with an air rather of humiliation and of seeking his protection. The cry of 'Vivent les Bourbons,' 'Vive Louis XVIII,' was at first but feebly uttered. Terror and the yet uncertain dispositions of the allied powers still hung over the heads of those who uttered it. The fatal moment for Buonaparte's power had, however, arrived. It was the setting of his star. The Bourbons, if restored, as I think they now must be, should erect a monument on the spot I have indicated. The emperor received those who approached with his usual graciousness. He made them no declarations, but his manner promised everything. The number of white cockades increased; the cries of 'Vivent les Bourbons,' 'A bas le tyran,' were now heard from every quarter. Some of the higher classes joined on horseback, and I saw many white cockades and white banners displayed from the windows of the houses by people who appeared to shun the observation of those in the streets, so much had terror got hold of their minds. The interest of such a moment it is impossible to describe. The emperor continued his march until he passed the Place de la Concorde, and turned into the Champs Élysées. He posted himself in the centre of it, and the troops which had followed were all filed past him. It was a moving world all around. They regarded the troops quite as their friends. Their fine appearance attracted universal surprise and admiration. There is nothing military of any other power to compare with the Russian guards. No other country produces such gigantic men. No other government can enforce so strict a discipline. Add that the emperor is an object of their adoration. They marched as moving walls of strength before him. The Parisians felt secure they might display their real sentiments without fear of retribution. After the troops had filed past, the emperor proceeded to the Hotel of the Prince of Benevente, where he was to lodge, and in the evening published his Declaration. I have thus brought up matters as well as I can to this moment; and

praying your indulgence to the haste and inaccuracies that must necessarily follow in such a busy and eventful scene as is now passing,

I remain ever, &c.

(Signed), H. LOWE.

General Baron Sacken has been appointed governor of Paris, and Colonel Rochechouart commandant of the town. The choice could not have been better; the former is an excellent man; the latter, aide-de-camp to the emperor, is an emigrant.

It is not exactly known where Buonaparte now is. He will, of course, attempt to make a struggle, but it will be in vain.

APPENDIX E.

LETTERS FROM BARON DE MONTALEMBERT
TO SIR HENRY E. BUNBURY, 1815.

THE three following letters were written to me by the Baron de Montalembert, who had been one of my fellow-students at the Military College at Wycombe. He was afterwards one of my assistants on the Quartermaster-General's Staff in Kent. Some time later he went to India, as aide-de-camp to Sir John Craddock. Montalembert was a quick, lively fellow, with a good deal of talent; and, though brought up in England from his childhood, a thoroughly French character. In 1815 he had, if I remember rightly, the rank of lieutenant-colonel in our service; but he had come to be known by the Duchesse d'Angoulême, and he had acquired a large share in her confidence and in that of many of the leading Legitimists. My friend the Baron married an English lady of large fortune, the daughter of Mr. Forbes (*Oriental Memoirs*). Their son has made a considerable figure in the French House of Peers.

[Private.]

Bordeaux, July 23, 1815.

My dear Bunbury,—I wish I had time to communicate all I have seen here since yesterday; but it would require a day to write it, and our commodore will not delay a

moment sending his despatches. Besides, as I happen to be from circumstances a sort of a 'personnage d'importance,' I am inundated not only with visitors but with whole corporations and deputations, who, anxious to show their loyalty, insist on seeing me, to express their attachment to the royal cause. The bustle, the noise, and the confusion here is inconceivable. The display of loyalty by white flags, fireworks, dancing, &c. is in proportion to the compression the inhabitants have experienced from the troops. The soldiers are as savage and as sulky as possible. Clausel has behaved extremely ill—in short, nothing can be worse than his sentiments. He is a perfect Jacobin 'dans la force du terme.'

I was nearly murdered last night, in his own house, by his own guard; we have had the devil to pay together, but we have made it up for the present. He still holds the 'Château Trompette.' We want to dispossess him of it, but he will not give up the command; and, as he has the troops on his side, and we have none, it is not an easy task to perform. This day, however, I am to make use of all my eloquence to the préfet and members of the 'conseil provisoire,' to make them feel the necessity of acting with vigour, and availing ourselves of the present moment to organise a royal force, fit to contend, if necessary, with the troops of the line, and ready to meet any catastrophe that may take place. Depend upon it, I shall only give arms to those who will be fit to have them, and willing to act away from the fireside. For the garde nationale *sédentaire* is good for nothing, as experience has shown it.

I am sorry the Duchesse d'Angoulême is not come here; her presence would have done wonders.

The duke, it appears, is at Toulouse. I have written to him. If he is not thwarted by orders from Paris, I think he will act with vigour and decision.

Adieu, my dear Bunbury. I shall not fail to inform

you of all my proceedings, as I consider myself, for the present, the agent of your government, as well as the envoyé of my own.

Believe me, ever yours truly,

(Signed) BARON DE M.

[Private.]

Bordeaux, August 11, 1815.

My dear Bunbury,—My letter to Lord Bathurst will sufficiently acquaint you with our situation here. My *private* opinion is that things look as bad as can possibly be. No firmness, no decisive measures; impunity for the guilty; ingratitude and neglect for those who have faithfully served and sacrificed all; add to this the miseries attending the accumulation of foreign troops, and you will have a tolerable picture of France. I really pity the king, for in six months he will not have a friend left. Whatever concessions he may make, he *never* will be liked by the Buonapartists or ‘*Révolutionnaires*,’ whilst, on the other hand, the Royalists will be thoroughly disgusted by the treatment they experience. Who, then, will stand by him when the hour of danger comes? This is what I hear every day, and what makes me shudder for the fate that awaits him. He is a very good man, but I fear he is not the man to lead this altered, demoralised country. His system would be excellent in peaceful times, but not an epoch like the present, when all the bad passions are alive, and every individual tormented by the thirst of power. I very much apprehend he will fail in all his attempts to consolidate the constitution.

I am glad you were pleased with our proceedings at the entrance of this river. If I have any merit in it, it is that of having throughout insisted on going in, notwithstanding the dangers we might have been exposed to, for it certainly was a ticklish thing; but had we not acted with vigour and decision, I am sure Clausel would have

played the deuce with this town and the whole department.

Sir Henry Wellesley arrived here yesterday from Spain, and goes on to Paris to-morrow. I shall probably go there myself the end of this month, after the return of the duke to this place. I would strongly advise you to keep a footing on this river for some time to come. As things are, there is no knowing what may happen within this month; and were you *out*, you, perhaps, might not get *in* again so easily as we have done this time. I hope by my exertions to see Blaye quite secured. I have written to Viosmenil a long memoir about it. We have got the garrison out, and it is occupied by the national guards for the present.

Adieu, my dear Bunbury.

Believe me ever yours most truly,

(Signed) BARON DE MONTALEMBERT.

[Private.]

Bordeaux, September 1, 1815.

My dear Bunbury,—You will see, by my despatch to Lord Bathurst, the arrangement I have made respecting the arms and equipments placed under my charge. I hope I have fulfilled your intentions. I could not well refuse *Madame* when she told me that forming that dépôt was absolutely necessary to the king's service. Besides, it was in some degree at her request that this *matériel* had been sent, and she seemed to claim it a little like her own.

I have drawn on you for 100*l.*; which, considering that it includes the pay that you promised me (1*l.* per day), for nearly two months and a half, will, I hope, not appear to you exorbitant. I have lived here at a great expense, and am a great way from home. However, should there be any demur on the subject, you know where to find me. I suppose I shall be in England

about the beginning of October. To-morrow I start for Paris.

I cannot close this without thanking you again and again for your friendly behaviour to me, to which I have been entirely indebted for this very pleasant mission.

Adieu.

Believe me most truly and sincerely yours,

(Signed) BARON DE MONTALEMBERT.

APPENDIX F.

CATALOGUE OF THE PICTURES AT BARTON HALL.

BY SIR HENRY E. BUNBURY.

DINING-ROOM.

Portrait of the famous Ambrosio Spinola, by Rubens. I bought this picture, in 1829, from the Gallery of the Duca di Pasquà at Genoa. See the Addenda to Smith's 'Catalogue raisonné of the Works of Rubens.' The Marchese Ambrosio Spinola was born at Genoa in 1571, but he did not commence his military career till he was thirty years of age. He was made Commander-in-chief of the Spanish armies in 1603; received, in 1605, the Order of the Golden Fleece; and pursued his distinguished career in arms, almost without interruption, till his death in 1630.

St. Francis di Paula, by Guercino. I bought this picture at Genoa in 1829.

Portrait of Myself, by Mrs. Carpenter. Painted 1825.

Portrait of Mary Horneck (afterwards wife of General Gwyn), my aunt, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; painted about the year 1772.—The story ran, that Sir Joshua Reynolds became so much enamoured of his subject while painting this portrait, that he fell on his knees and solicited her

hand. Mrs. Gwyn was very beautiful; and she retained at least an old woman's beauty till her death in 1839, when she was nearly eighty-eight years of age. She was very near-sighted, but her eyes were strong and prominent; and one of the faults of this portrait is that the painter, in endeavouring to give the effect of near-sightedness, has produced an appearance of weakness in the eyes.

Meeting of Bæchus and Ariadne. This is a copy of the famous picture by Titian, now in the National Gallery; and a very remarkable copy it is, for it is painted by no less a man than Domenichino (see his name on the vase). I bought this picture at Genoa in 1829. It came from one of the deserted palaces of the Balbi family, where it had passed as the original work of Titian, and where an engraving had been made from it as such. It was probably painted by Domenichino while young, as a study of Venetian colouring; but the peculiar *brown* of the school of Bologna is too apparent.

Portrait of My Mother, Catherine Bunbury, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Painted about 1775. My mother was born in July 1754, and died in July 1799.

An excellent copy of a picture painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and known as *Lesbia mourning for her Sparrow*. It was a portrait of General Gwyn's sister, who married Sir George Colyear, R.N. The original belongs to Sir William Knighton.

Dead Game, Fruit, &c., by Weeninx.

Landseape, by Solomon Ruysdael.

Fruit, &c., by Michelangelo 'l Campidoglio.

Portrait of Mrs. Horneck, my Grandmother, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. There is an old print after this picture, with 'The Plympton Beauty' as its title.

Portrait of Charles, third Duke of Richmond (uncle of Lady Bunbury), by Romney.*

Portrait of Lieutenant-General Sir William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War, by George Jones, R.A.

Portrait (in crayons) of *Eleanor Lady Bunbury*, my grandmother.

BILLIARD-ROOM.

Holy Family, by Sasso Ferrato. Bought at an auction in London, 1814.

La Pietà, by Schedone, after Annibal Caracci. Bought at Genoa, 1845-6.

The Virgin and Child with Angels, by Luino. Bought at Genoa, 1829. It is a damaged picture, and much painted upon; but there are parts which still retain something of the original beauty.

The Supper at the Pharisee's, painted by (?) The large picture by Paolo Veronese is at Paris, in the Louvre.

The Philosopher. I bought this picture out of the Pasquà Vivaldi Palace at Genoa in 1829. There are innumerable copies of this subject in Italy; but this picture, whether it be *the* original or not, is by far the best that I have seen. Ascribed to Quintin Matsys.

Portrait of a Girl, by Ferdinand Bol. Bought in London.

Portrait of a Dutch Lady, by Van der Helst. Bought of Smith, London.

An Italian Boy of Rank, with Cherries. Bought in London. My conjecture as to this beautiful little picture is that it has been cut out of a large work of the Veronese school. By Paolo (?).

* This is now the property of Mrs. Henry Bunbury.—C. J. F. B.

Landscape, &c., by Domenichino. Bought at Bologna in 1829.

Skirmish of Cavalry, by Borgognone. Bought at Genoa.*

Portrait of the first Sir Thomas Hanmer, Cup-bearer to Charles I., by Vandyck.

The Entombment of Christ, by Lodovico Caracci. Bought at Bologna.

Sketch of St. Jerome. Said to be also by Lodovico Caracci; but query, Spagnoletto? Bought at Genoa.

Portrait of Janus Sylvius. Rembrandt.

Portrait of a Sculptor. Tintoretto.

Infant Bacchanals, by Bloemaart; but query, by Rottenhamer?

LIBRARY.

St. Peter, by Spagnoletto (over the entrance door).

Portrait of Lady Sarah Bunbury, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Portrait of Mrs. Kennedy (an actress), by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

St. Cecilia, after Domenichino. A very early copy. Sir Joshua Reynolds's opinion of this picture was, that it had been finished by Domenichino himself.

Portrait of Charles II. (by Zoust?)

Portrait of the second Duke of Grafton, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. A favourable specimen. (Like Lely.)

Portrait (said to be of General Monk).

A Sibyl, by Benedetto Gennaro, nephew and pupil of Guercino.

A Sibyl, by the same.

* Now the property of Colonel Bunbury.

Memorandum.—The chimney-piece in the library was executed at Rome for Bubb Doddington, Lord Melcombe, who placed it in his beautiful villa on the Thames. I bought it when the villa (then called Brandenburg House) was pulled down. See Lysons's 'Environs of London.'

STUDY.

The Dream of Æneas, by Salvator Rosa (bought at Genoa). Salvator made an etching from this picture.

Landscape, by W. P. Elen.

Over the chimney-piece.—*Portraits of the two Miss Hornecks*, an unfinished picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Also four miniatures, one of which (*a portrait of the second Sir Thomas Hanmer*) is by Cooper.

The Virgin and Child, and an 'Angioletto.' There is a good deal to be told about this picture, which I bought out of the Duke di Pasquà Vivaldi's gallery at Genoa, in 1828-9. The Duke's story was, that it was painted by Correggio for one of his ancestors; that when the French invaded Piedmont, in 1796, his family fled to Sardinia, and carried thither this picture as one of the most valuable articles of their property; that it remained there till some years after the peace, when he brought it over to his newly-furnished palace at Genoa. Some confirmation of this history was afforded me by a gentleman, on whose good faith I could place considerable reliance. He told me that he saw this picture when it first arrived from Sardinia; it was very dirty, and was set in an antique frame, of solid silver, elaborately worked. When cleaned (at Milan) the picture excited a great deal of interest among artists and amateurs; and the Prince-Royal of Bavaria (the late king) sent an agent to examine it. This person offered 20,000 francs for it; but the Duke was then rich, and he refused the money. He was embarrassed in his circumstances when I bought this, and two other

pictures from him, the *Portrait of Spinola*, by Rubens, and the *Philosopher*, by (?) Matsys. Now whether this be truly the work of Correggio's own hand, is a question which I do not feel myself competent to argue. But if it be not painted by himself, it is at least an admirable copy executed by a scholar of the great master, or by some contemporary artist. There is an old print, a portrait of Correggio, working at his easel, and on the easel is placed this very design. In galleries at Rome, &c. I have seen several sketchy copies of this group of figures (one or two of them by Schedone) but with varying accessories. In none of them is found the highly-finished landscape which appears in my picture. But if this be not the original work, where is the original? It is not to be found in any of the public galleries of Western Europe; nor can I trace it in the meagre accounts we have of Correggio's works. If the visitor's attention be given to the hands and feet in my picture, he will remark the masterly and beautiful manner in which they are touched; they are completely Correggiesque; nor are the soft half-shades less admirable.

Anchorite in a landscape, by Elsheimer.

Sea Piece. Off Tréport. Drawing, by Bentley.

Ostend. Gale of Wind. Drawing, by Gasteineau.

DRAWING-ROOM.

Over the chimney-piece, in the middle compartment of the room, *Assumption of the Virgin*, by Vandyck. This picture belonged to Pope Pius VII. I bought it from his executor, Prince Barberini, at Rome, in 1829. Of this subject there are two or three replicas, more or less varied. One is, or was, in the Colonna Palace at Rome, differing in some of the details, though the same in general design; but altogether I do not think it so good as my picture. I am told that there is another at Turin, of a somewhat larger size.

The Madonna, by Sasso Ferrato.

Tomb of Cecilia Metella, Rome in the distance. Painted for me by Penry Williams, 1848.

Portrait of a Beggar Woman and her Grandson. Painted for me at Rome, in 1829, by the same artist. This little picture was intended to present various characteristics of Rome; the Cyclopean pavement; the tessellated and ruined walls; the costume of the countrywomen; the monks, and objects of Catholic worship.

View on the Grand Canal at Venice, by Canaletto. Engraved by Visentini. ‘Hinc (left side) ab ædibus publicis Rivoalti; illinc (right side) a SS. Apostolis ad Grimanam domum.’

Italian Scenery, by Sir George Beaumont (given by him to my father).

Holy Family. Bought at Rome, 1829.

A Village School, by Ostade. A very good specimen of this eminent painter, but it requires a strong light. Bought at Morant’s sale in 1830?

View from Nicastro (Lower Calabria), looking over the plain of Maida; by Dessoulavy, 1835.

Portrait of Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Bunbury, K.C.B., by Penry Williams. Rome, 1835.

SOUTHERN COMPARTMENT.

Early Morning. Cow and figures in a landscape, by James Burnett. Bought, 182-?

A Player on the Guitar, by the elder Teniers? Bought 182-?

The Bell Gate at Bordeaux, by George Jones, R. A. Bought, 182-?

View of Dunster Castle, by Copley Fielding. Bought, 183-?

Portrait of Archduke Leopold, by Duchatel. This able painter is little known in England. He was the best of the scholars of David Teniers, and was celebrated for battle-pieces. Bought at Milan, 1836.

Portrait of the Prince of Orange, by Gonzales Coques. Bought, 183-?

Winter Scene, in the Low Countries, by (?) Van der Neer.

Esther approaching Ahasuerus, by George Jones, R. A.

Winter Scene on the Ice, Holland, by Van der Neer.

Two little pictures of Fruit.

Pony and Dog, by E. Smyth.

Landscape, by Eglinton.

A Dutch Interior, by Zorgh.

The Warrener's Daughter, by Edward Smyth. Bought, 1852.

BREAKFAST-ROOM.

Boor Carousing, by Teniers. Bought at Bath, 1802.

A Head, Portrait of Andrea Doria. (Painter unknown.) Bought at Genoa.

Portrait of Master Charles John Bunbury, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Painted about 1779.

Sea Piece. A Calm, by W. Van der Velde. Bought from Mr. Smith, 1814.*

A Head, Portrait of Ambrosio Spinola, by Vandyck.

Miniature Portrait of my Son, Henry William Bunbury, by Stuart.

* Now the property of Edward H. Bunbury.

Portrait of Captain Kane Horneck. This little picture is a curiosity; it was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds before he went to Italy (1749). Captain Horneck was my mother's father. He died about 1755.

Portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds. (Copy).

Head of a Child, by Vandyck. (Study).

Morning Concert, by Watteau. (Unfinished.)

A White Horse, Buildings, and Figures, by Dirk Stoop.

Pilgrims at a Shrine, by 'Velvet' Breughel (a fine specimen of this master). Bought at Genoa.

HALL AND STAIRCASE.

Portrait of the first Sir Patrick Bluke, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

Portrait of his Daughter, by Thomas Hudson, a scholar of Richardson and master of Reynolds. Bought in London.

Portrait of a Lady. One of the North family. (Mrs. Holland, daughter of Sir H. North; by Sir Peter Lely.)

Portrait of Sir Henry North of Mildenhall, the first baronet; by Sir Peter Lely.

On the left flight of stairs—*Portrait of Henry Fox, the first Lord Holland.* (Copy, after Sir J. Reynolds.)

Goats, by Rosa da Tivoli.

The Rivers, by Paul de Vos. This picture came from the Orleans Gallery. It was bought by the late Lord Kinnaird, and afterwards sold by him to a dealer from whom I purchased it.

Cows and Dog, by Rosa da Tivoli.

* Now the property of Sir Henry Blake, Bart.

Portrait of Sir Thomas Hanmer, fourth Baronet, by Kneller.

Rabbits, by Francis Barlow.

PICTURES IN BEDCHAMBERS.

PORCH CHAMBER.

Portrait of Henry Edward Fox, third son of the first Lord Holland, when a boy. Painted at Paris.*

Portrait of the same when a Lieutenant-General. Painted by T. Phillips, R.A.

Portrait of Mr. Horneck, grandfather of my mother. Painted by Ramsay.

Portrait of Sir T. Charles Bunbury, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Portrait of Sir Thomas Hanmer, fourth Baronet (in crayons).

Portrait of Sir William Bunbury, my grandfather, by Hoare.

EAST CHAMBER.

Neapolitan Peasants merry-making, by Zuccarelli.

Venus with Cupids, by Carlo Cignani.

EAST DRESSING-ROOM.

Landscape, by H. W. Bunbury.

INNER CHAMBER.

Apollo playing Marsyas, by Paolo Veronese. (From the Durazzo Gallery, Genoa.)

Game, &c., by Fyt.

* Now the property of Colonel Bunbury.

DRAWING-ROOM.

*Drawings in the East Compartment.**Death of Sir John Moore*, by George Jones, R. A.*Scene on the Thames*, by H. W. Bunbury.*Landscape*, by Both.*Courier*, by H. W. Bunbury.*Shanes Castle (Ireland)*, by Gastineau.*Portrait of Sir Henry Bunbury* * (time of Queen Anne), by Forster.*Portrait of Guido*.*Heads of Two Girls*, by Vanloo.*Numbering of the Hebrews*, by Jan Luykens.*Sketch*, by Gainsborough.*Courrier Français*, by H. W. Bunbury.*Sacred and Profane Love* (after Guido).*Beggar-Man, &c.*, by E. Smyth.*Heads of two Lads*, by Vanloo.

FROM SIR WILLIAM BUNBURY'S CATALOGUE OF PICTURES.

Small Piece of Little Bacchanals, by Rotenhamer.*Horse (on board)*, by Stock.*Oval Heads: the two Sir Henry Norths and Sister of the last (Mrs. Holland)*, by Sir Peter Lely.*Mr. Baker*, by Honthorst.

* "Merry Sir Harry."

Charles ye Second's Queene. The very picture sent over to him for his approbation of the person.*

6. *Duke of Norfolk* (Queen Elizabeth's time), by Sir Anthony More (?).

A Piece of Rabbits, by Barlow.

Lord Euston, now Duke of Grafton, by Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Sir William Bunbury, by Hoare.

Two Heads of Sir Thomas and Sir John Hanmer, by Cooper.

Small Picture, in black and white, of Sir Henry Bunbury, by Forster.

* Now at Mildenhall.

THE END.

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